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April, 1942 *Vol. 31, No. 5* *15 Cents*

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A **RED STAR** *Magazine*

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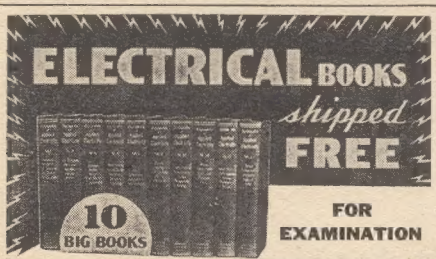

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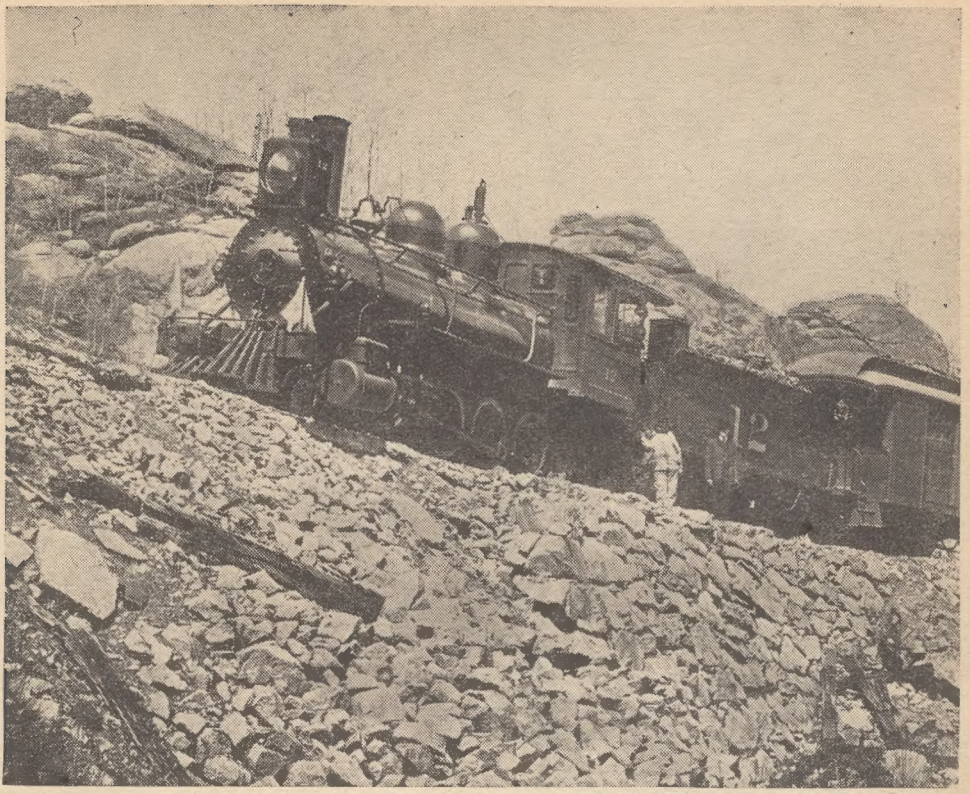


Historical data and all photos, except pages 8 and 13, are from M. C. Poor, 4883½ N. Paulina St., Chicago

Cripple Creek Hogger

By CARL LATHROP

AS PLAINLY as yesterday I remember my first trip over the old narrow-gage Florence & Cripple Creek in Colorado. I had gone to Mr. Collins, Superintendent of the F&CC, direct from a job of engine service on the Denver & Rio Grande, laying my service letter on his desk and asking if he could use a good runner. The Super plucked at his whiskers and nodded with satisfaction.

"An engineer who's handled trains over Marshall Pass," he told me, "could run on any man's railroad. You're hired, Lathrop. I want you to learn the track by going up on Number One this afternoon. Ride a coach. You'll probably bring a train out of Cripple Creek before night, on your own."

Learn the track from the window of a day coach! That was a new one on me, but I was perfectly willing if he was. And so I rode the cushions over the forty miles of main line—sixty-pound rails laid on hewn red-spruce ties.

Before scrambling aboard, at Florence, I ambled along the side of the train on a personal inspection

Roaring Mine Towns on the Roof of the Rockies Were the Waystops of the Gold Belt Line

tour. There were five red-enameled coaches, each sporting the picturesque D&RG emblem in gold paint; but the chuffing Mogul on the head end, the Two-Spot, had painted on her tender the full name of the F&CC. She was a neat little mill, the Number 2; weighing, I judged, more than forty tons. I was favorably impressed with her clean, well-kept appearance, and discovered later that the F&CC maintained all five of their engines in almost perfect mechanical condition. Their roadbed, too, was a credit to the company, as was evidenced by the way the train rode.

For the best part of half an hour we rattled along a reasonably level and fairly straight ten-mile stretch, making only a short halt at a crossover on

the Santa Fe. I divided my time between studying the mountainous terrain and sizing up the welter of swaying, shifting passengers that occupied every seat and jammed the aisle. There were frock-coated gamblers in high silk hats, quiet men in business garb, hard-rock miners in dungarees and dark-colored work shirts, conservatively-dressed women fussing over restless children, and painted ladies, without children, who flaunted gay slippers, massive hats with ostrich plumes and the slightly sickening odors of various perfumes. All in all, a motley group of passengers rode the varnish that day.

The rattling exhausts of our engine slowed to labored beats as we dove into a slender, high-walled canyon. Winding and looping through this gorge was the dry bed of Eight-Mile Creek, upon which was laid the track. I could see signs of where a flood had come down in the not-distant past.

A smiling runt of a conductor edged through the barely navigable aisle and paused beside my seat. His name, I soon found out, was Mickey Mahoney. Mickey knew that my handle was Carl Lathrop and that I was going to work on his railroad.

"How do you like it as far as you've gone?" he asked amiably.

"I was just wondering," I said, "about the wisdom of laying track right in the creek bed."

"Oh, that?" grinned Mickey. "Soon as the frost goes out of the ground this spring the F&CC is gonna build a high line which will lift the rails above all danger of flood."

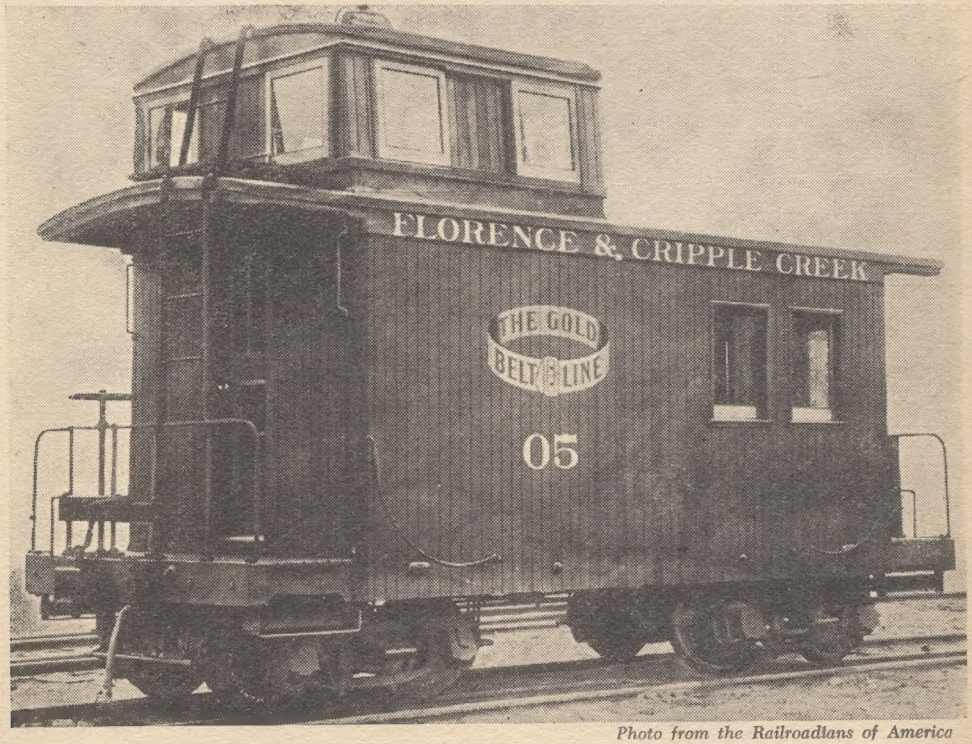


Photo from the Railroadians of America

During their brief careers, the Florence & Cripple Creek and its affiliates hauled more than $300,000,000 in bullion and ore. Much of it went jouncing down Eight-Mile Creek with little cabooses like the 5-spot bringing up the rear.

By this time we had slowed to about six miles an hour, and I asked:

"Is the grade this heavy all the way to Cripple Creek?"

"It is," he replied, "practically all four percent. Mostly crooked, too."

Carl Lathrop

We passed Cripple Creek. Then Victor. Roaring towns, filled with miners, speculators, tinhorn gamblers, dance-hall girls, solid merchants and their wives—a heterogenous mass of humanity drawn from the four corners of the land by the proximity of mountains of shiny gold.

I'D RUN an engine over Marshall Pass during the boom traffic, when trainload after trainload of hewn granite had been moved from quarries in Gunniston County to Denver for the state capitol building under construction. With the last carload, business had taken a nose dive. When the board was cut, I was the youngest man holding a regular engine.

"There'll be another cut soon," Master Mechanic Jones had predicted gloomily; and so I had packed my suicase—early in April, 1895—and drifted over to the F&CC.

I knew that fortunes were being made in gold, but I didn't care for digging in the ground—the iron pike was my preference. The F&CC was not exactly well known in those days; only two years previously the yellow metal had been discovered around Cripple Creek.

On April 17th, 1893, it had dawned upon a group of hard-headed pioneers that they could make more money hauling other men's gold than by prospecting for themselves. Accordingly, they obtained a charter to lay track between Cripple Creek and Florence, a distance of forty miles. By July of the next year, the first train made its triumphal journey over the new line. So you can see that the road I was now traveling over was a mere baby of ten months. At that time the F&CC had only six locomotives and two cabooses, leasing the balance of its rolling stock from the Denver & Rio Grande.

At Victor, four miles southeast of Cripple Creek, most of the passengers unloaded, but every seat in the train was still full when we chuffled into our final destination. Bennett Avenue, the main thoroughfare, extended from the depot. At two p.m. every day both ends of this avenue were roped off so horses and wagons could not move through. The avenue was solidly packed with people all afternoon.

Three regular passenger trains were operated each way every day between Cripple Creek and Florence. The railroad shops and general offices—such as they were—were located in Florence. Each night at eight o'clock the "sleeper" train pulled out of Cripple Creek, bound for Florence, where the D&RG picked it up and took it east. Needless to say, every berth was at a premium on these ornate strings of varnish.

Narrow-gage Pullmans were quite luxurious. Three shiny brass oil lamps were suspended from the ceiling. Baker heaters kept them warm in the coldest weather. These heaters burned anthracite coal and were water circulators, with water pipes extending down each side of the car. There were upper and lower berths, ten on a side. But they were so slender that only one person could be comfortably accommodated in each. Uniformed

Negro porters made down the berths.

Generally each "owl" train had a "buffet sleeper." These were similar to the modern compartment Pullman, having only fifteen berths while a tiny kitchen supplied buffet lunches to hungry passengers.

ABOUT 6:30 p.m. the caller called me for the sleeper train. Think of it! Here I was, my only knowledge of the road what I had learned from riding a day coach over its length, called to handle their crack train my first trip!

My engine was the One-Spot. She had an automatic air valve. The coaches behind me were equipped with automatic air brakes. But we all used straight air, even on passenger trains. All the freight cars were still equipped with straight air. Those F&CC hoggers claimed automatic air wasn't safe! They gave that as an alibi because they hadn't progressed with the times.

I made an uneventful first run to Florence, where we connected with D&RG train Number One. All the coaches were narrow-gage, but a standard-gage engine handled them, the track being laid with a third rail.

In Florence I was told I'd regularly handle Number 7, the night sleeper. This meant a long layover in Cripple Creek. When I got back to that roaring gold camp I went room-hunting. Apparently there was only one vacant room for rent in the whole town. A hatchet-faced landlady took me to see it. In a bare attic upright two-by-fours had been nailed, with boards about them to form a shallow box. In this box was a two-inch thick mattress. There was no chair, no dresser, not even a lamp. A cat could have been thrown through the cracks in the outside walls.

"How much?" I asked the landlady.

"Sixty-five dollars a month," she said without batting an eye.

"What?" I yelped.

"A room with bed and dresser rents for a hundred a month," she snapped.

Leaving in disgust, I hurried over to the depot and wired Superintendent Collins, explaining that I could not find a room.

Back came a reply, "Use the sleepers." This I did, all the time I was on that run, at no cost to me.

About a week after I'd come to work on the F&CC the company received six more engines from Baldwin. In addition they had borrowed half a dozen from the Rio Grande. The F&CC was then in the money. Empty cars were a novelty. Cars into Cripple Creek or Victor, loaded with lumber, machinery, coal and merchandise, left those points filled with ore. Revenue trains operated both ways over the line.

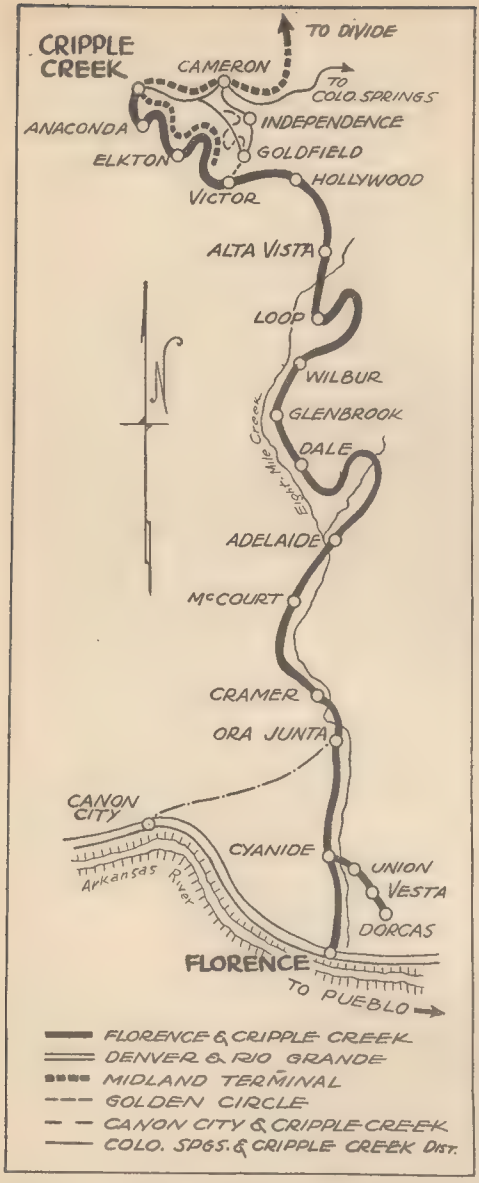
The road immediately serviced the new engines. Number 7 was tuned up and the foreman ran her toward the main stem. He moved her a shade too far; her pilot and cylinders didn't clear the main. I was switching that day, running the One-Spot, shoving a dozen cars ahead of my engine. The track curved to the left, shutting off my view. Suddenly we stopped with a jolt. I crossed the gangway and looked out. The foreman came running toward the Seven. I dropped off and did likewise.

The head car had caught the right cylinder on that new Baldwin and torn it completely off! I returned to my engine and pulled the cars back so the cripple could be dragged out of the way.

That afternoon the trainmaster called me to his office. "Lathrop," he scowled at me when I entered, "I'm

Drawn from data in the collection of Tony Goebel, Madison, Wis.

A Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs passenger train passes the old Midget Mine. Its battle to the crest of the Rockies at Point Sublime afforded one of the most spectacular panoramic views in America. When the CC&CS acquired the Florence & Cripple Creek all that remained of the latter's narrow-gage trackage was either abandoned or widened to standard.



Map of the Florence & Cripple Creek, and its affiliated lines.

going to give you ten days for tearing up that new engine."

"No, you ain't," I flung right back. "You ain't gonna give me ten days, nor one day, nor ten minutes! The foreman was to blame for leaving her where she didn't clear. Do you wire for my time, or do I go on working?"

Engineers were scarce on the F&CC in those boom days, so I went on working.

In 1897 our pike expanded a bit, leasing the Golden Circle Railroad. This was another three-foot gage gold carrier. It linked Victor with Goldfield, a distance of 1.7 miles. Later it was extended to Isabella, making a total length of six and a half miles.

The F&CC prospered from the beginning, due to the kind of merchandise it hauled. By 1898 the company owned twelve locomotives, eleven passenger cars, two baggage cars and four cabooses. However, they continued the original policy of renting freight equipment from the Rio Grande. In fact, they often had to borrow extra engines and passenger coaches in rush seasons.

As a sample of how well the F&CC was doing, in the year ending June 30, 1897, we hauled 208,411 tons of revenue freight, earning $218,926 over and above all out operating expenses, interest and taxes. Of course, I didn't actually share in this sum; my stipend came under the heading of operating expenses.

AND now we'll lay on a siding a few minutes while we dig back into history. A group of Eastern capitalists had hungrily viewed the potentialities of the small lode-carrying pikes of Colorado. On November 18th, 1899, they formed the Denver & Southwestern Railway Co., which took over control of the F&CC and the Golden Circle, as well as the Canon City & Cripple Creek, the Midland Terminal, and three lesser lines in the region.

Inasmuch as the D&SW was only a holding company, the individual roads which the corporation managed did not lose their identities. The name *Florence & Cripple Creek* was still

Photo from Hugh G. Boutell, 1832 Jefferson Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Typical of the trim and well maintained motive power of the Florence & Cripple Creek was the 23, shown here as she looked at her mine-town terminal in 1907.

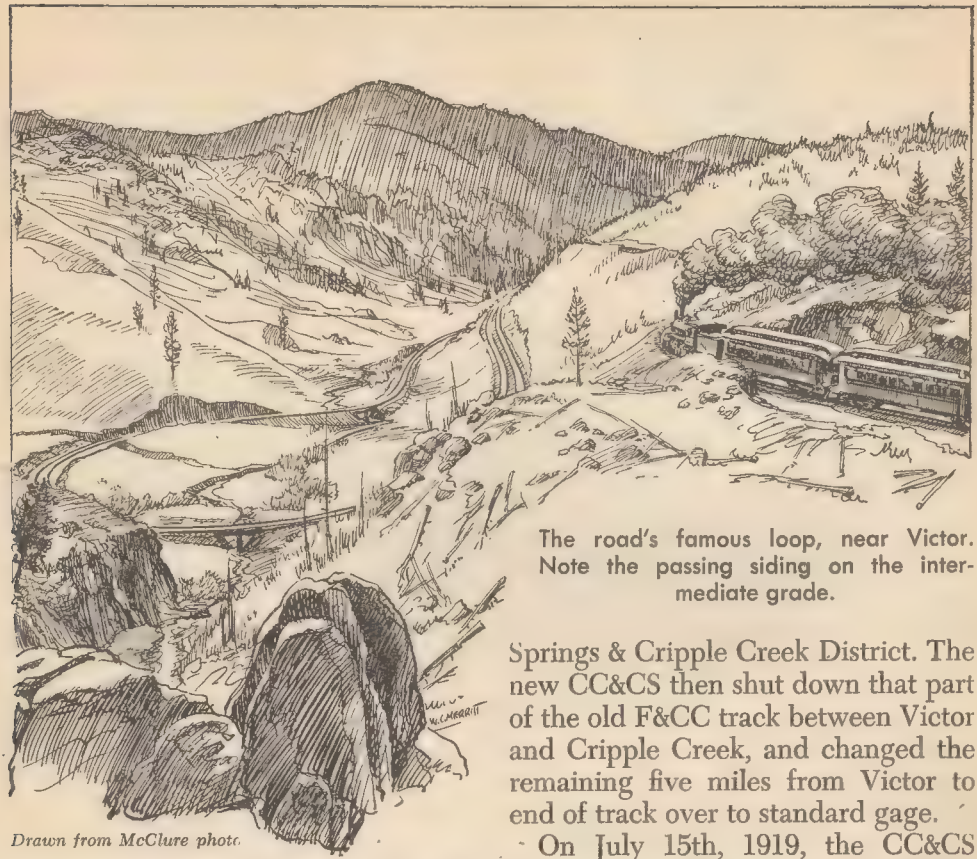
emblazoned on all the F&CC's rolling stock and locomotives. On September 30th, 1904, after some more financial juggling, the D&SW emerged as the Cripple Creek Central Railway Co., still comprising the same common carriers. The backers evidently cared only for money and nought for glory, so the several roads retained their identities.

By this time, the F&CC had relocated some of its main line in order to mitigate the danger of washouts in case of flood. Sixty-pound steel was used for the new rails. In addition, 16.8 miles of spurs and branches were built, giving the road a total mileage of fifty-five and a half.

In 1911 the parent company, the Cripple Creek Central, decided to expand. As a result, the F&CC took over, by lease, a 74-mile standard-gage pike, the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District Railway. This line, stretching between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek, boasted forty-six and a half miles of main line, with twenty-seven and a half miles devoted to spurs and branches, which brought the new F&CC length up to 129½ miles.

The following year was the beginning of the end for the romantic little road. In July 1912 a severe flood coursed down the canyons of Eight-Mile Creek, wiping out over thirty-three miles of the main line between Wilbur and Ora Junta. Its kindred pike, the Canyon City & Cripple Creek, between Canyon City and Ora Junta, was washed completely off the map.

Of course, the gold mining was not all that it had been before the turn of the century, so when the board of directors went into a huddle they emerged with the decision that rebuilding the southern section of the F&CC would not be worth the expense. They said it would not even



The road's famous loop, near Victor. Note the passing siding on the intermediate grade.

Drawn from McClure photo

pay to operate the undamaged part of the road between Wilbur and Florence. Therefore, on May 8th, 1914, all of the F&CC line south of Wilbur was abandoned, as was the entire length of the CC&CC.

This drastic decision just about killed the F&CC. Such a foreshortened railroad could not hope for much business. The last spark of life was extinguished on April 30th, 1915, when the F&CC was dissolved and its remaining line from Wilbur up to Cripple Creek abandoned. The F&CC's lease on the Golden Circle expired that same day, and all equipment was sold to the latter.

The Golden Circle then changed its name to Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs Railroad, and took over the F&CC's old lease on the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District. The new CC&CS then shut down that part of the old F&CC track between Victor and Cripple Creek, and changed the remaining five miles from Victor to end of track over to standard gage.

On July 15th, 1919, the CC&CS relinquished its hold on the CS&CCD and the latter was discontinued altogether on September 1st, 1920. After this, the Midland Terminal Railway purchased the remaining mileage of the CC&CS, which was none other than that five miles of standard-gage track out of Victor—lineal descendant of the old F&CC narrow-gage pike.

WELL, we've been on this siding long enough. Now that I've given you a finger-tip history of the F&CC, let's head back on the main line for the more important story of my personal experiences on the little streak of rust.

I wonder how many old-timers remember Mr. Frasier, the Westinghouse expert on automatic air, who circulated over our Western roads,

explaining the use and operation of the new and safer type brakes when they were installed?

Mr. Frasier was a brilliant old fellow. He had the biggest paunch I ever saw on a man. When he sat down, his paunch covered his legs and rested on them. He'd been instructing hoggers about using automatic air brakes on the D&RG standard-gage.

One day he dropped into Cripple Creek. As usual, I was coupled on Number 7, ready to leave town. Superintendent Collins, accompanied by Mr. Frasier, came over to my engine. Catching my eye when the expert's attention was elsewhere, the Super winked warningly. Then he said:

"You'll want to use the automatic air as usual tonight, won't you, Lathrop?"

I caught on. Collins was trying to make Frasier think we used automatic air on our passenger trains all the time. The fact was that no passenger train had as yet gone down the hill by automatic air brakes, for reasons I have already stated.

"Sure," I nonchalantly agreed.

If Mr. Collins had any doubt about my ability to handle the air automatic instead of straight, he didn't show it. Right here I'll have to explain how we made it possible to operate automatic air brakes as though they were straight air. Beneath the engine cabs were preliminary valves for use with automatic air. By disconnecting a pipe and plugging it with a wooden plug, the automatic air valve would operate as straight air.

Needless to say, the preliminary valve on my engine was plugged. Mr. Frasier apparently hadn't noticed it. But I had to divert his attention elsewhere while I unplugged it.

A couple of air inspectors saved me the trouble. Mr. Frasier went back to talk to them and it took me less than two good winks to line up the preliminary valve.

So I had the honor of letting the first passenger train down the heavy grade with automatic air. Next time I saw Mr. Frasier he cornered me.

"You think you pulled a fast one on me the other night, don't you?" he smiled.

I started to deny.

"Listen, Lathrop," he went on. "I saw you unplug your preliminary valve. I also watched you let eighteen loads of ore from Leadville to Malta one day just after the D&RG standard-gage started using automatic air."

Thereupon I shut up.

AN ENERGETIC little engineer named Pope had been given the Seven-Spot after she was repaired. Pope held one of the passenger runs. After that first passenger trip with automatic air, all the runners grudgingly used it. Pope was quite an expert when he finally got the hang of it.

One morning in Cripple Creek I was called to take Pope's engine and do some mine switching with her. Using freight cars which were still straight air necessitated my plugging the preliminary valve. When we were through switching I put Number 7 away, completely forgetting to unplug the valve.

Later that day Pope went on his usual passenger run. He knew nothing about the plug, but managed to get down the mountain without trouble. But when he came to the Santa Fe crossover he sailed past the stop signal and buzzed over. Even then he didn't tumble that anything was wrong. At Cyanide, the next station, he whizzed past another stop signal. Suspicious by this time, Pope climbed down and

discovered the plug in his preliminary valve. Muttering to himself, because he knew I'd used his engine that morning, he removed the plug and went into Florence.

Later I met him on the street. "Hello, Pope," I greeted.

He snubbed me so pointedly that my temper flared redhot. I grabbed his arm. "Listen, Pope," I barked. "If you've got a grievance with me, you'd better get it off your chest."

"I got a grievance," he snarled, 'an' you know what it is."

"I don't. Let's have it."

"How about plugging my preliminary valve today while you used my engine, so I ran every stop signal comin' down?" he demanded. "You thought you'd get my job!"

It took me about five seconds to explain why I'd plugged the valve. In the end Pope thrust out his right hand.

"I'm a fool," he said. "Shake, then I'll buy you a beer."

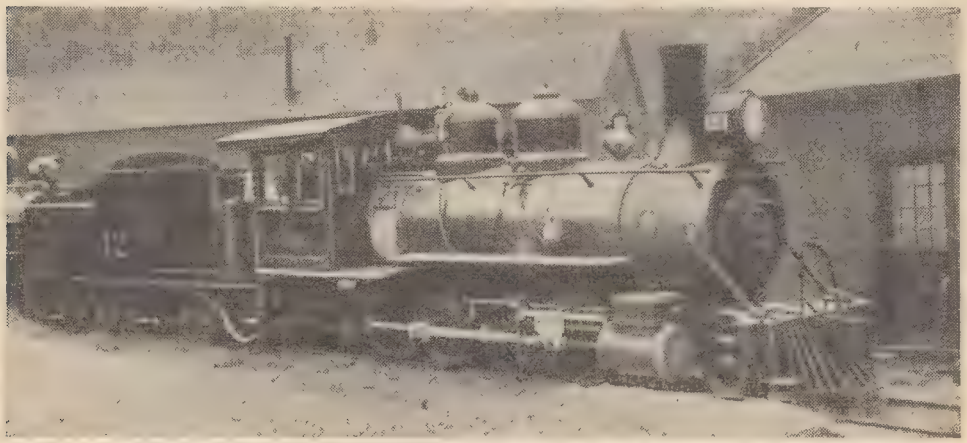
One morning in May, 1896, I was in Florence, waiting to get out on Number One. About ten a.m. somebody called my attention to a black pall across the western sky. The pall hung over Cripple Creek. It looked like a thunderhead. The gob of gloom spread until it mushroomed across half the sky. When I was called for my run I was told, "Cripple Creek is on fire!"

The black pall was smoke. I knew the fire must be serious. Promptly at one p.m. I moved my train away from the depot and roared toward the mouth of the canyon. By this time the smoke had diminished and I thought the fire had been brought under control.

When I halted at Victor, four miles from Cripple Creek, I learned the full details. The famous gold-mine town of Cripple Creek had burned to the ground! Not a building was left standing.

SUCH a scene of desolation as met my eyes when I pulled into the remains of Cripple Creek I've never seen since. Charred ruins were everywhere, with lazy smoke trailing upward. Across the tracks, where had stood a trim little home, sat a young woman clutching tightly to her breast a crying baby. She sat in a partly burned rocking chair.

"Don't you think you'd better get



The Uintah's Number 12 came over from the Florence & Cripple Creek's slim-gage paddock when the latter line was taken over by the Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs Railroad, in 1915.

away from here?" I asked as I stepped up to her.

She shook her head. "My husband is working underground and doesn't know about the fire," she said and tears rolled down her cheeks. "This rocking chair is all I saved. I must wait and tell him of our loss."

Crowds along the track were so thick you couldn't squeeze through. The operator crawled over the roof of the train and called down to me:

"You're to start hauling all these homeless folks down to Victor. Don't wait to turn, but shuttle back and forth as fast as you can."

When the throng heard that, they jammed the coaches. In a few seconds there was scarcely a foot of my engine that didn't have a man or woman hanging to it. Orders were strict about not carrying passengers on our engines. Mr. Collins came up.

"What do you want me to do about that?" I asked him and pointed to those covering my engine.

"Take them, Lathrop," he said. "Get them out of here. They must eat. They must find places to sleep."

Until midnight I shuttled back and forth between Cripple Creek and Victor. Victor was filled with humanity. Thousands were unable to find a place to eat or sleep. It was decided to take the overflow to Florence.

Again the coaches were jammed sardine tight. I was just reaching for the whistle cord when out of the darkness panted a well-dressed, heavy-set man.

"Just a second, engineer!" he called. "I must get to Florence where I can catch a train east."

"You'll have to ride back in the coaches," I told him.

"There isn't standing room there. Let me on your engine, please," he begged.

"Okay," I agreed. "Get up here on my side and stand in front of me."

On our way down, he told me his name was Stratton. Said he'd lost $50,000 in stock in the fire. But it would be replaced. He'd cleaned up $50,000 cash from dabbling in gold mines.

"If you've a hundred dollars," he invited, "I'll guarantee to increase it to ten thousand in six months."

I was skeptical. The man explained what stock he intended playing. Later I watched that stock. Darned if I wouldn't have made *more* than he guaranteed.

But that was nothing. The Ancora-Leland Mine was sinking a shaft and selling stock at ten cents a share. The Gold King was doing likewise, their stock worth fifteen cents. I was given a fairly reliable tip that the two stocks were going to skyrocket. I didn't speculate. Within two months stock in both mines was worth $1500 a share!

MR. STRATTON! Today a statue of that colorful mining man stands on one of the main intersections in Colorado Springs. A street is named for him, also a park.

One day I was called to take my engine and a caboose and go to Victor and pick up a "Circle M" boxcar loaded with ore. These Circle M cars belonged to the D&RG. They were new, and of 40,000 pounds capacity. My orders instructed that if I wished I could fill on other loads, but to be sure and bring out the Circle M.

When I backed against the car in Victor it was not yet loaded. Several wagons waited to complete the job. I went back and climbed on the hub of the head wagon to get an ore sample.

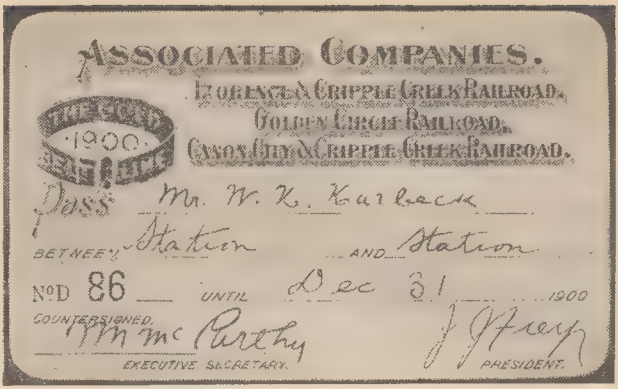
A rugged old fellow, crudely dressed, saw me and came over. "What are you huntin' for?" he asked.

"A good ore specimen," I replied.

"There ain't any good ones in that load," he grunted. "I'll get you one."

He climbed into the boxcar, but returned shortly and handed me a small piece of rock which looked as if it had been dipped in quicksilver. The piece was U-shaped.

"Take this," said the old fellow, "an' roast it. You'll get a right nice watch charm."



This pass was issued by the "Gold Belt Line" in 1900.

I climbed into the gangway and reached for an iron-handled scoop. Placing the ore sample on the blade, I shoved it into the firebox and cracked the blower. I let the ore roast about thirty minutes. Then I pulled it out to cool. When it was ready I saw innumerable little icicles of pure yellow gold hanging down from the top side of the U. Quickly I stuck it in my pocket.

Because several cars always held better than a single one on the heavy grade we picked up six more loads. In Florence we shoved the six loads on a side track. But the Circle M car we took down to the D&RG passenger depot. When we stopped, five burly men armed with Winchester rifles unloaded and five more guards took their places. The car contained ten tons of ore.

After the ore had been assayed it paid $196,000 a ton. The ore belonged to Mr. Stratton, and it was he who had given me the sample. How would you like to have a few tons of that kind of ore at today's prices for gold?

A few years later I was running an engine on the Mobile and Ohio. I showed a banker in Murphysboro the sample and he wanted it badly.

"There must be fifty dollars' worth of gold in that rock," I argued.

The banker shoved a fifty-dollar bill through the wicket. "I'll buy it," he said instantly.

MEANWHILE, Cripple Creek was rebuilding after the fire. The F&CC borrowed twenty-two narrow-gage engines from the D&RG to handle the increased business. That forty-mile streak of rust worked thirty-three regular engine crews during the next several months. I wonder if any other short pike in railroad history ever worked that many crews? The F&CC was then constructing the high line, which added to the confusion.

This little madhouse was enough to put gray hairs among the brown on my head. When I began getting lap orders, one right after another, it didn't help my disposition. A new dispatcher had come to Florence from a four-track Eastern road, where about all the dispatching necessary was the issuing of clearances.

The first lap was given me at Victor. The order directed me to meet a brass hat's special at a little station called McCourt. Along the F&CC were several telegraph offices where we had to stop and get clearances before pro-

ceeding. I rolled into Adalaide, next station above McCourt, and went after my clearance.

"Any dope on the brass hat's special?" I asked the operator.

"Nope," he replied.

I climbed on my engine and started for McCourt. Soon I rounded a rocky point where I could see one of our two short tunnels below. Heavy smoke rolled out of the tunnel, so I knew a train was coming toward me. I halted. The special dove from the tunnel.

Figuring I'd misread my orders, I backed to Adalaide and took the siding. But I hadn't misread them. I had a positive meet with the special at McCourt. When they batted up the main line I flagged them because specials didn't have to stop for clearances.

"Didn't you have a meet with me at McCourt?" I asked the engineer.

"I ain't got anything on you at all," he growled, handing me his orders.

He was right. I asked him for his orders and he gave them to me. At first I planned to call the dispatcher on the lap order when I reached Florence, but later decided to overlook it.

About ten days later I was given a positive meet with Number One at Adalaide. When I left Vista, next station above Adalaide, I realized I was on Number One's time, but I figured they were running late. I hadn't gone two miles when I saw smoke in the canyon below. *It was west of Adalaide!*

I waited until I was sure it was Number One. Then I backed to Vista and flagged them, as I had the brass hat's special. They had nothing on me! I collected their orders and filed them along with the first lap orders.

By then I was just about fed up with this kind of railroading. But as I'd done before, I cooled off before I reached Florence and I again forgot the incident.

A MONTH or so later in Cripple Creek I was given orders to run light down to the little station at the mouth of the canyon, turn, and then help a work train which I would meet there, back to Cripple Creek.

I dropped down the four-percent grade. Vista, Adalaide, McCourt. . . . The next station was the mouth of the canyon where I would meet the work train. Just below McCourt I saw smoke fogging the canyon walls ahead. I stopped. Pretty soon the work train came into sight, dragging about five cars. We staged a "cornfield meet" that time, because I was mad as a hornet. The work train didn't have orders to meet me anywhere.

Well, I decided it was high time to stop this damn foolishness. So I backed to McCourt, let the work train pass, and then flagged to Florence.

Carrying the latest lap orders in my pocket, I stopped my engine alongside the F&CC general offices, unloaded and entered. I guess my dark brown eyes were flashing fire, and my husky, six-foot-two body looked dangerous. I walked toward the dispatcher, fingering my three sets of lap orders.

"Listen," I told him, "I'm calling for a showdown. In the past month you've given me three different lap orders. Only by the grace of God did I avoid having a head-end collision any one of the times."

"You're a damned liar!" the dispatcher flung in my teeth, without attempting to check on my statement.

In one jump I was across the office. He picked up a chair and swung it at me. I jerked it from his hands and clipped him alongside the jaw. Thereupon he went to sleep with a table upside-down on him.

Four percent grades taxed engines blasting out of the valley of the Arkansas.

Meanwhile, the trainmaster, a one-armed fellow, grabbed another chair and made a pass at me with it. I yanked it from him, and he started through the offices with me hot on his heels.

In the office of the chief clerk the T. M. was a couple of jumps ahead of me. I tipped a desk across his path. He tumbled over it and I grabbed him.

"I ain't gonna hit you," I told him, "because you're crippled. But I'm gonna twist your nose till you howl for mercy."

I grabbed his proboscis. He yelped like a good fellow. A clerk and O'Conner, the chief dispatcher, came to his rescue and the fight was over.

Well, I'd wrecked the offices pretty thoroughly. O'Conner gradually cooled me down by some fast talking. I showed him the three lap orders About that time a clerk came out and told me the Assistant Superintendent wanted me in his office.

Everybody around there must have thought I was bad medicine, for I found the Assistant Super perched on a high stool behind a desk that was elevated on a little balcony. I couldn't get to him without a ladder.

"What do you mean, Lathrop?" he demanded severely, "coming into these offices and wrecking them as you did?"

I told him about the lap orders.

"Have you got them with you?" he asked.

"Right here in my pocket," I replied.

"Can I see them?"

"Sure, here they are."

I held them out. He climbed down from his perch and examined them.

"You go back to your engine," he said at length. "I'll see a stop is put to this kind of railroading."

The result was the careless dispatcher was fired and the episode forgotten.

ONE day a brakeman on the F&CC named Lund put too much *oomph* into his job. He applied the brake so vigorously on a loaded boxcar that the chain broke and the car started rolling down the F&CC's ubiquitious four-percent grade. Helpless to slow her down, the brakeman jumped off the car.

However, the conductor, whose name was Blondy, mounted a switch engine and set off to capture the runaway. A suburban train was due to leave Anaconda any minute, and the loaded car was heading right toward it at increasing speed. As the goat strained for the race, Blondy scrawled a note on a scrap of paper and wrapped it around a chunk of coal.

When they passed Eclipse, he hurled the message through the station window. The operator didn't know what was wrong, but rose from his padded seat to pursue the kids who were up to pranks, as he thought.

The telegrapher happened to notice the piece of paper on the floor and picked it up just in time to decipher Blondy's chicken tracks and throw the board in the passenger train's face before it pulled out of Anaconda.

The chase after the freight car continued unabated, engine and car careening over the serpentine tracks at full speed. We all wondered, when we heard about it, how they ever held to the rails on those sharp curves. The conductor finally caught up with the car just before it entered Anaconda. Blondy made a coupling from the pilot, applied the air brake, and brought the runaway to a stop with just a few seconds to spare.

Army worms visited the F&CC that summer. Army worms are worse than locusts when it comes to ravaging a country. The first I knew about them was the day I jogged along the crooked canyon on Number One. Suddenly my drivers began to spin. I shut off, yanked at my sander lever a few times and was about to open the throttle when the most horrible stench I've ever smelled flooded the cab.

I gagged, let my train roll back, and unloaded to learn the cause of the trouble. The track for a hundred yards ahead was a moving mass of army worms, inches deep over the rails!

By sweeping the crawly things off the rails, we managed to get past. For almost a month every train going up the hill was stalled by them. Countless billions must have traveled across the mountains. They left a brown swath behind, even stripping all leaves from the aspen trees.

IN AUGUST that year we had the big flood. Strangely enough, it happened the same day the high line was finally opened to traffic. I handled the first passenger train over the new stretch of track.

That day when I came to the little station at the mouth of the canyon, raindrops as big as walnuts were spattering from a leaden sky. A water tank stood there, but we used it no more than necessary, because the water was full of alkali. I had a hunch and made my fireman fill the tender.

By the time we passed McCourt, rain was roaring down in sheets. A short distance above McCourt my engine nosed around a sharp curve. Above were half a dozen bucket-sized rocks. I stopped.

Mickey Mahoney, my conductor—the same one I'd ridden with on my first trip over F&CC—dropped off, clad in a slicker, and removed the rocks. Farther on were two deep cuts. The first was clear. I blasted through it and crossed the short fill the other side. The track through the second cut was littered with rocks and mud. I rolled up to it and halted. Poking my head out the cab window I looked back. The rear coach was still sitting in the cut behind.

I dropped my reverse lever in the corner and yanked open the throttle. We lunged forward. I put my pilot as deep as possible into the rock and mud ahead. Halted again, I looked back. The whole side of the cut was coming down. The edge of the slide caught the rear steps of the last coach and tore them off. If I hadn't moved ahead, the coach would have been caught dead center with possible injury to passengers.

About seventy-five feet below us in the canyon bottom, a crew of men were moving the telegraph line out

of the creek bed. But now, they were all huddled under boulders and trees for protection against the downpour.

I heard an ominous roar, like the sound of a strong wind through trees, and listened again. Reaching overhead, I yanked several sharp, warning blasts from my whistle. The men in the bottom looked up. I leaned half out my cab window and gestured with both arms for them to climb the sides of the canyon. Then I pointed above. They got my warning

They were not an instant too soon. A wall of brown and mucky water fully twenty feet high roared into view, carrying boulders, trees, and timbers in its gnashing crest. The first wall subsided to be quickly followed by a smaller one.

One of our two tunnels was a mile below. The floor of it was about ten feet above the creek bed. The cloudburst went through this tunnel and filled it to within a foot of the roof!

ABOUT nine p.m. a crew of men found us. They cleared the rubble out of the cut so we could proceed. The track rounded a high point half a mile beyond the cut, then crossed a long wooden trestle with high fills on either side. Before we came to the high point, the crew foreman said:

"Don't go around that high point till we cut your engine off and see if the track will hold her up. The flood undermined the point; we cribbed it up on ties."

But the track held my engine. I returned and dragged my train over. Before I crossed the wooden trestle, the foreman wanted to look it over. I stopped on the fill, and while the train was waiting there the fill settled over two feet beneath our weight.

We pulled into Cripple Creek about eight a.m. I was notified then that the F&CC would be tied up about fifteen days while the flood damage was being repaired. I could return to Florence, via the Colorado Midland and the D&RG, or I could remain in Cripple Creek and draw full pay. I decided on the full pay.

That fall the town of Cripple Creek was finally rebuilt from the big fire. Twenty-two engines were returned to the D&RG; twenty-two engineers and their firemen were cut off. I still had a job. Superintendent Collins asked me to stay. But my feet were itching again and, boomer-like, I figured it was time to quit the F&CC.

Later I ran an engine on the old Colorado Midland. If you have enjoyed reading of my F&CC days, perhaps the editor of *Railroad Magazine* will let me tell some of the experiences I had there.

"Rails" in Khaki

Railroad men are being trained on the new line which the U. S. Army is building in Louisiana between Camps Polk and Claiborne. Commander of the 711th Engineer Battalion, operating the road, is Lieut. Col. C. K. Harding (shown here)

FPG photos by Harold Coleman, private, first class

Private Fred E. Hommelsen of Chicago is pictured on guard duty, while Privates George Tims of Ruston, La., and Gilbert Wise of Lanham, Md., get ready to ride a section car

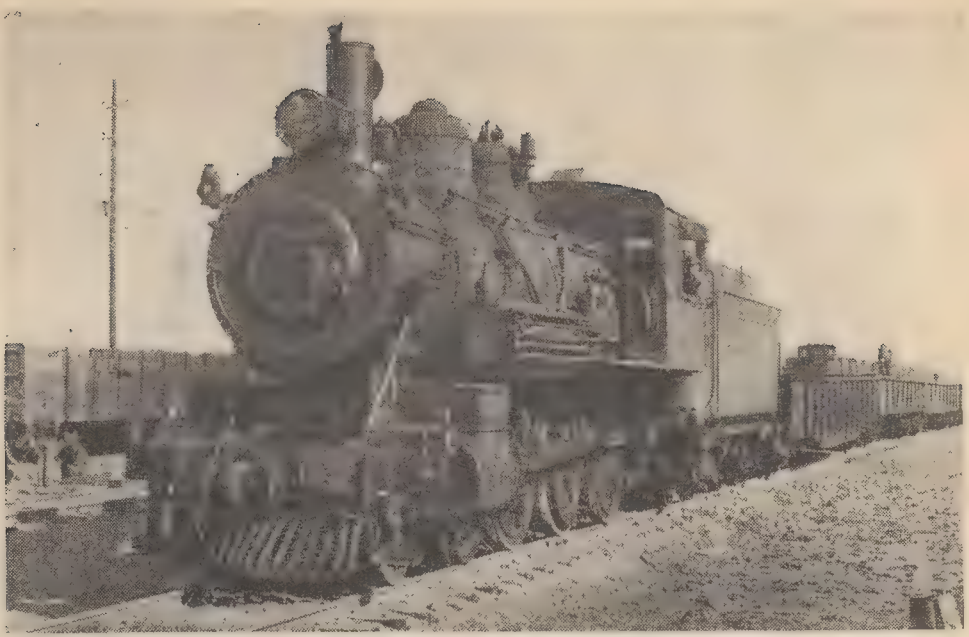
A soldier-railroader throws the switch for a carload of buddies

This United States military railroad bridge over the RR&G was pictured in course of construction in *Railroad Magazine* last month

Men of the 711th unload ties from a Pennsy "gon" at Camp Claiborne

Here we see preliminary work for the bridge at Big Cut which is pictured on page 28. Naturally, certain details about this road are subject to strict military censorship. For the information, scant though it is, which accompanies our photos we are grateful to 2nd Lieut. William J. Dixon, 711th Engineer Battalion (Railway Operating), Camp Claiborne, La.

Instead of buying the Red River & Gulf, upon which it held an option, the War Department decided to build its own railroad. Members of the 711th Engineer Battalion, assisted by the 91st and 93rd, were put to work on this job last August. Here is a view of the Claiborne yard track



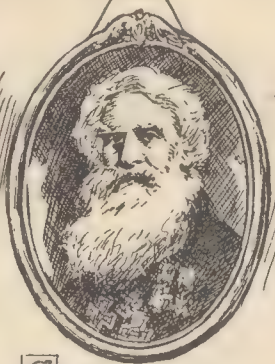
Number 1 engine of the standard-gage Polk-Claiborne military railroad is this sturdy old Consolidation (2-8-0) type. Presumably she was bought second-hand from some railroad, maybe RR&G, whose right-of-way is crossed by the Army pike at Big Cut, La.

The line has a fifty-ton "big hook" (wrecker). In its cab we see Toussaint E. Troxler, private, first class, of Marshall, Texas, one of the "rails" who are being trained for Uncle Sam's military service

APRIL in RAIL HISTORY

by D. H. HILLIKER

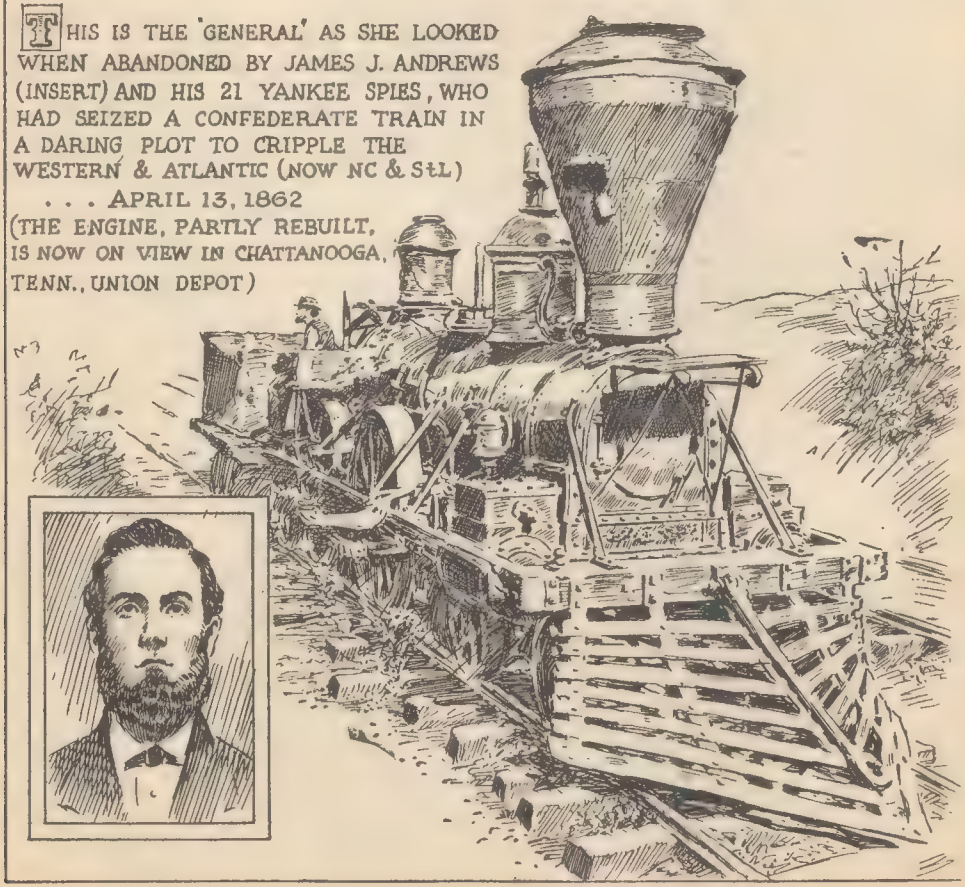
RICHARD TREVITHICK, INVENTOR OF FIRST STEAM LOCOMOTIVE TO RUN ON RAILS, BORN IN ENGLAND . . . APRIL 13, 1771



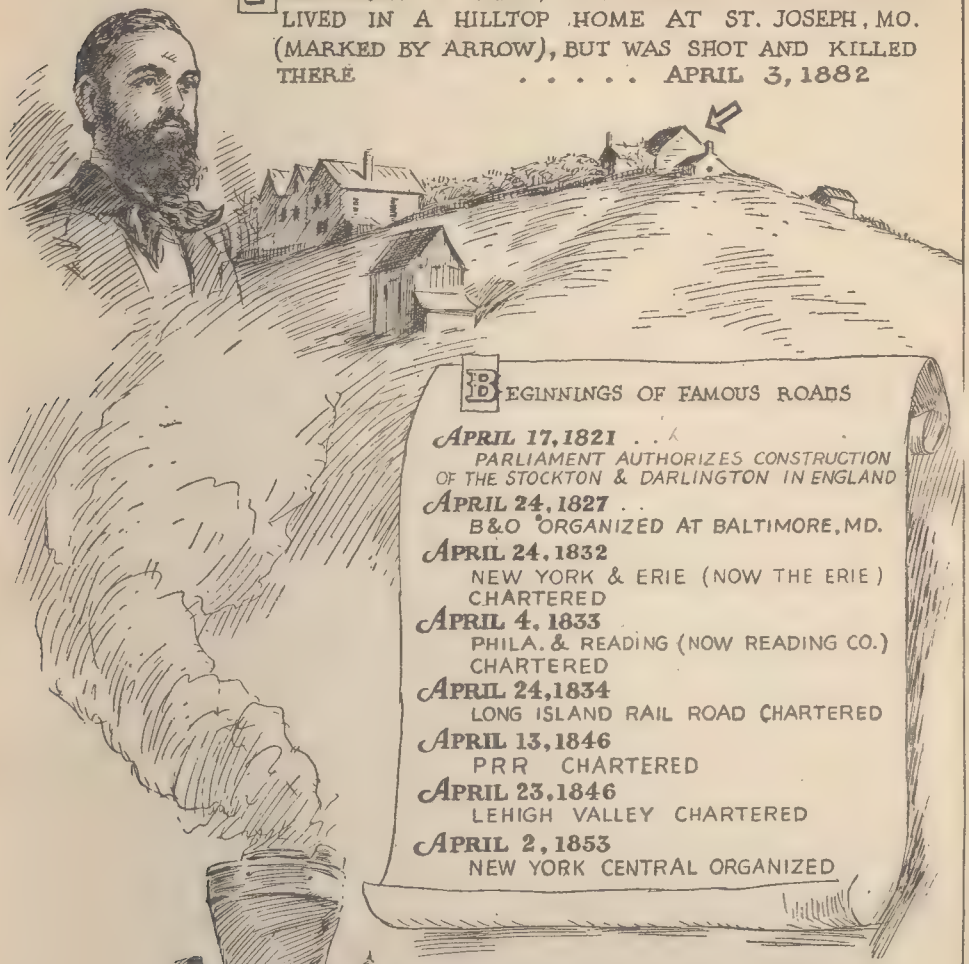
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, INVENTOR OF TELEGRAPH, BORN IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS. . . . . APRIL 27, 1791

A. F. WHITNEY, PRESIDENT, BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN, BORN AT CEDAR FALLS, IOWA . . . APRIL 12, 1873

THIS IS THE 'GENERAL' AS SHE LOOKED WHEN ABANDONED BY JAMES J. ANDREWS (INSERT) AND HIS 21 YANKEE SPIES, WHO HAD SEIZED A CONFEDERATE TRAIN IN A DARING PLOT TO CRIPPLE THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC (NOW NC & StL) . . . APRIL 13, 1862 (THE ENGINE, PARTLY REBUILT, IS NOW ON VIEW IN CHATTANOOGA, TENN., UNION DEPOT)



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, TRAIN-ROBBER JESSE JAMES LIVED IN A HILLTOP HOME AT ST. JOSEPH, MO. (MARKED BY ARROW), BUT WAS SHOT AND KILLED THERE . . . . . APRIL 3, 1882



BEGINNINGS OF FAMOUS ROADS

APRIL 17, 1821 . . .
PARLIAMENT AUTHORIZES CONSTRUCTION OF THE STOCKTON & DARLINGTON IN ENGLAND

APRIL 24, 1827 . .
B&O ORGANIZED AT BALTIMORE, MD.

APRIL 24, 1832
NEW YORK & ERIE (NOW THE ERIE) CHARTERED

APRIL 4, 1833
PHILA. & READING (NOW READING CO.) CHARTERED

APRIL 24, 1834
LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD CHARTERED

APRIL 13, 1846
PRR CHARTERED

APRIL 23, 1846
LEHIGH VALLEY CHARTERED

APRIL 2, 1853
NEW YORK CENTRAL ORGANIZED

THE 'TORONTO', FIRST LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN CANADA, COMPLETED AT JAMES GOOD'S FOUNDRY IN MONTREAL FOR THE ONTARIO, SIMCOE & HURON UNION RAILROAD (NOW CANADIAN NATIONAL) . . . APRIL 16, 1853

In the Days of the Boomers

———a Student Learned the Road with Little Help from Home Guard Skippers

By JOHN JOHNS*

HIS name was "Slim." What his real name was does not matter. This story is not about a name but about Slim and the thousands like him who want to be railroad men. More than anything else, Slim earnestly desired to go railroading; he talked and dreamed of it. To him railroad men were superior beings. But for years the youth could not become what his heart was set upon—no company would hire him because of his age.

Then came the first World War, and in 1917 our declaration against Germany. The carriers were swamped with business, while at the same time the draft put man-power at a premium. Trains had to be moved. Almost anyone big enough and strong enough could get a job helping to move them. Thus it came about that Slim, big enough and strong enough but still a kid, was given his chance.

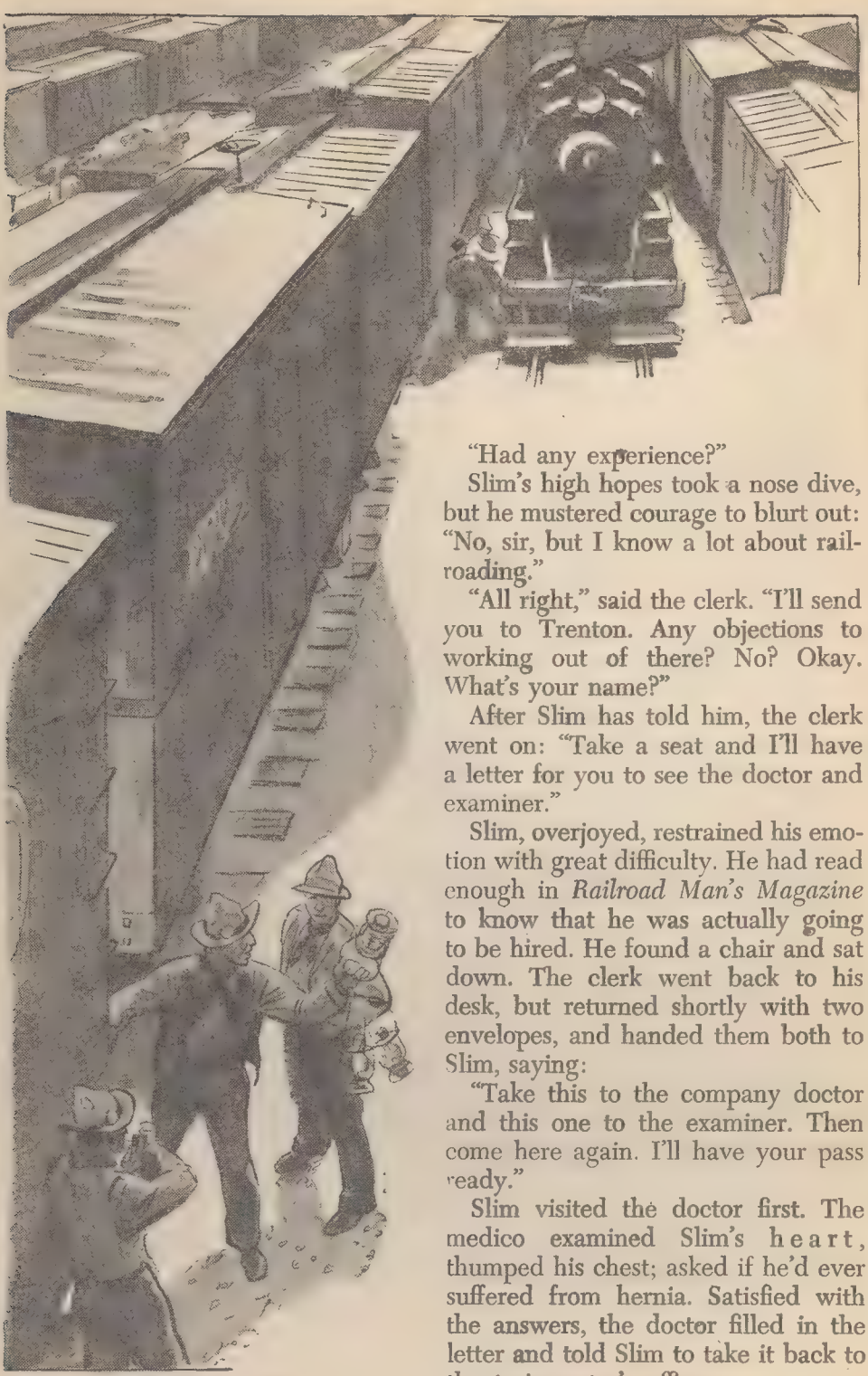
Slim was a New York boy. He boarded a Chambers Street ferry, crossed the North River to Jersey City and, with fast-beating heart, entered the Pennsylvania office building on Exchange Street. In no time at all he found himself before a wooden railing that fenced off the freight trainmaster's room from callers. A clerk looked up, saw him standing there rather helplessly, and walked over to him.

"What can I do for you?"

Slim gulped and straightened his necktie. "I understand you're hiring freight brakemen, and I—"

"We are. Do you want a job?"

The youth could hardly believe his ears. "Why, yes, sir," he stammered, "I do."



*Conductor, New York Central System

"Had any experience?"

Slim's high hopes took a nose dive, but he mustered courage to blurt out: "No, sir, but I know a lot about railroading."

"All right," said the clerk. "I'll send you to Trenton. Any objections to working out of there? No? Okay. What's your name?"

After Slim has told him, the clerk went on: "Take a seat and I'll have a letter for you to see the doctor and examiner."

Slim, overjoyed, restrained his emotion with great difficulty. He had read enough in *Railroad Man's Magazine* to know that he was actually going to be hired. He found a chair and sat down. The clerk went back to his desk, but returned shortly with two envelopes, and handed them both to Slim, saying:

"Take this to the company doctor and this one to the examiner. Then come here again. I'll have your pass ready."

Slim visited the doctor first. The medico examined Slim's heart, thumped his chest; asked if he'd ever suffered from hernia. Satisfied with the answers, the doctor filled in the letter and told Slim to take it back to the trainmaster's office.

Thereupon Slim went to the rules examiner. A smallish man, gray and partly bald, with glasses on the top of his nose, arose from an old worn desk.

"Another of you fellows to be examined, eh? Still hiring freight brakemen, eh?" he chattered. "What are they going to do with all you boys? Must certainly be going to have a lot of business. They'd better build another railroad. We've no room to handle any more cars. Have you been to the doctor? What'd he say? Here, let me see his letter. No sense of me putting you through the ropes if he hasn't okayed you."

The examiner glanced through the doctor's letter, then resumed: "You're all right. Ever have trouble with your eyes? No? Fine. Come over here and pick out every strand of wool with a trace of red in it."

Slim crossed to a table containing several racks, one above the other, from which were hung strings of woolen yarn. There were many colors and shades. He pulled at half a dozen red yarns, then did the same with yellow.

The examiner motioned for him to stop. "You're not color blind," he said. "Now come over here. See that card on the wall? Read off those letters."

Slim read the letters, did the same again with a hand over each eye. After that he was tested for hearing. He held a hand first over one ear, then over the other. The examiner stood several paces away and had Slim repeat:

"Boston. . .Fort Wayne. . .Harrisburg. . .98. . .17. . 76. . . Do. .Can. ."

The examiner then returned to his desk, filled in the letter, and said: "Take this to the trainmaster's office and you'll be all set to go to work. Good luck!"

SLIM did so. "Everything all right?" the clerk greeted him. "Good! Take a seat. I'll get your pass. By the way, are you working now?"

When Slim said he was employed as a clerk in an express office, the clerk asked: "You're not twenty-one, are you?"

Slim hesitated. "No, sir, I'm just nineteen," he replied, boosting his age slightly.

The clerk nodded and walked away. In a few minutes he was back with the pass, the letter and a paper.

"Here's your pass to Trenton," he said. "And here's a letter to Mr. Bloom, the General Yardmaster, to put you to work. And this paper is known as a release. Since you're not twenty-one, you'll have to have your

Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills. (ADV.)

parents sign it. Are your parents living?"

"Only my mother."

"Then have your mother sign it. You can't go to work until it's signed. You can explain what it is. In event of your being injured it releases the company. It's self explanatory. Mind now, get it signed, so you can give it to the yardmaster with your letter or you can't go to work."

Slim understood. Thanking the clerk, he fairly stumbled out of the office. At last he was hired! He was a real brakeman! Not waiting for the elevator, he bounded down the stairs

Across the street stood a lunch room. He had forgotten about food all day, but now he felt hungry. A cup of coffee and a sandwich would be enough until he got home. He entered the lunch room with something resembling a swagger, to find it full of men. presumably railroaders. Giving his order, he swung idly on the stool. He was one of them! Then, remembering the release, he withdrew it from his pocket and began to read it over.

A fellow wearing a soft hat turned up front and back, a blue "thousand-mile" shirt and black Windsor tie. glanced in his direction. "Just hired out, kid?" he asked breezily.

"Yes, sir. I'm going braking."

"What's that—a release?"

"Yes. I was just looking it over. I'm not twenty-one. I've got to get my mother to sign it. She's got to sign it, or they won't let me go to work."

"The old man dead, eh?" he said.

Slim nodded.

The stranger raised a restraining hand. "You don't want your mother to sign that. If anything should happen to you they'll take that to court and fight any claims against them. It's just what it's called, a release. It releases the company from any responsibility if you're killed or injured. You couldn't ask your mother to sign anything like that, could you?"

"I was thinking about it. No. sir, I don't think I could. But I want to go braking so much, and if I don't have it signed they won't let me work."

"Sure, sure, I know. You'll have it signed all right, but your mother won't sign it. Lad, there's more than one way to beat these railroad companies," said the man with the thousand-miler. Turning to the waiter behind the counter, he asked: "Hey, nick, got a pen and ink? Let me have it a minute. I gotta sign something."

Nick groped under the counter and came up with a bottle of ink and pen.

"Now then," Slim's new friend continued," what's your mother's name?"

"Are you going to sign my mother's name?" Slim asked. "Gosh, will it be all right?"

"Will it be all right!" the man laughed. "Why won't it? You gotta have it signed before you go to work, don't you? Okay. So I sign it and who knows the difference? Then if anything should ever happen, and they ask your mother about this paper she can honestly swear she never saw it. And when they start comparing signatures, that'll clinch it. Get me? Not that anything may ever happen to you, but in this racket you never know what's around the corner. You gotta think of the old lady, kid."

Slim brightened. "Gee, that's swell of you, mister! How can I ever thank you?"

The man wrote out the name of Slim's mother. "Well, I gotta get back to work."

Slim stood up, extending his hand. "Thanks again. Well, maybe I'll be seeing you some time."

The man in the blue thousand-miler

and Windsor tie smiled. "I don't think so, lad. This ain't my territory. I'm pulling the pin tonight. So long!"

Slim watched him walk out through the door. Unknown to himself, the youth had met his first boomer.

RECROSSING the river, Slim returned home jubilantly. That night when he met his pals on the corner he had much to tell them. Proudly he showed them his trip pass and letter to the General Yardmaster. Within a few hours he had become a man. He was now a brakeman and was going to live in a distant city.

The next day he bade his mother good-bye. Slim had never been away from home before, and leaving was not easy. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he walked the few blocks to the subway that would take him to Pennsylvania Station. But once on board the train for Trenton his spirits rose. *After all,* he argued with himself, *I'm no longer a boy. Men take things in their stride.*

At Trenton he made inquiries in the old Clinton Street station and was directed to the Barracks yard, where he would find the General Yardmaster. Suitcase in hand, he trudged down the tracks until he came to a building resembling a signal tower. Up a flight of stairs was Mr. Bloom's office. Slim climbed the stairs, timidly entered a big room, and looked around.

A wooden railing partitioned the room. On one side a large board rose from the floor almost to the ceiling. Its surface was covered with names of conductors, brakemen, flagmen and cabooses. The board was divided into sections. These contained the caboose numbers, and names of regular crews, regular "chain gang" crews, extra conductors and extra flagmen. One section was devoted to the extra list. A caboose number or man's name was placed on a piece of wood, which in turn fitted into a slot or groove on the board.

At the far end of the room was a door leading into a smaller room, the private office of H. P. Bloom, General Yardmaster.

Slim paused before the railing. The busy clerks ignored him. At length a middle-aged man came out of the smaller office.

"Looking for someone?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm looking for the General Yardmaster. I've a letter for him."

"I'm the guy—"

Slim gave him the letter. Mr. Bloom tore open the envelope, glanced at the contents, and said:

"All right. Ready to go to work?"

"Yes, sir," Slim answered.

"I'll mark you up on the extra list First in, first out. That's the way we do it. You work yard and road out of here, and a lotta times you go to Morrisville to ride the hump. Where you gonna live. Got a place yet?"

"No, sir, I'm from New York City I just arrived here."

"I see. Well, a lot of the boys live in boarding-houses close by. They're reasonable, and you get your meals twenty-four hours a day. Of course, that's up to you. But if you want, I'll give you the addresses of a couple of them."

"Thank you," said Slim. "I'd appreciate it very much."

"All right. Here's one: 1867 Walnut Avenue, run by a widow named Mrs. O'Brien. Here's another—" Mr. Bloom broke off, thought a moment, and said. "I think the one on Walnut Avenue will be best for you. Try it there first. If she has no room, come back and I'll give you some other addresses. And if Mrs. O'Brien takes you, report back to me anyhow. I want to know

where you live so we know where to call you."

SLIM found Walnut Avenue and walked down a row of three-story red-brick houses until he came to 1867. Two men wearing black Windsor ties and blue thousand-mile shirts were sitting on the porch, their feet cocked on the railing.

"Does Mrs. O'Brien live here?" Slim asked respectfully.

"Yeah, but she's out right now," the taller of the two responded. "Anything we can do for you?"

"The General Yardmaster sent me here. I'm looking for a place to live."

"Come on up and find a chair. Make yourself comfortable. No sense standin' out there in the sun. Always save your dogs; they gotta last you a long time."

Slim placed his bag on the porch and sat down.

"Pretty hot, isn't it?"

"Yeah, for this time of year," said the taller man. "What you doin', brakin'?"

"Yes. I just hired out. It's the first time I've been in Trenton."

"Ever railroad before?" inquired the other man, a short, heavy-set fellow with the first joint of the index finger missing.

Slim shook his head. "No, sir. I guess you'd call me a student."

"You never railroaded before but you know what a student is, eh? How'd you get to know that."

"I read a lot on railroading. When I went to school I always used to buy the *Railroad Man's Magazine*. I know about students and the boomers that go from one railroad to another. You can read all about them in *Railroad Man's Magazine*. A fellow named Earp writes about them. There's one character he's always writing about, *Boomer Jones*. Gosh, I don't think I've missed one of the series. Ever read one of his stories?"

The taller of the two men made a funny sound in his throat, while the heavy-set one reached in his pocket for a chew of cut plug.

"Once in a while, I guess," said the taller man. "Have you ever met a boomer?"

"No, sir." Slim replied. "Are you fellows boomers?"

The taller man made another funny sound in his throat. "Well, that's accordin' to the way you look at it, sonny. But my pal here, Hank, and I've been around a little. We've worked on about seventy-six or seven roads all over the country, includin' Mexico and Canada."

"Gee! Then you fellows are boomers!" Slim exclaimed. "Gosh, I never thought I'd ever really talk to fellows like you. It must be wonderful to go around and see everything."

"Yeah. Well, it has its points," the heavy-set man agreed, aiming a stream of tobacco juice at the curb. "By the way, do you know the hand signals?"

"No, sir, I don't think I do."

"You gotta know or you may as well stay home. Here, I'll show 'em to you."

He demonstrated the hand signals used by day, and explained the slight difference when used at night with a lantern. Slim watched and listened intently. Then the man asked:

"Think you've caught onto 'em?"

"Yes, sir. I'm much obliged."

At that moment a thin middle-aged woman, burdened with bundles, turned into the walk leading to the house.

"Here's Mrs. O'Brien," said Hank.

Slim descended the porch stairs to meet her. "Can I help?" he asked, as

the lady put down her shopping bag and mopped her moist brow.

"Another boarder," Hank announced.

Slim introduced himself. Then: "Mr. Bloom sent me over. He thought you might be able to find room for me."

The widow smiled. "Why, I think so. You won't have a room to yourself. You won't mind that, will you?"

"Oh, no."

He picked up the shopping bag and followed Mrs. O'Brien into the house.

"I'll show you to your room," she said. "You can put your things away and make yourself comfortable. Supper is served at six. Of course, when you come in off the road, you can always get a meal. I'll be up and about."

THAT night at the supper table Slim was presented to the other boarders. Besides Hank and his pal, whom Slim now knew as Brownie, there were Art Shanley, a six-foot fireman; Gus Henion, another fireman, and Sid Keller, a young brakeman. Slim immediately took a liking to Sid Keller, who was slight, dark-complexioned and soft-spoken.

In the midst of the meal Gus looked up from his plate and remarked to Mrs. O'Brien:

"Oh, I almost forgot. I saw Whitey in Jersey City last night. He said to tell you he isn't coming back here. He got a job firing on the New Haven yesterday. He asked if I'd pack his clothes and send 'em to him."

Mrs. O'Brien stopped on her way to the kitchen. "Why, I thought Whitey liked it here. He told me the Pennsy was the road to stay on if a man wanted to be an engineer. Promotion was fast and it was no time until you had an engine. Now you tell me he's quit."

"That's the dope," Gus chuckled. "Does he owe you anything?"

"Oh, not Whitey. That's what I can't understand. He's paid up until Saturday."

Slim was trying to understand the gist of the conversation, when Sid leaned over and whispered in his ear: "That's the boomer for you. Whitey had no intention of leaving here. But the old wanderlust got working; and *bingo!* off he goes!"

Hank turned to Art Shanley. "For a guy with a trunk of clearances, you're certainly stickin' here a long time. You're the senior boarder in this ranch. That regular passenger job gone to your head?"

"I notice you and Brownie ain't exactly running over the roof tops," Art replied. "If I didn't know you birds I'd swear you was both a couple of home guards."

One by one the men finished their meatballs, potatoes, string beans, coffee and pie, and got up from the table. Only Sid and Slim remained. The former remarked:

"I don't know when we've had such a quiet meal. As a rule, someone starts a story and the rest of us follow suit. By the time you get to the dessert, you've been all over the United States, Canada and Mexico."

"Sounds interesting," Slim said.

"Yeah, if you care for a pack of lies," Sid answered. "I wish I was a writer or something. There's a lot of good material going to waste around here."

Slim went up to his small but neatly furnished room, and for the first time in his life he spent a night away from home. His was a restless sleep. At seven in the morning he was up and dressed and sitting on the porch when

Mrs. O'Brien went to the store. She returned shortly and served breakfast. Slim spent the rest of the morning wondering at what time he'd be called.

It was noon when the callboy stopped his bicycle in front of the house and walked up to the door, book in hand. The call was for Slim.

"Two o'clock for an Amboy extra with Conductor Powell," the boy chanted. "Sign your name on this line."

Slim signed and hurried into the house, breathlessly announcing to Mrs. O'Brien that he had been called for work. He changed into working clothes, the sort of garb he had read that railroad men wore. Lunch can in hand, he strode up the street to catch the company bus that would take him to Morrisville, Pa., across the river from Trenton, where the Pennsy yards were located.

THE bus made several stops, picking up various members of the crew. As they were nearing Morrisville a round-faced man sitting next to Slim turned and asked the boy where he was going. Slim told him: "On an Amboy extra with Conductor Powell."

"Then you're going with us," said the stranger. "That man sitting over there is Powell."

Slim looked eagerly across the aisle. Mr. Powell had red hair and a reddish handle-bar mustache that blended with his ruddy face, and pale blue eyes. He had no coat. A heavy gold chain was strung across his black velvet vest. He wore a soft hat, with a long pencil pushed over his right ear and the inside band of the hat.

"The perfect picture of an old-time freight conductor," Slim soliloquized.

"My name is Jimmy Bell," the stranger continued. "I'm the regular flagman on this car. What's your name?"

Slim told him. The bus wheezed to a stop and, with Mr. Powell leading, the men tramped into "MY" office at the east end of Morrisville yards.

A wooden counter divided the room in half. Behind the counter, desks and typewriters, stood a pretty girl, apparently in her early twenties. She was blonde, green-eyed and dimpled.

"Good afternoon, Kitty," Mr. Powell greeted. His voice was deep and rumbling.

"Good afternoon yourself," the girl returned sweetly. "You're getting eighty cars solid for South Amboy."

Powell let out a roar: "Eighty cars! What's the matter? Don't they figure on running any more trains for a week?"

"Why, Mr. Powell," Kitty chirped with mock surprise, "what's eighty cars, with a big engine?"

The conductor took a deep breath. His mustache bristled. His heavy eyebrows went up and down. Slim silently awaited developments. The phone on the desk behind the counter rang. Kitty answered it.

"MY office. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, yes. Conductor Powell is right here. He knows. . .Eighty cars. . .That's right. He'll have his bills and be on his way in half an hour. You're going to give him a shot over the road. Fine! You wouldn't give every conductor a train like that? Oh, I see. You mean few conductors could get such a train over the road? I know. Conductor Powell is one of the best."

Kitty returned to the counter.

"That was the Chief Dispatcher, Mr. Powell," she explained. "Well, you heard me? There's few conductors he'd trust with such a train."

"Powell, she's talkin' you right into

it," rasped one of the brakemen, who was obviously a boomer.

Kitty shot the boomer a look that would have frozen an iceberg, and said: "Mr. Powell, doesn't it make you feel good to know that the chief thinks so well of you?"

"Why shouldn't the chief think good of him," the boomer cut in again. "He's askin' Powell to take everything but the yard office."

THE skipper stroked his mustache. "Who ordered such a train? That's the bird to talk to."

Kitty smiled disarmingly. "Well, you see we're a little congested around here and the Y. M. had a confab with the chief and suggested it. If we can get a couple of drags out of here now, we'll have some room for tonight."

"Oh, he did, eh?" Mr. Powell thumped on the counter with his fist. "The Y. M. suggested it, eh? Sure, what does he care? Once he sees our hack clear the yard limits, his hands are free. He's got clear tracks and his worries are over. But what about us? I ask you, what about us? Eighty cars! By God, it'll be broken knuckles and lungs pulled out all the way to Amboy."

"Why, Mr. Powell—" Kitty began.

The angry conductor ignored the interruption. "Eighty cars because the yardmaster suggested it! Where is that half-baked idiot? Yardmaster, eh? Why that fool knows no more about running a yard that I do about running an ice cream parlor. Get him up! Let mim come out and face me man to man!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Powell, but he's out in the yard, the other end of it somewheres," Kitty replied. "I don't expect him back for at least an hour."

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"What's the use of all these words?" Jimmy Bell chimed in for the first time. "We'll take the eighty cars and we'll go. An' if we don't get over the road we don't get over the ro . Come what may, we can work only sixteen hours. "You're beefin' with Kitty, an' what can she do?"

"Thank you, Jimmy," the girl smiled brightly. "I'm glad there's one among you who understands. Don't you suppose I had more work writing up the eighty bills than if you had forty? Nothing would please me more than to see you boys leave here light. All that I would have to write would be the caboose number."

Mr. Powell again stroked his mustache thoughtfully. "Well, I'll take 'em; but mind you, it's the last time. And remember, I'm warning you. I'm leaving here aginst my better judgment. You tell the chief I think it's a cock-eyed idea, but for your sake, because there is no sense arguing with you when you can't do anything about it, I'm takin' 'em."

"I knew she'd talk you right into it," the boomer brakeman sneered.

"All right, all right!" Mr. Powell boomed. "We're takin' 'em under protest."

"Kitty, where is our caboose?" Jimmy asked. "On the elevator track?"

Kitty made a clicking sound with her tongue, and then in her sweet soprano voice responded:

"Oh, I almost forgot. Last night, you remember, you fellows were relieved at Princeton Junction on account of the hog-law? And the relief crew got the train? Well, we sent them right through with it to Edgemoor. Of course, we left your caboose right on it."

"And—?" Mr. Powell prompted sharply.

"The orders were to deadhead the caboose right back," Kitty continued, forcing laughter.

"Come, come! Out with it!"

"Unfortunately, the crew did not do as they were ordered."

"Yeah, yeah, go on!" Jimmy urged. "What are you trying to tell us?"

Kitty sighed heavily. She had a Pennsylvania freight train crew standing before her, demanding to know the whereabouts of their palace.

"Come, come, Kitty," Powell roared. "Where is our hack?"

Slim listened with bated breath.

"It's in Wilmington," she blurted out.

CONDUCTOR POWELL held onto the counter for support. His mouth opened and closed, but no sound issued forth. Slim remained at the end of the counter, merely an onlooker.

The boomer slapped the counter with his open hand. "I told you!" he cried between bursts of laughter. "Right off the bottom of the deck!"

"Why is our hack in Wilmington when it oughta be in Morrisville?" Jimmy demanded. "Why?"

"Because you fellows were called earlier than we figured on," Kitty replied calmly.

"Enough's enough!" stormed the conductor. "That's the end. Do you hear? First you slip me a drag a mile long, then you tell me I got no hack. How can I go on a train without a hack? Okay! No palace, no work. So we go home. Sign the time slips and we'll catch the next bus back to Trenton. And don't call us until you're ready to send us out with our own caboose."

"Mr. Powell, these are not normal times," Kitty countered. "This country is at war and expects every man to do his bit. Do you suppose your caboose

"Enough's enough!" Powell said. It's time the President knew a thing or two about conditions here.

would be in Wilmington if things were normal?"

"I suppose that will be the alibi for every bonehead move made on this pike from now on," the boomer sneered.

Kitty ignored the remark. Her greenish eyes still on Powell, she said: "You'll have a caboose. The Y.M. left orders for you to use a tramp caboose for this trip—"

"Tramp caboose!" Jimmy broke in. "A tramp caboose! A dirty tramper! What about the food in our own hack? All the hams and eggs and coffee. It will be all ate up and who's goin' to pay us?"

"I see it all," Mr. Powell said at length. "The loss of our ham and eggs and coffee is a loss, to be sure. But I see more than that. Much more. The time has come to act. We will now register for this trip and attend to important details later."

He strode to the book and affixed his signature. Jimmy, mumbling that hams and eggs didn't grow on bushes, followed him. When Slim signed he noticed they were already fifty minutes late. The boomer took the pen and swung it in the air, declaring he was making this trip under protest.

"What a pike!" he growled. "Mile-long drags and tramp hacks! And pretty blondes to vamp you into takin' it and likin' it. Reminds me of a dame on the Wabash—"

"Come, come!" Mr. Powell bellowed.

He clumped from the office. His crew followed. Outside he gathered them about him and said:

"Enough's enough! The time has come that the President of the United States should know a thing or two about the conditions around here. I'm going to write him a letter."

The engine puffed up the lead from the roundhouse. Harry Bulwer, the engineer, climbed down to join the group. Powell confided in Harry his intentions of writing to the President.

"Sure, a good idea!" Harry grinned. "You knew Woodrow Wilson when he was at Princeton."

THE flagman, Jimmy Bell, with Slim at his side, walked up the lead to where the elevator track branched off. The elevator track was an inclined spur with room enough for a half-dozen cabooses. The practice in those days was to have your crummy first out on the spur. When you pulled up your train you stopped just to clear the spur switch. The flagman would then let off the hand brake and the caboose coasted down grade and coupled onto the train.

"This is our hack for today," said Jimmy, swinging onto the platform of the caboose that was first out. He pushed open the door and entered.

Slim, eager to see the interior, followed close behind. Jimmy went to the oilroom locker and pulled forth a pair of markers. Then he checked on the hand lanterns. While he was thus occupied, Slim explored the caboose. It was an old, wooden four-wheeler, with cupola in the center.

"Is there a broom around?" Slim asked. "I'll sweep it out."

"Here; get some water."

Slim took the pails and filled them from the spigot near the caboose. When he returned he poured water on a rag and started to wash the end windows.

Jimmy, cleaning the lanterns, stopped and inquired in amazement: "Just what are you doing?"

"I'm washing the windows a bit," Slim replied politely. "They're so dirty, you can't see through them."

"This is a tramp caboose," Jimmy scowled. "You'll probably never see it again. So why are you washing the windows? An' who wants to see in or out of the windows? Look! See the men over there laughing? Do you know why they're laughing?" At you. The idea, cleaning up a tramp caboose!"

Discouraged, Slim tossed the offending rag back into a locker.

"You better go back to Powell now," Jimmy went on. "We'll be doubling the train soon and he'll need you. Take this red and white light. Put 'em up on the engine. You'll need 'em for tonight!"

With the red and white lanterns swinging from the crook of his arm, Slim rejoined the conductor, the brakeman and the boomer engineer. Bulwer climbed into his engine cab. The task of assembling the train began.

Slim was ordered to stand atop the head car and pass signals. When the air was coupled, a signal was given to pull ahead. The double was made. Then the entire train moved forward to clear the elevator switch to permit their hack rolling down and coupling on. Slim hesitated about passing on the air-test signal to Bulwer.

The engineer craned his neck out the cab window and bellowed: "What are you posing up there for?"

"I'm not sure about the signals in the rear," Slim said.

Bulwer scrambled over the coal in the tender. "What's the matter? you

blind or something? He's telling me to set up the brakes!"

The runner slid back into the cab, and swung his air valve around. After what he considered the proper interval, Bulwer again bawled: "What do they say on the rear? I got 'em on."

SLIM tried to distinguish the signals, to read and translate them, but could not do so. He did not know them. Hank, the boomer, in teaching him the various signals in front of their boarding-house on Walnut Avenue, had forgotten the air-test hand signals.

Again Bulwer climbed up over the coal pile. "Hey, you! What's the matter? Can't you see your partner is swinging off his arm giving a signal to let off the brakes?"

"Yes, but I didn't know what signal he was giving," Slim apologized.

The engineer looked sharply at him. "Oh, a student, eh? First trip?"

"Yes, sir." Slim blushed.

"Well, you want to learn those signals, kid. You're no good up there decorating if you can't tell what's going on."

The fireman had filled the tank, and when Bulwer returned to the cab the train was ready for the road. Bulwer whistled off. Then he called for signals. The tower, which was located just east of where the tracks from the Morrisville yards joined the main line, controlled the signals and switches, letting trains in and out of the yard.

Bulwer got the signal; and just three hours after the crew had been called, they were highballing out of town. Slim gingerly scaled down the ladder of the car he was riding, crossed to the tender and over the coal to get to the cab.

The cab of an engine! It was Slim's first time in an engine cab. The fireman had the chain-door open and was shoveling coal. Stepping around him, Slim sat down on the vacant seatbox on the left side. Again Slim remembered. In stories he'd read in *Railroad Man's Magazine*, the brakeman on the "smoky end" always occupied the fireman's seat, and when the "tallowpot" got out of reach of coal the "shack" got up on the pile and shovelled it ahead for him.

Bulwer, using sand and expertly getting every ounce of power out of the Mikado type engine, got the train rolling to fifteen miles an hour. They rumbled through the passenger station at Trenton, showering the platform with hot cinders. Some girls waved to them. Slim waved back excitedly. He could hardly believe he was actually on an engine, was part of the crew. He was thrilled to the marrow of his bones.

The heavy train approached Lawrence. An ascending grade began there for some distance east. Bulwer got the train on the hill, with the engine giving everything she had. But halfway up the grade, the engine made a few long barks and stopped. The engineer whistled out a flag.

"What's the matter?" Slim turned and asked the fireman.

"We've stalled on the hill."

Bulwer descended to the ground and walked back to the first car. He grabbed at a brake-chain, then came back and from the ground beneath his cab, cried: "Hey, there, brakie!"

Slim came to the gangway. "Did you want me, hogger?" he asked innocently.

"Yeah, I want you," Bulwer scowled. "And cut out the 'hogger.' "Come on down here!"

Slim climbed to the ground and followed Bulwer back to the head car.

"You see that chain?" Bulwer con-

tinued. "Well, it's on tight. That means a hand-brake is on. You didn't let off the hand-brakes, did you?"

"I guess I didn't, Mr. Bulwer," replied Slim, full of confusion.

"You guess you didn't? You know damn well you didn't! I've been dragging brakes all the way from Morrisville. Get up there and kick it off! And go back and look at the other head cars, see if they got any brakes on. Hey, didn't anyone tell you about watching out for hand-brakes?"

"No. sir." Slim replied, tugging at the wheel to let off the brake.

BULWER grunted and crossed the tracks to a phone attached to a signal post. He called the train dispatcher to tell him he was stalled on Lawrence Hill.

"I should have made it?" he spoke into the phone. "I disappointed you? . . . Can I help it if I'm pulling every car in Morrisville yards? Too many cars, too little engine! . . . Yeah, that's the story. . . Is that so? Well, I don't care when you send an engine up behind me. I got until six o'clock tomorrow morning, and then the hog law. Suit yourself."

He slammed the receiver back on the hook and wheeled on Slim, who was now standing beside him.

"Did you hear that?" he yelled. "I got a coupla nasty cracks from the dispatcher for stalling on the hill, and and it's all because of you. If you knew your business and had those hand-brakes off I would have made the grade."

"I'm sorry," Slim said. "I didn't know."

"You dumb students never know anything. You come out here and collect a man's wages and the rest of the crew does your work. I can't figure why they hire students in the first place."

It was the first time Slim was confronted with an argument which was widely used in those days. Why did the railroads hire students? It didn't occur to Slim to remind Bulwer that he had once been a student, that once he had come on the road and men had to do his work when he didn't know how to do it. Students were held up to ridicule and were the butt of many jokes. In general, the old-timers had no use for students and made life as miserable as possible for them. But engineers treated student firemen much better than conductors did student brakemen. What a student learned he picked up the hard way. A few conductors made the students' lot easier. Such conductors, instead of ridiculing and bawling out the greenhorns for their apparent stupidity, used consideration and kindness, patiently instructing the new man.

"The next time I get a train out of Morrisville, I'll be sure and look at the brakes," Slim promised contritely.

"You better," Bulwer snapped, "or you'll be a paying a visit to the trainmaster."

In a half an hour another drag freight came up behind them. The engine was cut off and coupled onto the caboose of Mr. Powell's train. With the extra power Bulwer got 'em over the hill, then the other engine cut off on the fly.

Dragging along at slow speed, they arrived at Monmouth Junction and switched over to the road that led through Jamesburg and on to South Amboy. They put their train away at a holding yard east of Amboy, and got orders to turn their engine on the wye and pick up a string of empties for Morrisville.

The boomer brakeman came ahead

as Slim was cutting off the engine, and asked: "You ever take a hog around this wye?"

"No, sir. This is my first trip—"

"Student, eh? Does Powell know it?"

"I don't know. He didn't ask me."

The boomer shook his head. "These home guards take some awful chances. They spend years building up seniority on one pike to get conductorship and then spend the rest of it taking all kinds of chances. If we had to stop and leave a car tonight, you wouldn't know how to leave it, would you? No? Well, how could Powell explain the delay? If you attempted to leave a car by yourself and went all over the ground, the company would hold him for putting you up on the head end, eighty cars away from the caboose."

"Maybe he thought I wasn't new around here," Slim suggested in dismay.

"He could tell from the first move you made. He knew we'd have to make some moves when we got here. Why didn't he ask you if you had ever been here before? No, he just didn't think. They're used to having the boomers braking for them, and the boomers can find their way any place. Well, come on; I'll show you how to get around the wye."

The boomer pointed out the switches, how they were thrown.

"Now you get up on the engine and stay there, until we're ready to leave town," he said. "Then you can drop back to the crummy for your grub."

WHEN the train was put together, the hour was midnight. The boomer climbed into the engine cab and said:

"All right, Slim. Beat it back to the crummy. We've got fifty cars. If you shake it up you'll make it before we start to move."

It was a black night. The lantern that Slim carried cast off dancing yellow beams. The rays of an old Casey lantern, the wick of which was turned by moving the cup, gave but a feeble glow. Slim had never flipped the caboose of a moving freight train. The thought of having to do so, should the train start, terrified him. He ran, he stumbled. His hand torn by cinders, he regained his feet and again ran.

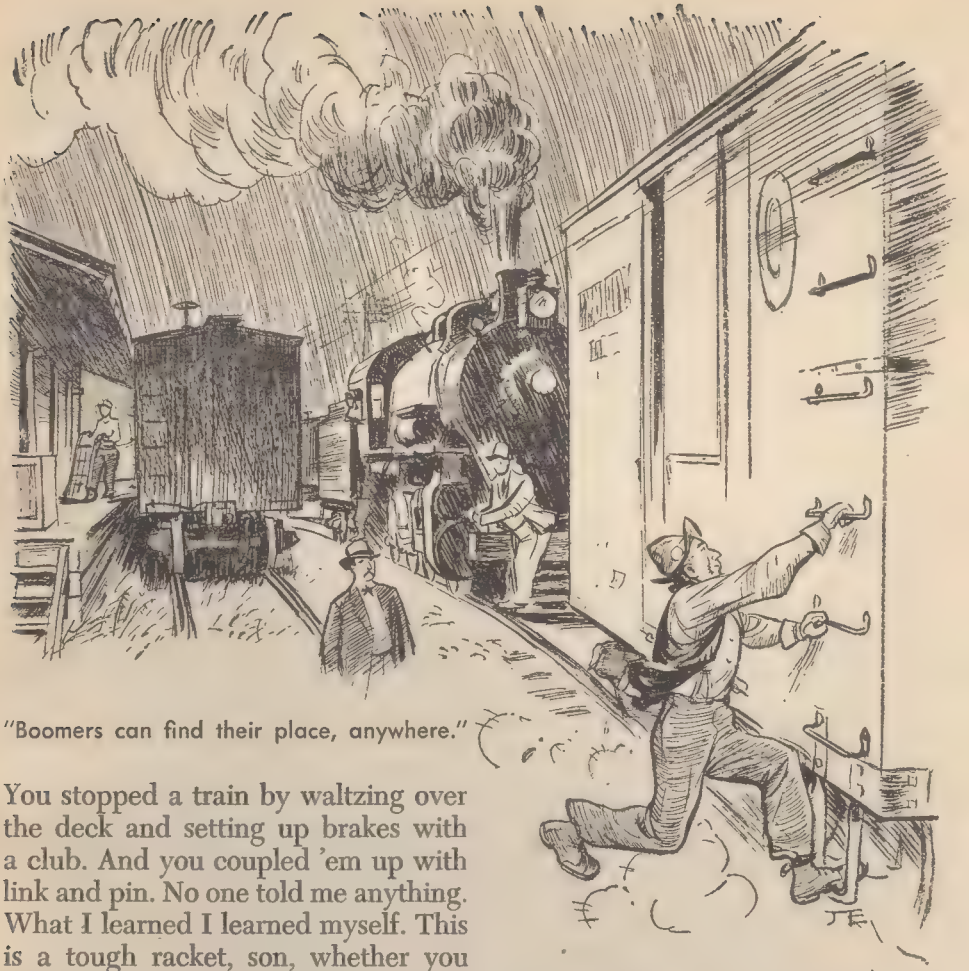
At length, rounding a curve, he saw the yellow light of the marker but a few car-lengths away. He panted up the caboose steps. Inside the only light was the one over the desk where conductor Powell sat writing up his train. Jimmy Bell was hunched up in a dark corner by the window. The hack jerked forward as the train started.

"I was wondering how long you could go without eating," he said. "There's no pots or anything on this crummy to cook with."

"My boarding mistress packed my lunch," Slim explained. "I don't know what she gave me."

Using his lantern for light, he found his lunch pail. There were sandwiches, cake and fruit. Also a bottle of coffee, now cold. He was hungry, and the lunch tasted good. When he had finished, Mr. Powell beckoned to him.

"Your partner, the boomer, was raving because I put you on the head end," the skipper said. "I knew you were a new man, and I also know that the head end is the place for a new man. You won't learn anything riding in the caboose. When I first went braking I didn't see the inside of a caboose for a month. I carried my lunch with me on the engine. And there was no hog law those days. Nor air-brakes nor automatic couplers.



"Boomers can find their place, anywhere."

You stopped a train by waltzing over the deck and setting up brakes with a club. And you coupled 'em up with link and pin. No one told me anything. What I learned I learned myself. This is a tough racket, son, whether you know it nor not. It's all that a man can do to get around, himself, without mothering a student. Understand?"

Slim nodded, but he did not quite understand what Mr. Powell was really trying to tell him. That he had learned the hard way, had been a brakeman for a tough conductor, and therefore, a student braking for him was going to do the same. He had had it tough, why make it easy for others? He had the guts to take it; men braking for him would do the same or they wouldn't brake for him.

Mr. Powell picked up his pencil and resumed writing. Slim climbed into the cupola. The train was jogging through the sleeping New Jersey towns. When they arrived at Monmouth Junction all the signals were red. They stopped. Mr. Powell called Slim down from the cupola.

"We'll be held here for a while," he said. "While we're laying here we'll mosey up to the head end. You go up on the fireman's side and I'll go up the engineer's and we'll look the train over."

IT WAS chilly. Slim put on his coat, picked up his lantern and dropped to the ground. Walking in the six-foot space between the tracks, he started for the head end, looking at the running gear of the train as he walked. But he had no definite idea what he

was supposed to look for. The trucks, the wheels—all were alike to him. No one had told him anything about broken wheels, a piece of flange missing. If he saw one he wouldn't know what it was. Nobody had described them to him.

He wanted to ask questions but Mr. Powell's attitude discouraged him. To spare himself a tirade, the student kept silent. Not a soul had told him how to protect himself against the hazards of the job; to be on the alert for trains on other tracks, the clearance of bridges and tunnels, the importance of always looking in both directions before stepping from a caboose, to make certain that the engineer and other members of the crew were informed before stepping in between cars to couple air hoses.

Little hints such as these would spare a new man injury and sometimes death. But Slim was told nothing. Because Mr. Powell, and perhaps even Jimmy, had learned the hard way, and got by, they were putting him through the same school. Slim did not know the difference. He did not know there was another way to break in a new man.

He reached the engine at the same time as Mr. Powell. They found Bulwer and the fireman dozing. The conductor pointed to the tower across the main-line tracks.

"Your partner is up in the tower," he said. "Hop over and tell him I want to see him. The chances are we'll outlaw this morning. You ride ahead out of here, and if you get any messages drop back with 'em."

When Slim entered the tower he found the boomer asleep in a chair.

"I'm letting you fellows go after this next liner east," the towerman

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said. "But I don't think you'll make Morrisville this morning. They're one behind the other from Plainsboro in."

Slim shook the boomer awake and gave him the conductor's message.

"I can take the head end from here in," the boomer yawned.

"But Mr. Powell wants you back in the caboose," Slim reminded him. "The tower said we're going to move after this next liner east."

The boomer picked up his lantern and strode toward the door. He motioned Slim to follow. Crossing the tracks to the train, he said:

"Some day when you have whiskers enough to hold a car regular, you'll know a little about this racket. And you'll understand what Powell is doing to you tonight. Not you, but any new man. You put enough time on the head end this trip. I'll tell you why he wants you out of the caboose. You're a new man and the old-timers among the home guards don't trust new men. Get me? Powell is getting dopey now and wants his twenty minutes for lunch. But he'd be afraid to take it with you in the crummy."

"Afraid to take it with me in the crummy?" Slim questioned him.

"Yeah, he doesn't know anything about you, and he's afraid you'll go on with other crews and talk, circulate it around that he pounds his ear on the company's time. There's a code among train crews. When you've railroaded a while you'll learn what it is. Powell knows that I've been around, and understand the ropes, so he trusts me. Well, I'll be seein' you."

THE boomer started for the caboose and Slim climbed into the cab. Bulwer and the fireman were still asleep. It was warm and stuffy with the end doors closed. There was no place to sit down. Slim began to get sleepy himself. This was the first time in his life he'd been up all night.

It was now four o'clock. Dawn was streaking the eastern sky. His eyes began to burn. Oh, for a bed, for sleep! He was so overcome with fatigue that he was seriously contemplating sitting on the deck, when a passenger train on the main line zoomed past, and he remembered that the towerman had said they would move.

Leaning over the sleeping engineer, Slim peered through the storm windows. The row of signals in front of them had been all red. Now one shone yellow. He tugged at Bulwer's sleeve, saying:

"I think we have the signal to go."

The engineer stirred, pushed open his side window and glanced ahead. "How long have we had that signal?" he asked anxiously.

"You just got it," Slim replied. "I was watching for it."

"That's the boy!" Bulwer said, obviously much relieved. He reached for the whistle rope and called in the flagman. The fireman opened his eyes, swung his feet down from the injector, stood up and reached for the hook.

Slim slid into the vacated seat. "That's the boy!" was ringing in his ears. He was pleased with himself. He had done something right on his first trip.

The laboring Mike pulled the train around onto the main line, Morrisville bound. Slim was still sleepy. Lulled by the motion of the engine, he dozed off. It seemed but a matter of seconds when he felt someone shaking him.

"Whaddya say about a little coal, brakie?" the fireman asked.

"Sure," Slim said, stumbling to his feet.

He took the extra shovel and went into the tender. The youth from New

York had never shoveled coal before, had never handled a shovel before. Awkwardly he did his best to keep the coal within reach of the fireman. But shovel as he might, it seemed the fireman put it in the firebox faster then he could pass it to him. Slim was tired and hungry. If only he could sleep, for even ten minutes! His eyes burned. He could lay right down in the coal and slumber.

There were signals at Princeton Junction and they closed in on a train ahead. Bulwer blew out a flag and said: "Now for a real twenty!" He climbed from the engine and entered the caboose of the train ahead. The fireman indicated Bulwer's vacant seatbox and said to Slim:

"Take your rest while you got a chance."

Slim eased onto the runner's seatbox. He was sitting on the right side. There were the throttle, the whistle rope and the brake handles. The engineer's post! But he was too tired to imagine what it was like to be a Casey Jones and peer ahead, hand on the throttle. His chin dropped to his chest; he was asleep.

"On your feet, brakie!" said Bulwer, standing over him.

Slim sleepily got up and stood in the gangway. It was daylight now. They must have been standing still an hour, but it seemed like only a few minutes.

Bulwer whistled off and slowly followed the train ahead. At each signal it was stop and proceed, until they arrived against the home board at Trenton. Slim went to the tower. There was a message stating they'd be relieved by another crew. He returned to the engine, gave the news to Bulwer, and then went on back to the caboose.

"Just as I figured," Mr. Powell said. "Well, we may as well start up. By the time we get to the engine our time will be sixteen hours in service."

A FREIGHT following them had closed in. The head man was in the caboose. He told Jimmy to go on, that he'd keep an eye on matters until the relief crew got back.

Slim picked up his lunch pail. There were three sandwiches left. How he would have relished them on the engine a few hours previous! But to eat them now would spoil a warm breakfast. As he walked up the track with Mr. Powell and the boomer, he told Jimmy Bell he had some sandwiches left.

"What are you going to do with them?" the flagman asked.

"I don't know."

"I got a dog at home, kid; give them to me. Take a tip. Never bring food back to a boarding-house. If you do the boarding lady will think you haven't got a good appetite, and will pack smaller lunches for you."

Jimmy took the sandwiches. "Your first trip is over," he said. "How do you like railroading?"

The boomer retorted out of the corner of his mouth: "If he's got a brain in his head, he'll get as far away from this racket as he can. If he doesn't do it now, he'll never do it."

The relief crew met them by the engine. Conductor Powell turned his train over to the other skipper and dismissed his crew. A short cut was pointed out to Slim. He climbed a fence, walked a short block, and found himself on Walnut Avenue, a few doors from Mrs. O'Brien's place.

Gus Henion and Art Shanley were at the table eating breakfast when he walked in.

"Boy!" Where did you get the dirty face?" Gus laughed.

Slim had given his appearance no thought. There had been no time to wash in the caboose. He looked just as he stepped from the engine.

"I'll bet you're hungry," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Go up and wash, Slim, and I'll have breakfast ready for you."

Slim was shocked when he looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. His features were coated with coal dust. He was black-faced, like a person made up for a minstrel show. And he had walked through the streets in that condition!

A warm bath refreshed him. Gus and Art were still at the table when he returned to the dining-room. They were discussing Pennsylvania motive power.

"I've fired on quite a few pikes," Art was saying, "and I've come to the conclusion that the K4 is about as good an engine as you'll find anywhere. It will be a long time before the Pennsy designs a better engine."

"I like the E2's," Gus said. "Boy! I'd like to see what those babies could do with the right-sized train. Trouble is, they're always overloaded. I had nine cars on Number Five yesterday. They doubleheaded us outa Philly. We had twelve cars leaving there."

"On that New York-Philly job of mine I often have nine and ten cars," Art said. "And when I get a K4 she walks them right into Broad Street station a couple of minutes to the good. And most of the time I'm firin' her on the latch."

"I like to catch a Harrisburg job," Gus said. "It's pretty country through Pennsylvania. But it's a bad pull from Philly until you get past Paoli. The hills of Lancaster county are beautiful. I never tire of lookin' at them."

Slim was falling asleep over his breakfast. He wanted to listen to the conversation, but was too tired. Leaving half his food untouched, he stumbled off to bed, undressed and crawled under the covers. A second later he was in dreamland.

AT SIX o'clock Slim was awakened by the inevitable callboy standing over him, book in hand.

"You certainly can sleep," the callboy said. "Here, sign! Nine bells for a Jersey City extra."

Slim rubbed his eyes, signed, and slipped into his clothes. He met Sid Keller in the hall, towel in hand.

"Are you going to work?"

"Nine bells for Jersey City," Sid said. "The callboy told me that you're goin' with me."

"Gee, that's fine!" Slim exclaimed.

When the two came downstairs they found the gang at the table having supper. Brownie was telling about his experience braking on a desert division in the Southwest.

"You can go for miles and never see a livin' thing," he was saying. "The days bake you and the nights freeze you. And then there's snakes and gila monsters. It's common to drop off at night to get a switch and find a rattler curled around it. And the awful stillness! Not a sound. At night the stars seem close enough to reach up and touch them."

"Remember the day we had the head-on wreck?" Hank reminded him.

"I'll never forget it," Brownie answered solemnly. "Hank and me is brakin' a fruit hotshot. We got a meet with an extra that has orders to go in for us. He's in all right, but there's a student brakeman on the head end, and he's standin' by the switch to let his train out when we whistle through. When he sees us comin', what does he up and do but throw over the switch right in our face? Of course, there's nothin' we can do but pile into

the standin' train. When I see what's comin' I take to the birds, along with our engine crew. And then bang! A few of the boys were hurt, but none were killed."

Hank cut in: "Yeah, and I'll never forget how the engines kissed and turned over. There we were out in the middle of the desert, at a lonely sidin', miles from anywhere. And was it hot! The heat nearly drove us nuts. There was nothin' to do but hang around for hours until the hooks came and cleaned up the mess. Take it from me, that finished us on desert railroadin'. It was the nearest I ever came to being roasted to death."

"Tell 'em about the time we nearly froze to death," Brownie suggested. "That was some night—thirty below, with the wind blowin'!"

"You mean the night we burned off the journal on that hotshot in Montana?" Hank asked. "Well, we're hittin' the highspots with this time freight. We got a passenger goat pullin' us and we're makin' passenger time. All of a sudden! *Whang!* We drop this journal on a car in the middle of the train, and they pile in a heap ten high. We're in wide open country, miles from a house, even. The grandstand stop had torn the caboose stove loose, scatterin' live coals. We have no water and the next thing you know, the louse is in flames. There we are, thirty below, wide-open country, a gale blowin' and our train on fire—"

"How about supper?" Sid interrupted the tale. "Slim and I have to get going."

Mrs. O'Brien nodded and bustled toward the kitchen.

Undaunted, Brownie resumed: "The closest we ever came to passin'

"I Talked with God"

(Yes, I Did—Actually and Literally)

and as a result of that little talk with God a strange Power came into my life. After 42 years of horrible, dismal, sickening failure, everything took on a brighter hue. It's fascinating to talk with God, and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when you do—well—there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat which bound me for years went a-shimmering—and now—?—well, I own control of the largest daily newspaper in our County, I own the largest office building in our City, I drive a beautiful Cadillac limousine. I own my own home which has a lovely pipe-organ in it, and my family are abundantly provided for after I'm gone. And all this has been made possible because one day, ten years ago, I actually and literally talked with God.

You, too, may experience that strange mystical Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, if there is poverty, unrest, unhappiness, or ill-health in your life, well—this same God-Power is able to do for you what it did for me. No matter how useless or helpless your life seems to be—all this can be changed. For this is not a human Power I'm talking about—it's a God-Power. And there can be no limitations to the God-Power, can there? Of course not. You probably would like to know how you, too, may talk with God, so that this same Power which brought me these good things might come into your life, too. Well—just write a letter or a post-card to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 37, Moscow, Idaho, and full particulars of this strange Teaching will be sent to you free of charge. But write now—while you are in the mood It only costs one cent to find out, and this might easily be the most profitable one cent you have ever spent. It may sound unbelievable—but it's true, or I wouldn't tell you it was.—Advt. Copyright, 1939, Frank B. Robinson.

in our chips is the night Hank and me is on a runaway down in Mexico. It was the winter of 1912, we're comin' down a mountain with half the cars in the train loaded with gunpowder. We have only a few cars of air on the head end. The hogger is a wild Irishman, and he starts down hill like a shot. We ain't gone a mile until Hank and me figure he ain't gonna hold 'em. Just as we thought, he begins blowin' for brakes. Get this. We're goin' down a mountain, a wall on one side, a five hundred foot drop into space on the other, and we're runnin' away!"

"And you stopped them!" Sid jabbered.

"Hank and me are here, ain't we?" Brownie retorted. "That's proof enough, ain't it? We *had to* stop 'em. There was no place to jump. We each got a gold medal off the Mexican Government for stoppin' the train. It seems the gunpowder was for the Government. There was some kind of a revolution goin' on and they were short on powder. They were sort of bankin' on the powder in them cars in our train. So when we saved the powder for them, they showed their gratitude by givin' us medals."

SID looked up skeptically from his plate of soup. "Where's the medals?"

"We hocked 'em a couple years ago in Detroit, when we were brakin' on the Grand Trunk," said Hank. "There was no use carrin' the medals around and showin' 'em to people. The writin' was in Spanish and no one could read 'em."

Slim was more interested in listening to the boomers than he was eating. Sid warned:

"You better eat! You've a long night ahead of you."

"I was in a spot one night," Art Shanley broke in. "I was firing a train on the Northern Pacific one night—"

"What do you say, Slim—ready?" Sid Keller asked. "Let's get going."

Slim wanted to wait and hear the story, but Sid was on his feet. When they were on the street, Sid said:

"I didn't want you to get too interested. I'd never get you away. Boy! What tales those fellows tell! I never know when they're telling the truth, or making them up as they go along."

"I love to hear them talk," Slim admitted. "I could listen to them forever."

While they waited on the corner for the Morrisville bus, Sid confided in Slim that he had been down to Philly and had enlisted in a regiment of railroad engineers.

"I got thinking it over," he said. "The country needs men for service in France. I can serve my country and railroad at the same time."

The bus made a stop. A sandy-haired man of medium height, with a freckled face, got on. Sid introduced Slim to the man. He was Sid's conductor. His name was Phil Marian.

"Only your second trip, eh?" he asked in a pleasant voice. "Well, Sid and I will take good care of you. The flagman is a little fussy about the palace. He keeps it clean as a whistle. So if you want to get along with him, be sure you wipe off your shoes before you enter. If you don't, you'll hear about it."

The flagman who lived in Morrisville was waiting for them when they trouped into my office. He was short, stubby fellow, almost as wide as he was high. There was another girl behind the counter. Phil registered, exchanged a few pleasant words, and gathered up his bills.

Outside, Phil said: "Sid, why don't

you ride ahead, so I can take Slim here in hand and show him a few things."

"I was going to suggest it myself," Sid responded.

"Fine! Now, Slim, you come with me and I'll check the train. I've fifty-eight bills in my hand, and for every bill there's supposed to be a car to match up with them. And as we go along we'll look the air over to be sure the hoses are coupled. Ever couple an airhose?"

"No, sir."

"I'll show you."

Slim walked at the conductor's side, calling out the numbers of the cars. When they came to an uncoupled airhose, Phil showed him how to couple them, and the proper way to turn in the air. He also pointed out the importance of turning both angle-cocks before attempting to break the hoses by hand. He explained how the brakes went on when the air blew from parted hoses. He demonstrated how to release a sticking brake, and to cut the air out of a car.

WHEN they were ready to pull down to clear the elevator switch he climbed on deck with Slim and instructed him on using lantern signals. They stopped beyond the switch. The flagman dropped off the caboose and showed Slim how to give the air-test signals.

Sid caught their highballs. Soon they were on their way. They descended the ladder and Slim remembered about scraping his shoes before entering the hack. Jake Gore, the flagman, kept the caboose like a palace! The floor was carpeted; clean curtains were hung on the windows, the cushions were spotless. A pot of coffee steamed aromatically on the stove.

"How about some java?" Jake asked.

Slim contrasted the crew with Mr. Powell's. It was the conductor's attitude that made the difference. Phil was a man in his thirties, with a quiet, easy way. He was sure of himself, and his work reflected it.

They stopped for water at Rahway. In starting they broke in two, pulled a "lunger." Phil and Slim went ahead. The break was between the ninth and tenth cars. Fortunately, it was on the west end of the car, which would make it possible to haul the car down to a siding and set it out without using chains.

The broken coupler was on the ground between the rails. Everything was with it, draft gear and shank, leaving a big hole in the crippled car. Phil explained to Slim that the car had originally been link-and-pin equipment. When automatic couplers came into being, they were installed on those old cars, where they frequently gave trouble.

The three men tugged and lifted and at length got the lung over and clear of the rails. The cripple was set out; and with Slim riding the head end, the trip was resumed. Near Elizabeth they hit the parade. Freights, one behind the other, were strung out waiting to get into Jersey City. There were several terminals, the principal ones being Greenville and Harsimus Cove.

At eleven in the morning, after fourteen hours on the road, they pulled into Jersey City and tied up for rest. The caboose was switched to the hack track. Jake was cooking a breakfast of ham and eggs. Slim washed up and reached for his lunch can.

"You ain't eatin' cold sandwiches for breakfast, are you?" Jake asked. "Eat with us. We got plenty."

After breakfast Phil assigned Slim to the bunk where he was to sleep.

"I noticed this morning a caboose draped in black," Slim remarked seriously. "It was on a freight going west. What does it mean?"

"There's a custom on this road that when a member of a crew is killed, the caboose is draped in mourning for thirty days," Phil explained. "We have a crew running out of Morrisville where the only member left is the flagman. The others—engineer, fireman, conductor and brakemen—have been killed. Everyone advises the flagman to bid in another car, but he won't."

THAT evening Slim and the crew were called on their rest for a train of empty reefers west. They were fifteen hours getting to Morrisville. But strangely, Slim was not dead tired. The two friends turned into the brick walk leading to the boarding-house, to find two suitcases on the porch. At that instant Hank and Brownie stepped out of the house.

"Where are you fellows going?" Sid asked with genuine surprise.

Hank let go a stream of tobacco juice and said: "to the road that wants our services."

"You mean you're leaving here?" Slim wanted to know.

"Nothing else but," was Brownie's rejoiner. "I think we'll sally up to Montreal for a while. The Canadian Pacific is always good for a stake."

Sid clucked with his tongue and said: "This is kind of sudden, isn't it? I thought you boys were going to stick it out here until November and then head South for the winter."

"Right you are, boy, right you are!" Hank smirked. "But did I think I'd smack a rawhidin' trainmaster in the snoot yesterday mornin'?"

"Socked a T. M.?" Sid asked.

"Yeah, said Hank. "He got unreasonable and we had a little argument. It's a long story. I'll tell it to you if we ever meet again. We just don't like the Pennsy."

"I guess that is as good a reason as any for being on our way," Brownie added. "If they fired Hank, how could I work here? So we beat them to the bell. We pulled the pin."

Hank picked up his suitcase. "Well, take good care of the Pennsy while we're gone. I'll drop you a card and let you know how things are in Canada, in case you wanta visit us."

Sid watched the two boomers walk down the street, and shook his head. "There is a pair of free men! They owe an obligation to no one. They don't even know the meaning of responsibility. What's happened to them would be a tragedy to a fellow with a wife and a couple of kids. A home guard prizes his job. He's stuck in one place. Responsibilities have him anchored. In a few years there won't be any boomers, because there won't be any place for them to work. How will the railroads do it? Easy. They'll set an age limit. They won't hire any man over a certain age. Slim, I hate to think of that day. When it comes, you'll never see two men as free as Hank and Brownie are this morning."

Slim was thoughtful. He was trying to digest Sid's speech.

Reaching the Walnut Avenue boarding-house, Slim and Sid found Mrs. O'Brien in the kitchen.

"Isn't it too bad about Brownie and Hank?" she began. "They were such nice boys, I enjoyed their stories so much."

They would never again see Hank or Brownie. The thought depressed Slim. He had grown fond of them. Now they were gone—away up to

Canada. Railroading was a strange kind of work. It was a world of its own. It did something to men, it stamped them, made them different from men in other fields of work.

Mrs. O'Brien sighed: "Well, they're gone and there's nothing we can do about it. I'll have breakfast for you boys in a few minutes."

She disappeared into the kitchen. Slim and Sid were upstairs washing when the front bell rang. Towel in hand, Slim bounded down and opened the door.

TWO men, of medium height, dressed in blue serge suits, blue thousand-mile shirts and black Windoor ties, stood before him. One was handsome, with dark eyes, olive skin and delicately moulded straight features. The other was red-haired, freckled, with hazel eyes, a large mouth and a round nose. The word boomers was stamped all over them.

"Is this Mrs. O'Brien's boarding-house?" asked the red-headed one.

"Yes," said Slim.

"The brain-buster in the brainbox sent us down here," the redhead explained. "I mean Mr. Bloom in the yard office—he sent us here thinking Mrs. O'Brien might have room for us."

"I think so," opined Slim cheerfully. "Come in. She's in the kitchen. You're just in time for breakfast."

Mrs. O'Brien met them in the dining-room. "I'll be glad to have you. Only this mornin' I lost two of my boys. One of them got in a little trouble with a trainmaster and he quit. Of course, his pal left also."

The redhead nodded knowingly. "My name's Murphy," he said. "Tom Murphy. My pal here is Ed Riley. Well, O'Brien, Murphy and Riley ought to get along."

The widow giggled. She was happy. She had acquired two new boarders to replace those she had lost.

At that moment the door opened, and Art Shanley walked in.

"Glad to know you boys," he acknowledged the introductions. "You say your name is Riley? I think I've seen you some place—"

"Art, will you have a bite with the boys?" Mrs. O'Brien invited.

"Yes, thanks, I will."

"Slim, will you go up and get Sid? Your breakfasts are ready."

"All right, ma'm."

"Sure, I think you were braking on the Mop when I fired there," Art said.

"Well, well," Riley's voice boomed in cheer. "Am I glad to see you—"

Slim got Sid and the two were descending the stairs. Sid stopped, leaned over the bannister and listened.

"Boy, Kansas City sure was some place in them days," Riley chuckled. "Remember the pretty dame that ran the news-stand in the station?"

"Do I?" Art replied.

How long since you were in Mexico?" Riley asked.

"A few years now."

"Boy, oh, boy! That was some place," Murphy enthused. "Ed and I got in some trouble down there or we would have stayed. We had a car of dynamite in the train and . . ."

Sid Keller turned to Slim. "Have Hank and Brownie returned?"

"No."

"I think you're mistaken," Sid grinned." Just listen."

The voices floated up: "It's raining cats and dogs. And here's my pal Riley and me up on deck tryin' to hold 'em down. And there's that car of dynamite in the train . . ."

Slim placed his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Hank and Brownie have returned all right. Well, come; we may as well go down and get used to 'em."

The Roaring Road

Barney Sets the Air

WHEN "Barney Oldfield" sets the air
'Tis then this is the case:
The stove is setting over there
Far from its usual place.
The washcan's day is ended;
There is coal all o'er the floor;
The doggoned car is bended
So you cannot shut the door.

The oilcans all are upside down;
The lamps are wrecked for fair;
The water barrel rolls around;
There is no water there.
The shack goes through the window pane
And takes the sash along;
The con sits on the floor again
And swears he's been done wrong.

When "Barney Oldfield" sets the air
Things never do stay put,
For "Barney" reaches over there
And sets it with his foot.

–Richard W. Petrie

Once a Rail

HERE, when the dusks are falling,
Over my desk lamp's glow
Sometimes old ghosts come calling
Out of the long ago;
Deep-sleeping dreams awaken,
Back into life unshaken
By all that Time has taken
In its relentless flow.

Ah, then I'm back there braking,
Back on the rail once more,
Feeling our engine shaking,
Hearing the drivers' roar;
The cool damp night wind races,
Half gale, past window spaces,
The firebox lights our faces
Above its swinging door.

I hear the whistle flinging
Wild warning of our flight;
A clear green block comes swinging
Around the hill's low bight;
Our long drag reels behind us
Half lost, when smoke clouds blind us,
Till marker lights remind us
That all, back there, is right.

I watch the farmsteads passing,
The dim, dark woodlands' sweep,
The towns where houses massing
Now shelter folk asleep;
The little signal towers
Where, through the fateful hours,
Men guard such lives as ours
And lonely vigils keep.

The moon's pale disc sinks fainting
Into the western gloam,
Dawn in the east comes painting
Gold on her arching dome;
Far in the murk's last litter
Myriad yard lamps glitter
Calling us, gay or bitter,
Back to town, rest and home.

–Bert Ball

NO FINER DRINK EAST OR WEST OF THE ROCKIES!

BETTER TASTE...
PEPSI-COLA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
...BIGGER DRINK

Purity...in the big big bottle — that's Pepsi-Cola!

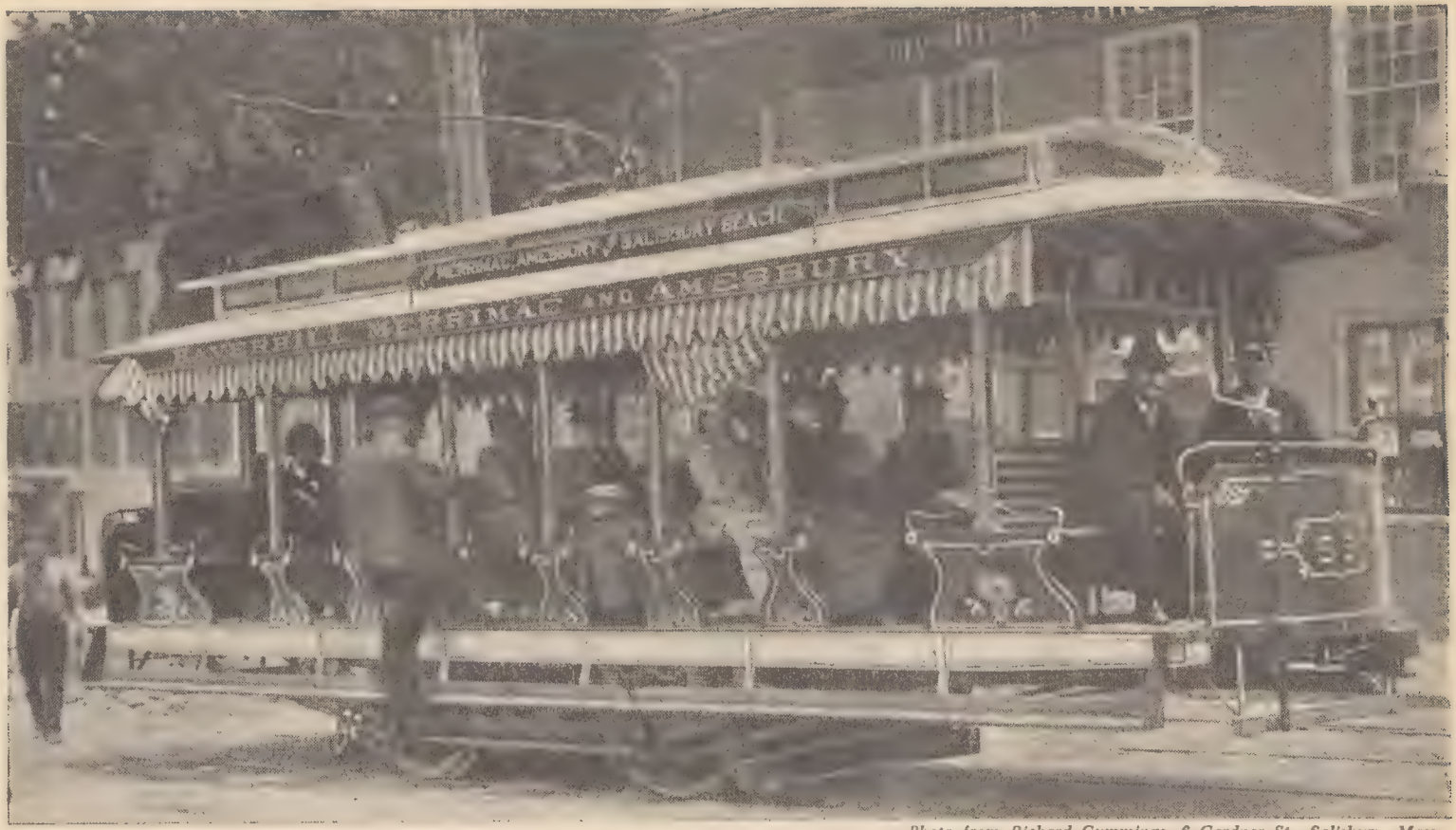
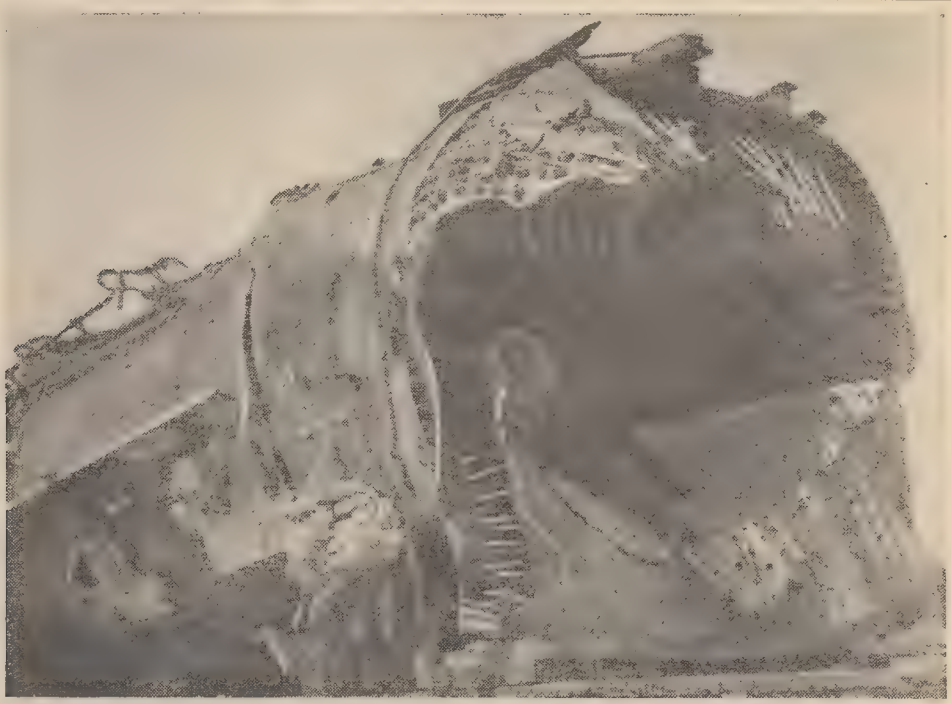


Photo from Richard Cummings, 6 Gardner St., Salisbury, Mass.

Harbinger of spring were the old open-cars of the Haverhill, Merrimac & Amesbury St. Ry. which subsequently became, in turn, a part of the New Hampshire Electric Co., and the Northeastern. This particular job was built by the Ellis Car Co., of Amesbury, in 1892. Later she was renumbered either 43 or 49 of the Northeastern series, and saw active service as recently as 1925

Light of the Lantern



Boiler explosion photos by S B Risdon, Watsonville, Calif

Combustion chamber of an Espee cab-in-fronter that blew up near Salinas, California, last year: The water-leg construction shows clearly

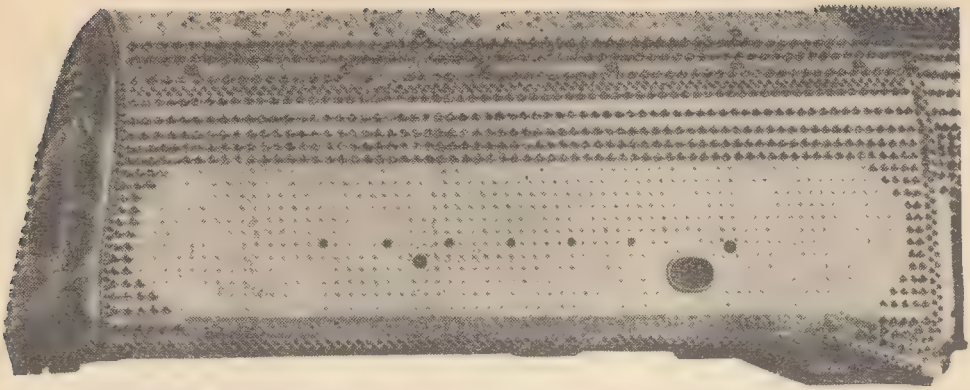
Modern Boiler Maintenance and Inspection

MUCH criticism has been cast upon the railroads of this country for their backward methods of maintaining motive power, and the antiquity of their machine tools and shop equipment. There has been a certain amount of justification for this; especially in view of the record of the younger and highly progressive automobile industry. But our carriers are not lying down on the job, today. Of Uncle Sam's more than 45,000 locomotives, only about 10 percent are now idle, while awaiting or undergoing repairs.

During the depression years the railroads had little use for new machinery, and no money to spend for re-tooling. As a result, many of them were caught off guard when the Defense boom came. Subsequently, orders for engines flooded the independent builders, and work on existing units quickly reached new heights of efficiency.

Years ago, when average train speeds were low, and the tonnage hauled comparatively light, it was not unusual to

EACH month we present, in this department, a short technical article dealing with a subject we have frequently been queried about. Other reader questions pertaining to railroading are answered in The Information Booth, provided they are of sufficient general interest. *Do NOT enclose a stamped envelope with your query,* as we cannot undertake to send replies by mail.



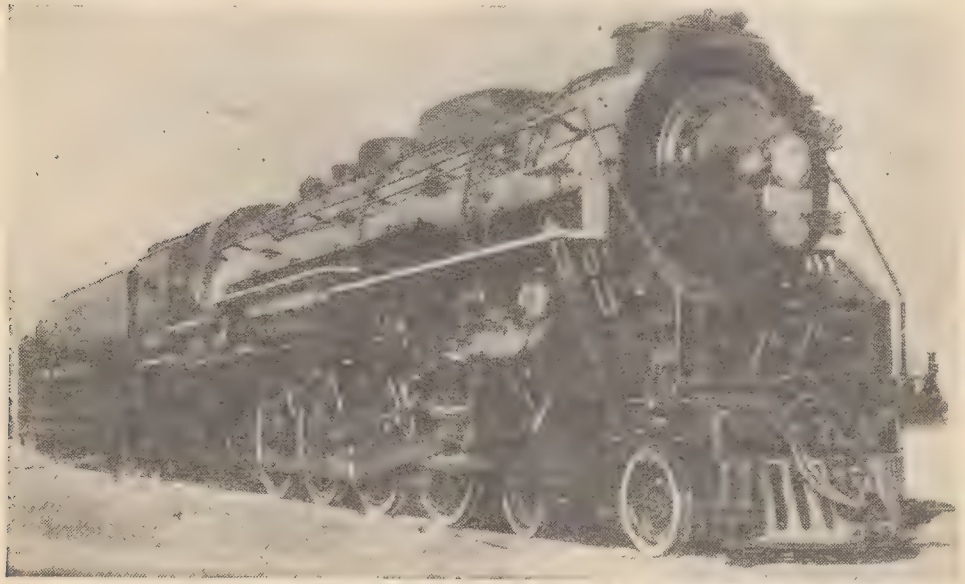
This Northern Pacific *Yellowstone* boiler was the largest ever applied to a locomotive at the time of its completion in 1928. Note port through water leg, for cleaning front of grate

get 100,000 miles or more from a locomotive, between overhaulings.

Today, despite increased size and mechanical improvements, grueling schedules and tonnage-hauling demands have created a condition that necessitates the return of a locomotive at from 40,000- to 50,000-mile intervals for a general overhaul, in addition to having its wheels dropped, tires turned, and one or two driving boxes re-bored. In other words, heavy repairs involving about ten days' work are needed once every two or three months.

Each railroad has its individual problems. The lines with numerous sharp curves encounter lateral trouble detrimental to both road bed and running gear. Those having heavy grades run into tire wear, due to slipping and excessive use of sand: Others, traversing sections of the country with bad water, have troubles involving boilers, firebox sheets and flues.

Years ago, when locomotive explosions were a weekly occurence, the Government found it necessary to step in and make laws for the protection of the



Boiler pressures continue to climb. This New York Central Mohawk engine built by Alco a year ago operates at 250 pounds to the square inch, as against 225 for the 2800s (1929), and 200 for the 2500s (1916, '17, '18)

Photo from the American Locomotive Works

travelling public and employees, as well as for the good of the railroads and their property. Such legislation was responsible for the standardizing of practises now employed in every roundhouse in the country. Let us cover these laws briefly. Especially the ones relating to boilers.

1. *Daily Inspection.* At the end of each day's work, or the completion of a trip, the entire locomotive must be gone over by a company inspector and all reported defects properly repaired. This is the only inspection or test that does not need notarizing.

2. *Monthly Inspection.* Calls for the removal of all plugs whereby the boiler can be thoroughly cleaned by washing out impurities with a high-pressure hose employing various shaped nozzles. During this inspection gage-cocks and water-glass-cocks are removed and cleaned of scale and all rigid staybolts are hammer-tested to determine which are cracked or broken.

3. *Quarterly Test.* Steam gages are removed and tested with a dead-weight tester, and the safety-valves are set. Drawbars between engine and tender must be removed and inspected. The air compressor is then given an orifice test to see whether it is capable of supplying the necessary amount of air.

4. *Annual Inspection.* Each year a hydrostatic test of 25 percent above safe working pressure is applied to determine if the sheets will stand the strain. This also serves to locate small leaks and cracks. At the same time the staybolts are hammer-tested under pressure. Later, when all water is removed, the dome-cap is taken up and the throttle-box removed, so that an inspector may enter the boiler.

5. *Two-Year Examination of Staybolts.* Most of the high pressure boilers of today have flexible staybolts. These are bolts driven on the firebox side, but with a ball-head on the outside, or wrapper sheet. This head sets in a sleeve and is protected from leaking by a threaded cap. Every two years all caps must be removed and the bolt-heads hammered to determine whether they are corroded. Where boilers are shrouded, or caps difficult to reach, they can be tested yearly by an electrical instrument—provided the bolt has a telltale hole running its entire length and extending into the head at least one third of its diameter.

6. *Four-Year Inspection.* Every four years all the flues must be removed from the boiler and the interior scaled and cleaned so that braces, riveted joints and seams may be examined. The flues, with ends cut for removal, are not thrown away but are trimmed and what is known as a "safe-end" welded on.

7. *Five-Year Examination.* Every five years all the jacket and lagging must be entirely removed and the exterior of the boiler looked over completely. With a hydrostatic applied, the cracks in boiler shells are noted before they fail under steam pressure.

When staybolts let go. Another view of the Southern Pacific explosion. This firebox section was found 200 yards from the track

IT CAN be seen now that the laws relative to the operation of locomotive boilers are very strict. Government inspectors are more than alert at all times, for when a boiler fails there is always loss of life and thousands of dollars' worth of damage to equipment and property. With all the care and vigilance, however, from eight to ten locomotive boiler explosions occur in this country annually, and, due to the high pressures carried and the large volume of water, they are exceedingly disastrous. When a barrel fails, every gallon of water immediately expands sixteen thousand times its volume. One can realize then, the enormity of the explosion of the single-expansion articulated engine that blew-up in New York State recently. It was carrying approximately 5000 gallons at the moment!

Designing engineers are very careful during the fabrication of boilers to make sure that workmanship is such that they will last as long as the machinery. In figuring the thickness of the boiler sheet a safety factor of never less than 4 is universal. In other words, all boilers are designed to carry pressures at least that many times their normal working pressure. When low carbon steel is used, the thickness is generally less than an inch. But it may run as high as 1⅝ inches, in the fabrication of barrels such as those which were recently applied to Union Pacific giants of the 4-8-8-4 type.

Due to the enormous weight of such thick shells, railroad men have appealed to metallurgists in recent years for an alloy that would reduce the weight and at the same time withstand the stress. The result was the development of nickel-steel and, still later, of silica-manganese (the latter has raised tensile strength from 55,000 pounds per-square-inch to around 75,000). Boilers made of these alloys did not prove too successful, however. For where few carbon steel shells cracked, failures among alloy boilers were numerous. The cause was destruction of the sheet, due to "caustic embrittlement."

This phenomenon has been a mystery to engineers and metallurgists, but recently the cause was discovered. Feedwater that is treated for impurities—and most of it is—contains caustic soda. The amount in ordinary water is harmless. When it concentrates to above 35 grains per gallon, though, it eats away the binder of iron molecules in the boiler shell, causing them to open up and appear to the naked eye as a crack. This defect always starts at a rivet hole where the caustic soda seeps and accumulates, being forced under pressure between the sheets of a joint. When this was discovered, designers began experimenting with various types of riveted connections. They have now developed what is known as the "saw-toothed" joint. Being caulked both inside and out, it should

forever banish the cracking of boiler shells.

The Delaware and Hudson has gone a step farther. Some years ago, they decided to eliminate all joints. After many months, permission was finally granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission for a test-barrel of all-welded construction. To one unfamiliar with boiler fabrication this might appear a simple task. Seasoned rails, however, recognized it for a momentous and novel undertaking. D&H 1219, a 2-8-0 type used in freight service out of Oneonta, N. Y., is the result of that experiment. The credit for the design of its boiler, which may revolutionize future construction methods, goes to G. S. Edmunds, Superintendent of Motive Power on the D&H, and to John M. Hall, Director of the Bureau of Locomotive Inspection.

No like member was ever built at such an expense or with greater care. All welds had to be perfect. It is known that a weld can be made to test as strong as the parent metal, but a peculiar thing happens during the process of welding autogenously—that is by acetylene, or electrically.

Let's illustrate the point. First, the sheets are rolled and brought together. Then they are chipped to a V, heated and filled with a welding compound. This compound flows into the hot metal, becoming a part of it. So finely entangled are the molecules that it is difficult to determine exactly where the weld was performed after the surfaces are ground smooth. But on cooling a dangerous condition is set up. In that zone between the hot and cold is a critical area. For the heated molecules of the steel, in resuming a normal temperature, shrink and draw away from the cold particles, and set up a stress that in many cases may be as great as the tensile strength of the sheet itself. When additional strain is added—i.e., the pressure within a boiler—the metal fails readily.

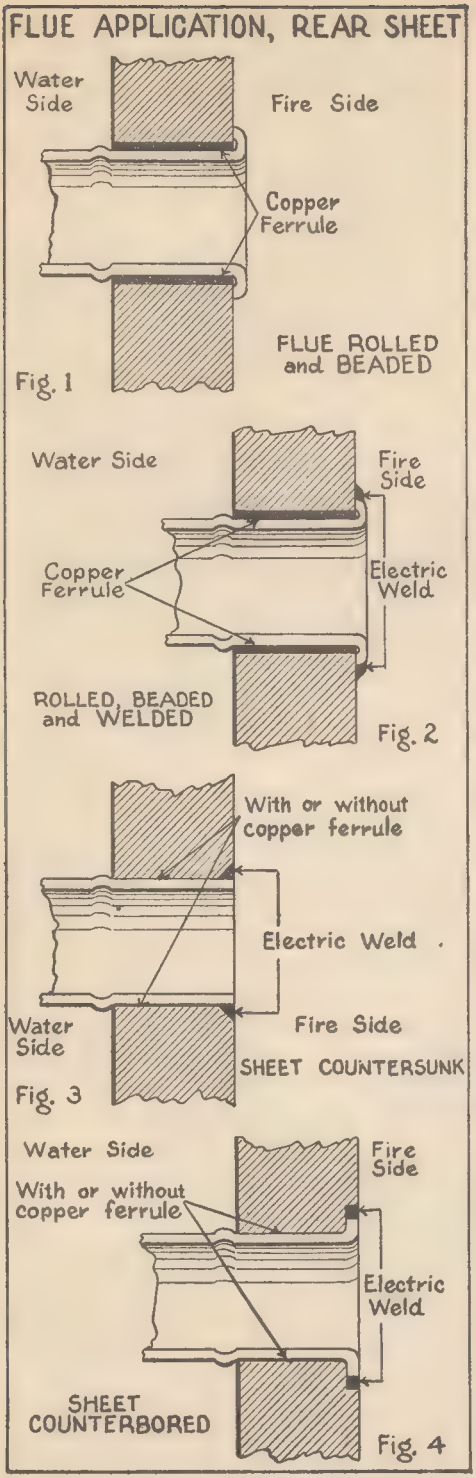
The 1219's barrel was built by the American Locomotive Works at its Dunkirk Plant. When completed, it was X-rayed for defects. To remove all local stresses, the unit was then shipped to Chattanooga, Tenn., where the only furnace in the country large enough to receive the entire boiler was employed to stress-relieve, or normalize it. This was accomplished by putting the barrel in the oven and heating it uniformly to a dull red color; then allowing it to cool slowly and evenly for a period of several days.

Later, this member was mounted on the frame and running gear, and given numerous field tests. Taking no chances, the road stripped it of lagging one year following its introduction to service.

The second year, these same inspections were made every six months, and now the procedure has been extended to annual tests for a period of five years. After that the regular routine prescribed by law will prevail. It should be added that the locomotive has performed very well.

ANOTHER cause of boiler trouble, and probably the greatest, is the leaking of flues in the firebox end. When flues leak, engines fail to steam properly, and lose time. This one defective condition has caused more gray hairs among operating officials, and broken backs among firemen, than can ever be estimated.

Years ago, all flues were applied as shown in Figure 1, page 62, being rolled and beaded. As a result, they leaked about every time the fire was cleaned on the pit. Later came the electric weld (Figure 2). For a time it eliminated the principal disadvantage of its predecessor, but it did not wholly remedy the condition. It can be noted that with the weld and bead, there is much metal at the hottest part of the firebox. The water in the boiler, therefor, cannot absorb heat fast enough to prevent this extra material from a sharp temperature increase. This causes the overheated portion of the flue to lose much of its life and it generally cracks longtitudinally. When such defects extend into the water space, real trouble results.



Evolution of a vital phase of locomotive construction. Improved welding technique calls for no surplus metal to absorb heat

Recently, master boiler-makers got their heads together and a new method of flue application into the rear flue sheet has been developed, as shown in Figures 3 and 4. The radiation of heat is now uniform with no sections to become overheated. There is little doubt but that in time all locomotives equipped with stokers, and having firebox temperatures running over 2500 degrees Fahrenheit will be fitted with flues applied in this fashion. When that day arrives we can expect to see flues applied and never touched until the close of the four-year period when the law demands their removal for interior inspection.

Another item worth mentioning is the treatment of feedwater. This has become a universal practice on all railroads. There are three general classes of impurities causing water to foam, corrode the sheets, and form scale. They are as follows:

1. *Suspended Matter.* This is in the form of silt or mud and is generally in suspension.

2. *Dissolved Solids.* Carbonates and sulphates or various minerals, according to the section of the country, or the sources of supply.

3. *Organic Material.* Sewage or lubricating oils which enter the tank through the condensate line.

All water is tested at weekly intervals and the treatment arranged from the various analasies. But the action of the added chemicals is always the same. The impurities of the boiling water mix with the chemicals and floculate (form a spcngy substance); then precipitate, like falling snow, down to the mud-ring. There they are removed by frequent blowings by the engineer, or by a continuous system of allowing about five gallons of water a minute to be drained close to the mud-ring, all the time the engine is working steam.

COMING: *Crown Sheet Protection, The Foam Meter, Centralized Traffic Control,* and *The Modern Airbrake.*

Photo by R. H. Kindig, 3831 Perry St., Denver, Colo.

The Union Pacific's Number 831, a 4-8-4 type, thunders into Denver with the Pony Express

The Information Booth

1

WHY are catenary-fed road locos always equipped with two pantographs, in view of the fact that yard locomotives appear to get along well with one? Also, what is the reason for the almost universal practice of running with the rear pantograph in contact position? Explain the purpose of the New York Central's midget pantographs.

(1) The obvious purpose of two pantographs is to insure a means of engaging the contact wire, should one unit fail for any one of a number of reasons. This is not so much a consideration in the case of switching engines, which can be quickly pulled into the clear and repaired, or refitted with a new member. Even here, however, an auxiliary trolley pole is frequently provided.

(2) The reason for the use of the rear pantograph, under normal operating conditions, is that in the event of its fouling the wires and being ripped from its pedestal, it will trail back and away from the engine, with less danger of damaging other parts of the motive power unit; particularly the remaining pantograph.

The overhead contact shoes which you have seen on New York Central locomotives are used by third-rail fed locomotives of a number of roads operating in underground terminals, where involved trackwork makes the placement of third-rail segments difficult. Here, lengths of rail are held by inverted insulators depending from the ceiling or other overhead support, directly above track center.

2

EXPLAIN the meaning of the term "Open Jaw" fare.

This term applies to a ticket routed to a specific destination, with return from another point, or to a point other than the original selling station. When agents report interline tickets sold at "Open Jaw" fares, they must indicate the starting point, if other than selling station; starting point on return trip, if other than destination; and final return destination, if other than selling station.

3

WHEN did the Seaboard Air Line acquire control of the Florida Central & Peninsular, and the Georgia & Alabama?

August 15, 1903, and February 20, 1902, respectively. Both lines, however had been operated by the SAL from the date of its charter—April 10, 1900.

4

LIST railroads controlled by the United States Steel Corporation.

Through its subsidiaries, this organization controls the following lines:

Bessemer & Lake Erie
Birmingham Southern
Carbon County
Connellsville & Monongahela
Donora Southern
Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern
Etna & Montrose
Hannibal Connecting
Johnstown & Stony Creek
Lake Terminal
McKeesport Connecting
Newburgh & South Shore
Northampton & Bath
Union Railroad
Youghiogheny Northern
Youngstown & Northern

As of December of last year, these railroads owned or leased 1,075 miles of line, plus 450 miles of second track, and 18 miles of third track owned or leased; 429 miles of trackage rights; 550 miles of industrial track; and 1,174 miles of yard track and sidings, making a total operated trackage of 3,696 miles.

Collective rolling stock consisted of 723 locomotives, and 45,482 freight and service cars. In addition, affiliated iron-mining, manufacturing and raw material companies together own 302 locomotives and 6,737 freight and service cars.

5

WHERE is America's largest roundhouse?

To the best of our knowledge that in-

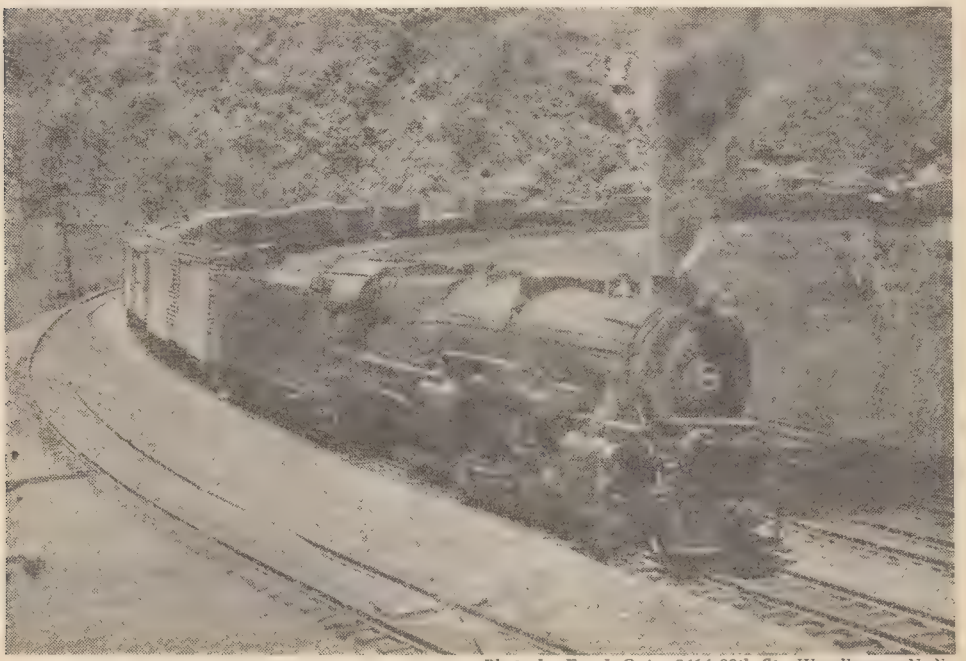


Photo by Frank Quin, 8414 88th St., Woodhaven, N Y

Around the toe of the Pennsylvania's Horseshoe Curve cants Decapod 4595, wheeling a long freight out of Altoona. Directly across the staple bend, and beyond the range of the picture, is a brace of pushers

formation has never been compiled. A 1915 report on "Smoke Abatement and Electrification of Railway Terminals in Chicago" listed the largest single roundhouse then within the city as that of the Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad, at 49th and Butler Streets. This building had 51 stalls. A more recent article, dealing with the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight engine facilities at Altoona, cites the 50-stall roundhouse at this terminal as being "one of, if not *the*, largest structure of its kind."

6

WHEN was refrigeration first used in shipping freight?

In 1857. During that year a shipment of dressed beef was moved out of Chicago over the Michigan Central Railroad, using an ordinary boxcar equipped with two interior platforms on which were placed several cakes of ice.

Fruit was first transported under refrigeration, by rail, from Cobden, Ill., to Chicago, over the Illinois Central in 1866. This was the beginning of a lucrative venture in the form of the *"Thunderbolt Express,"* an "all-strawberry" train instituted one year later.

7

HOW do specifications of the Santa Fe's largest Diesel and steam locomotives compare; also their horsepower ratings at corresponding speeds?

The table below illustrates the relative characteristics of both freight and passenger power.

	Passenger		*Freight*	
Type	*Steam*	*Diesel*	*Steam*	*Diesel*
	4-8-4	4,000 H.P.	2-10-4	5,400 H.P.
Length overall	112 ft. 1¼ in.	141 ft. 7½ in.	113 ft. 6¼ in.	193 ft.
Total wheelbase	98 ft. 2⅝ in.	117 ft. 1 in.	100 ft. 3⅜ in.	177 ft.
Rigid wheelbase	13 ft. 10 in.	14 ft. 1 in.	19 ft. 3 in.	9 ft.
Total weight	895,846	626,200	934,766	923,600
Adhesive weight	286,890	426,800	371,990	923,600
Driving wheels	80	36	74	40
Fuel oil capacity	7,000	2,400	7,000	4,800
Tractive effort	66,000	106,700	93,000	220,000
Factor of adhesion	4.35	4.00	4.0	4.20
H.P. at 10 m.p.h.	1,670	2,270	2,430	3,870
" " 20 "	3,170	2,930	4,340	4,850
" " 40 "	4,530	2,840	5,310	5,070
" " 60 "	4,450	2,760	5,120	4,720
" " 80 "	3,720	2,510	..	..
" " 100 "	..	1,750	..	..

8

PUBLISH information about the Duryea Cushion Underframe.

The Duryea Cushion Underframe was first demonstrated at the Butler, Pa., plant of the Standard Steel Car Co. in Dec. 1927. It is designed to permit the control of slack and of energy absorbtion capacity separately, each to meet the most desirable operating conditions, without the need of compromise between them. Three points mark the individuality of the design, namely, (1) a center draft still capable of restricted movement with respect to the car body proper, (2), a coupler gear, and (3) a long-travel, high capacity cushion gear, one each of the latter two at each end of the car. Shock absorbing devices are provided in car construction to protect against two principal classes of impacts: those resulting from surges in train movements, and those caused by heavy impacts in switching.

The force of an impact at the face of the coupler of a car equipped with a Duryea Underframe must pass successively through the coupler, coupler gear, movable center sill, cushion gears, body bolster, and body members, before reaching the car lading, so that only a very small part of even the most severe im-

pacts can ever reach the car lading uncushioned. The resilient attachment of a center sill, instead of employing conventional rigid underframe construction, protects body, lading, underframe and trucks against shock.

The B&O was the first railroad to adopt this underframe as standard for its freight equipment.

9

WHERE did the Pennsylvania system make its first installation of coded continuous cab signals, and how many miles of U. S. track are now protected by this form of train control?

(1) Between Lewistown Junction, Pa., and Sunbury.

(2) According to the most recent figures available (June 1, 1941) coded continuous cab signals were in operation on 1,678 miles of railroad, and 4,252 miles of track. There are 3,231 locomotives equipped for this service, including motor and multiple-unit cars.

10

THE stamp "A Relief A" on the back of railroad ticket aroused my curiosity. Can you tell what this mark signifies?

It indicates that the ticket was sold by a relief ticket agent, pinch hitting for the man regularly on duty.

11

HOW many oil and gas-electric motor cars has the Reading, and on what lines does this equipment operate?

The Reading has sixteen oil and gas-electric motors, and ten trailers. The first Rail-Motor Car was placed in service during August, 1925, and the last in May, 1930.

These units are employed principally between the following points on the Reading System: Coatesville, Reading and Lancaster; Harrisburg and Reading; Slatington and Reading; New Hope and Hatboro; and Trenton, West Trenton and Bound Brook.

12

WHAT are the ten largest occupational groups in railroading?

1—sectionmen; 2—clerks; 3—skilled trades helpers employed in maintaining equipment and stores; 4—car builders and repairmen; 5—road freight brakemen and flagmen; 6—yard brakemen and yard helpers; 7—machinists; 8—gang and section foremen; 9—extra gang foremen; 10—road freight firemen and helpers. About 45 percent of all railroad employees fall into these ten classifications.

13

I CAN find nothing concerning Southern Pacific locomotives 2598, 2599 *and* 2699. *Were they ever built, and if so what happened to them?*

Numbers 2598 and 2599 were built by Baldwin in 1906, and bear construction numbers 27281 and 27293. They are Class C-9 Consolidations, with 57 inch drivers, 22x30-inch cylinders, 210 pounds' boiler pressure, 218,000 pounds' engine weight, and 45,470 pounds' tractive effort. Our roster shows them still in service.

Number 2699 (Bald. 23737), a class C-8, 2-8-0 type, was built in 1904. Sold to the Union Pacific in 1910, she became that road's Number 354.

14

WHAT is the most powerful 4-8-4 *type of locomotive now in service?*

From the standpoint of starting tractive effort, the Norfolk & Western's new 600 Class, featured on our front cover this month, unquestionably merits that distinction. Relatively small drivers (70-inch diameter) give these locomotives a rating of 73,300 pounds.

CORRECTION: specifications of the Northern Pacific's Z-6 engines were listed under our Z-7 heading, last month. Z-7 characteristics are cylinders, 23x32 inches; drivers, 70 inches; boiler pressure, 260 pounds; weight of engine, 643,000 pounds; tractive effort, 106,900 pounds.

Photo by Theodore A. Gay. 624 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Huntington & Broad Top Mountain Number 30, a 4-4-0 type built by Baldwin in 1897, in a meet with a freight at Riddlesburg, Pa. Note the oldtime caboose, with its roofless platforms

On the Callboard

PENNSY I-1 engines are now getting mighty 16-wheel tenders in place of the auxiliary tanks they previously had. Also, standard LT stokers are replacing the older Duplex iron men. Another modern note on the PRR: Mallet 9357 is equipped with a radio loud-speaker in the cab, as are several class C-1 and B engines used in the Columbus Terminal.

Who knows anything about the A&W between Ashland and Custaloga, Ohio? This line is shown on the map in Wheeling & Lake Erie's employes timetable No. 15, but is not in the *Official Guide*. Custaloga appears on Pennsy public timetable maps but is definitely lacking in the station index, even in the *Guide*.

On the Pere Marquette, west of Holland, Mich., is a town called Pullman. Also, along the Pere Marquette, all in Michigan, are Oak, Beech, Elm, Holly, Rose Center, Birch Run, Berry and Paw Paw, all stations named for trees and shrubs.—Allyn L. Sanford, 349 Cleveland Ave., Columbus, O.

FREQUENT talk about tangents prompts this question: What is the longest straight track on the N. Y. City Transit System? My guess is the Third Avenue "el" between 9th and 125th Sts., but I may be wrong. Who can enlighten me? —Karl Groh, 3107 Park Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City.

IN WHAT year did the railroad bridge over the Gasconade River collapse? As I heard the story, this bridge was built by the old Pacific RR., at a point some hundred miles west of St. Louis, and broke under the first train, killing nearly everyone aboard.—J. J. Murphy, Palestine, Texas.

OCCASIONALLY friends donate copies of *Railroad Magazine* to the D&RGW archive and we circulate them as part of our service. I hope that in the near future we will be able to obtain each issue containing D&RGW articles.

I will send you a report on the progress of our work. Dr. Richard Overton, archivist for the Burlington Lines, and I intend to draw up a full scale-plan for railroad archive administration on a broad scale, and usable throughout the many systems in the United States.—Herbert O. Brayer (*Archivist, D&RGW*), Denver, Colo.

MY GREAT-UNCLE, Howard Stillman, did a lot for the railroads. He was engineer of tests on the Southern Pacific in 1895. In 1906 he was made mechanical engineer of the entire system. He was the first to conduct experiments on the use of oil as locomotive fuel. The Central Pacific put such engines in service in 1886, and in five years all the locomotives on the Pacific system were burning oil. Howard Stillman also designed the SP cab for most Mallets, and an inexpensive water treating plant which saves over 50 percent in boiler maintenance today. I'd like to hear from anyone who used to know him; also from anybody who will trade photos.—Richard O. Phillips, 2126 N. Marengo Ave., Altadena, Calif.

"IN RESPECT to the memory of President McDonald all operations will cease . . . for one minute from 10 a.m. to 10.01 a.m. Tuesday morning November 18th." We received this wire following the death of A. D. McDonald, president of Espee. I'd like to hear about similar railroad orders.—Joseph Felix, 208 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif.

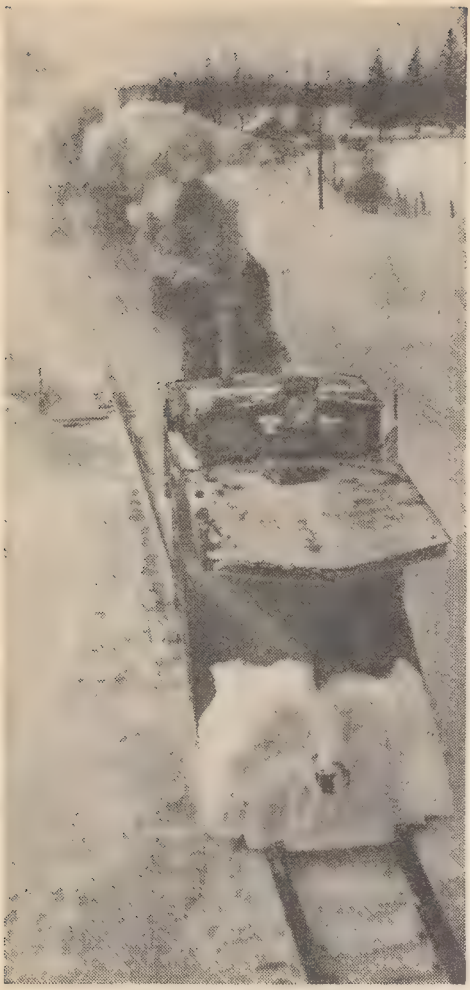


Photo by Edgar Cooke, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Snow bucking on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce (CPR). Half-hidden in snow and whirling steam, a D-10 ten-wheeler makes her daily wedge-plow run

I WANT to hear from someone who'll give me the history of two old-time narrow-gage California roads: the South Pacific Coast (Alameda to Santa Cruz) and the North Shore (Sausalito to Cazadero).—J. J. Robinson (*former SP fireman*), 701 Haight St., San Francisco.

WITH the *Chattanooga Choo-Choo* running rampant on the airwaves, I have done a bit of checking up and nominate as her nearest counterpart the *Tennessean* of the Southern, also of the Pennsy and the N&W. If you overlook the facts that the *Tennessean* doesn't *choo-choo* out of New York and that it would be difficult to eat breakfast in Carolina and still stay aboard her, the two trains have much in common. Of course, you must not get technical and wonder how you can shovel coal on the Diesel-electric that hauls the *Tennessean*.

Come to think of it, what other train is hauled by steam, Diesel and electric power, except for some B&O trains which are pulled through Baltimore by electric tunnel engines?—Stephen P. Davidson, 902 Swann St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

FIRST locomotive built in Canada was the *Toronto*. The picture upon which D. H. Hilliker based his "April in Rail History" drawing is an old photo showing the engine in dilapidated condition, taken when she was 28 years old, about to be scrapped. The company for which she was built has had six different names: 1849, Toronto, Simcoe & Lake Huron Rail Road; 1850, Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Union Railroad ("Oats, Hay & Straw"); 1858, Northern Ry. of Canada; 1881, Northern & North Western Ry.; 1888, Grand Trunk Ry.; and 1923, Canadian National Rys.—Robt. R. Brown (*curator, Upper Canada Railway Society*), 700 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

INDIANA'S third-man law influences all pikes traversing the state, including the Pennsy, of which I am an employe. This piece of legislation requires that every freight train carrying over 70 cars must have an extra head brakeman. Eastbound drags leaving Fort Wayne, Ind., must carry the full complement of three brakemen, but the extra man is promptly left off at Delphos, O., forty-five miles out. The worker so released is again picked up by a westbound freight and makes the trip into Fort Wayne terminal. On the Chicago run the additional brakeman rides the full distance across the state of Indiana, into the 55th St. yards in the Windy City.

I hear that other states have had, or still have, such a law in force. Who can cite any examples? I'd like to hear from all readers interested in discussing this and other problems.—Eugene Becraft (*brakeman, Fort Wayne Division, PRR*), 2316 Ontario St., Fort Wayne, Ind

WHO will send me poems, songs and tales of the iron pike, suitable for use at railroad gatherings? Or if you know of any books containing such material, I'd appreciate your informing me about them. The material need not be recent, just as long as it appeals to railroaders. In fact, some of the older poems are better for bringing nostalgic sighs or hearty chuckles.—Harry F. Pomeroy, 4804 59th Place, Woodside, N. Y.

HERE are more facts on the Boston Winthrop & Point Shirley that may interest Robt. Greenwood and A. A. Gilmore: The road's No. 1 engine, the *Winthrop*, was an 0-4-2 saddle-

tanker, built in 1876 by Porter for the BW&PtS. She made half-hourly trips between Cottage Hill and the connection with the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn at Winthrop Jct., Mass., pulling the *Ocean Spray* and, during the rush hours the *St. Leonard.*

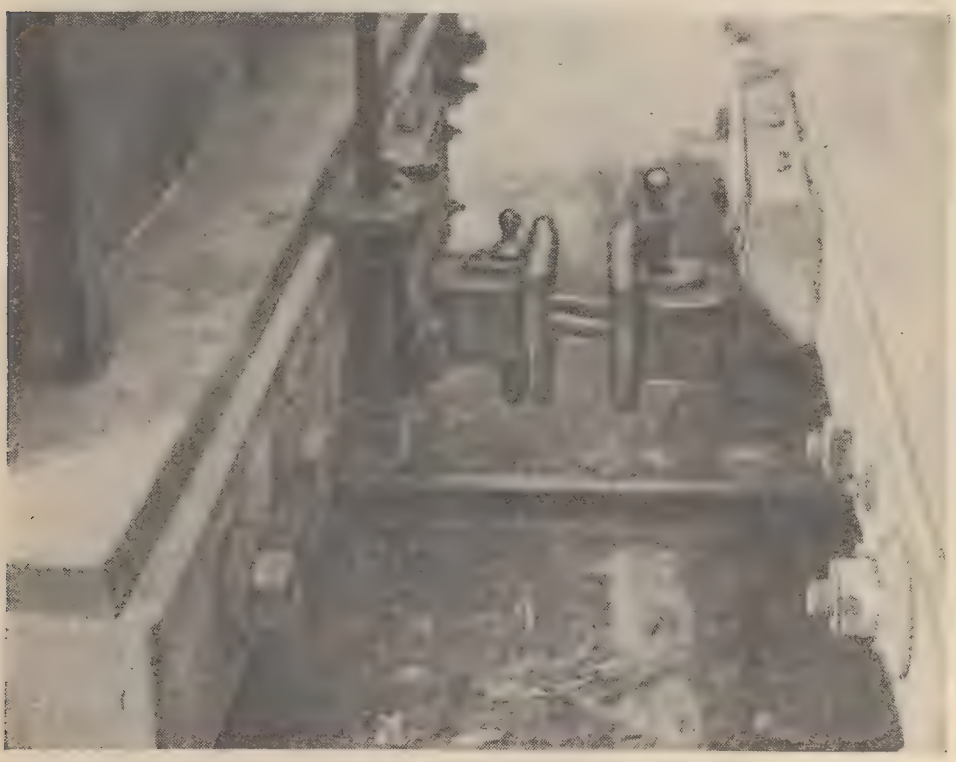
The BRB&L locomotives seem to have been confused by Mr. Gilmore. They were: No. 1, the *Orion,* a Mason 0-4-4 Forney; No. 2, the *Pegasus,* also a Mason Forney; No. 3, the *Jupiter,* identical to No. 2; No. 5, the *Leo,* a Hinkley 4-4-0; No. 6, the *Draco,* similar to 2 and 3, which Mr. Gilmore said was then in repair shops.

It seems strange that BRB&L No. 4 was not observed as in 1878 she had been leased to the BW&PtS so they might have two trains operating at one time. No. 4 was the *Mercury,* a 2-4-0 built by Porter, Bell & Co. in 1876. When she was transferred to the BW&PtS she retained her name but lost her number.

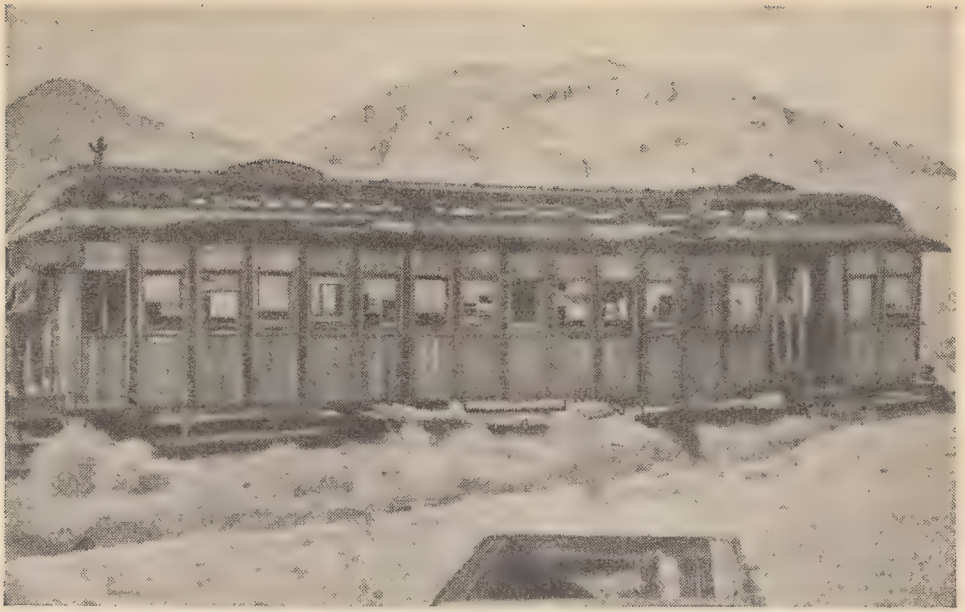
In 1883 the BRB&L leased the entire line, which was then known as the Boston, Winthrop & Shore. The new name was the outgrowth of the consolidation of two lines, the BW&PtS and the East Junction, Broad Sound Pier, & Pt. Shirley, a road of which little is known. The BRB&L turned the line into a large loop circling the entire town of Winthrop. This was put down with double track, while the section headed out toward Pt. Shirley was abandoned and the Point Shirley Street Ry. came into existence. This later became a subsidiary of the BRB&L. Also that year, the BW&S leased the *Pegasus* and operated her until the line was absorbed by the BRB&L in 1892. —Wm. H. Butler, Jr., 17 Willard St., Cambridge, Mass.

THE big 30x40-inch *Hudson Type Passenger Locomotive Diagram* put out by Simmons-Boardman and reviewed in our December, 1941 issue (page 136), now has a fitting companion in the form of a 28x38-inch *Locomotive and Tender Defect Chart.* Printed in two colors, the elevation and cross section drawings—Lackawanna 4-6-4 prototype carry 199 numbers of parts referred to in the I.C.C. rules. A tabulated text on the same chart explains these terms in relation to the official rule number appearing upon each.

Like the former wall diagram, the *Locomotive and Tender Defect Chart* sells at 50c, and is available through the Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corporation, 30 Church St., New York City, N. Y.



This unusually fine photo of a link-and-pin coupling was made by C. V. Hess, 562½ Monroe Ave., Rochester, New York. His subject was Monson gondola equipment.



Once a resplendent combination car on the New York Central, this desert-beaten relic is now a pathetic souvenir of the almost-forgotten L&S

Ghost Railroad of the Mojave

In Its Palmy Days the Ludlow & Southern Hauled Gold and Silver from Fabulously Rich Mines

By ALVIN A. FICKEWIRTH

Assisted by Aaron Dudley

CALIFORNIA'S vast Mojave Desert, noted for its scores of deserted mine towns, likewise harbors the remains of more forgotten railways than any other similar area in the nation.

At least that's the impression you get from delving into the history of this dreary waste of sand, sagebrush and cactus, inhabited mainly by poisonous rattlesnakes, shy lizards and bright-hued gila monsters.

Narrow-gage, standard-gage, circular systems, rails that ramble off to nowhere, ending in the desert wastes —even an old monorail — dot the Mojave's wide expanse. Wind-blown, sand-blasted remains of stations are found on the outskirts of virtually every ghost town, though some of them never got to serve a single train. Progress in the booming mine days sped so rapidly that it passed up many towns before the rails were laid. Rich gold and silver veins played out; unfinished routeage was abandoned.

Perhaps the most interesting and best preserved of these Mojave ghost lines was the old Ludlow & Southern, a seven and one-half mile stem built at the turn of the century to connect the fabulously rich Bagdad-Chase

diggings with Ludlow, fifty-three miles east of Barstow, on the Santa Fe.

Competition in the mining and shipping of ore was at that time keen. The twenty-mule teams operating out of nearby Providence Town had already hauled some sixty million dollars' worth of pay dirt, but in their mad rush to be first to the mills, operators sought a more efficient means of transportation. Old-timers tell of a curious steam tractor called the "iron monster," which clattered over the desert from the Ord Mines to Daggett (next station to Ludlow on the AT&F) hauling three wagons in the smoke and dust behind it.

E. H. Stagg, General Manager of L&G

The more successful performance of the Borate & Daggett Railroad, a combination narrow- and standard-gage line built to supplement mule-train shipments from a neighboring mine, led the management of the Bagdad-Chase Company to project their own wavering streak of rust across the Mojave hills to the silver ribbons of the Santa Fe.

Originating terminal of the road was the sun-scorched desert town of Rochester, named with a grim trace of nostalgia for the cleaner, greener New York State metropolis which had once been the home of Mine President Benjamin Chase and his right-hand assistant, J. H. Steadman.

A dozen cabins and tent homes dormitories, a cafe, company office, and newly built station—these and timber gantries that lay squat above black mine shafts, were the substance of the town when the road's first locomotive, a tall-stacked Baldwin ten-wheeler, whooshed in from the north, on her maiden trip from Ludlow. She carried a down-east designation of her own—the New York Central herald and the number 99. For that Empire State road, and more particularly its president, Chauncey M. Depew, was a heavy stockholder in Bagdad-Chase.

Behind the locomotive, soon to be renumbered Ludlow & Southern Number 1, trailed a flatcar with a stout tapered tank standing upright on its deck, directly above the forward truck. Eight feet in diameter, perhaps, and not quite so high, it stored a cargo more precious to the desert people than the ore that was soon to creek northward to the Santa Fe.

That shipment was water, hauled from the nearest source on the larger system, since no successful wells could be sunk in arid Rochester. Daily, thereafter, the company-built tank car made its circuit run. On your author's desk, as he writes, lies a brittle yellow bill made out to the Ludlow & Southern by the AT&SF for water hauled at a cost of $1.55 per thousand gallons.

BESIDES the One-Spot and the tank, the company's initial equipment roster listed two flatcars. This rolling stock, however, was soon to be buttressed by a colorful addition.

Around 1903, word reached the camp that a group of the mine's stockholders, most of them New York Central men, were enroute to inspect their investment. Rochester had by that time been renamed Steadman, and was known as one of the cleanest run towns in the area; probably because the General Manager, E. H. Stagg, had brought his wife and three daughters there to live

Wealth and fame have ridden in this car (pictured on page 70); so have lusty adventure and back-breaking toil. You can almost see the wraiths of bygone days that pace its creaky floor.

A capable operator, Mr. Stagg had already converted Bagdad-Chase into a plant that was paying dividends of $10,000 per month. One can easily visualize, then, the blend of curiosity and smug satisfaction with which the corpulent visitors from back east climbed down from their special New York Central combine coach to view this sand-blasted desert holding.

Some say that Chauncey Depew, himself, was a member of the delegation, and that the car was his private chariot. This latter contention seems doubtful, however, in view of the combine arrangement. In any event, Steadman's citizens had never seen so magnificent a specimen of the coach-builder's art. Admiration of flamboyant vestibules and ornately glazed windows was as hearty as the reception accorded the stockholders and when the bewhiskered tycoons got back to Ludlow, they expressed their appreciation and delight by leaving the car behind as a gift.

Heavily armored and renumbered L&S Number 100, the combine made regular trips across the desert thereafter, not infrequently carrying gold bars directly to Los Angeles, then up the coast by Southern Pacific. Officials estimate that during its useful lifetime, it hauled more than $17,000,000 in gold bullion.

Number 100 had another and more pleasurable duty each payday when, loaded with miners and their families, it chuckled down to Ludlow at the tail of the brace of flatcars.

A large supply of whisky helped to shorten the seven-mile journey, and by the time the train pulled into the Santa Fe metropolis the miners were ready to paint the town red.

Nightfall, however, always found a weary aggregation piled in the coach and sprawled out on the dusty decks of the flatcars. Then, with Isaac Stagg, brother of the General Manager, at the throttle of old Number 1, the little train crept cautiously back across the Mojave under the desert stars.

By 1905, ore shipments were flowing north in such quantities that a second locomotive had to be purchased. Some say that the L&S acquired its Two-Spot from the Tono-

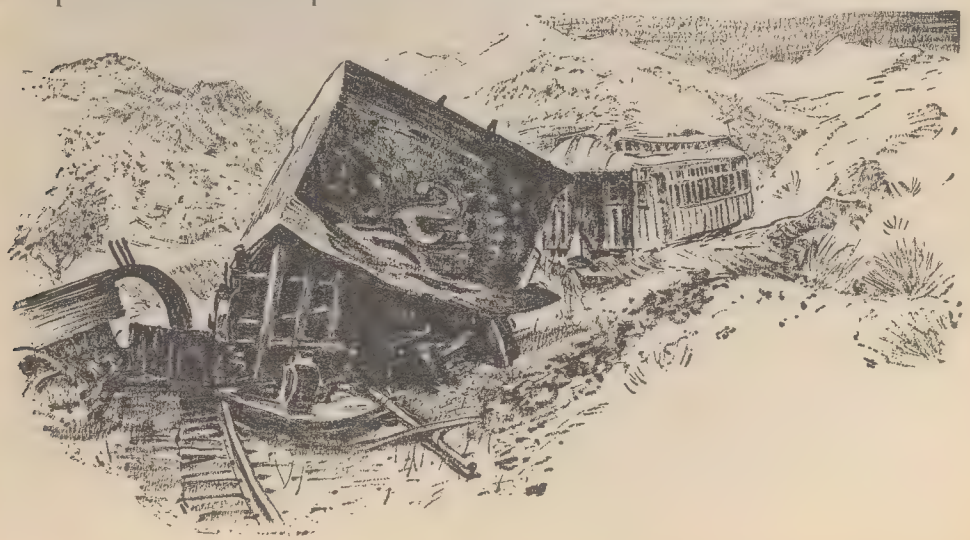
pah & Tidewater, though how that newly-organized road could have found motive power to spare is a subject for conjecture.

Of the same wheel arrangement as L&S Number 1, this Hinkley engine was put to work dragging equipment borrowed from the Santa Fe. Meanwhile, the road was dickering for the purchase of more cars of its own, but their cost was finally deemed prohibitive and the notion dropped. Instead, the company picked up occasional flats from roads doomed by the playing out of neighboring mines. A letter in your author's possession contains, for example, an offer from the Las Vegas & Tonopah and the Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroads, to sell ten cars at $400 apiece, with the supplemented information: "their condition is only fair."

Records show that in August, 1917, the Ludlow & Southern rented a car from the Tonopah & Tidewater at a cost of but fifty cents a day. Before the year was out someone left the brakes set on this piece of equipment and when it arrived at Ludlow, all eight wheels showed 2½-inch flat spots. Result: a $56 repair bill in the Tonopah & Tidewater shops. This latter road's Ludlow facilities were similarly used for L&S locomotive overhaulings.

IN 1925 hard luck hit the once busy little road. Water in limited quantities was being shipped into Steadman, then, as it had from the very start. Thus, when a raging fire broke out at the mines one day, there was little to do but to let it burn. The engine house collapsed in a cascade of sparks and with it went all that would warp or crack of the Mason mill. Out of her wreckage and the motor of a big Holt tractor, the management later attempted to assemble a new power unit. But the $3000 venture went for nothing when the engine refused to budge the gaunt frame of the old ten-wheeler.

Mine operations had showed down, however, and two years later fate wrote finis to another chapter of desert railroading. The rusty entrails of a locomotive, a few old cars, including the once resplendent New York Central combine—these and a wavering trail that might have been left in eons past by a grinning dinosaur—are all that remain of the Ludlow & Southern.



Railroad Women

They Number More Than Three Percent of the Total Rail Employes; You Find 'Em in All Kinds of Jobs

WHEN signal lamps glimmer along the steel and the wind brings a tang of coal smoke, plenty of women sense the glamor of the railroad, just like men. "I love our tanks and standpipes," said one of them recently, adding that she also admired the coal docks, turntables and roundhouses. She is Hazel Cornell, who works in the office of the Northern Pacific roadmaster at Minneapolis.

You can find women with "iron in their blood" in almost every corner of a large or medium-sized railroad, some employed as high clerks and bosses, many as stenogs and bookkeepers, quite a few handling mop and dustpan. More than three thousand women were classed as "laborers, steam railway" in the latest available U. S. Census, fifty of them being forewomen. A striking number are holding "men's jobs" as shop workers, telegraph key pushers, signalwomen and pumpers. One is a callgirl. One

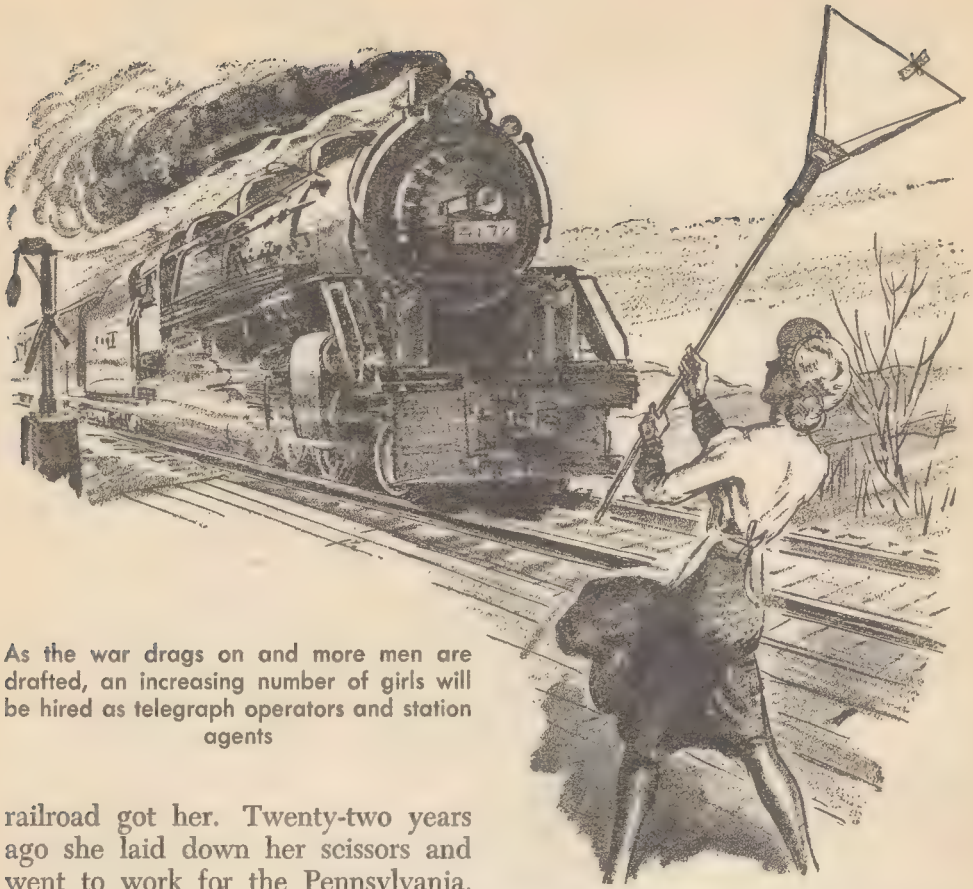
By JAMES W. HOLDEN

Assisted by H. H. Slawson

operates a steam hammer, one a power crane. The number will continue to increase as Uncle Sam drafts more and more of his manpower for the war.

Miss Cornell started with the NP in 1917 as a clerk in the roadmaster's office, keeping the time books and paying off the extra gangs. She was accurate; she also took a friendly interest in the gentry of shovel and track wrench, so they have made her purchaser and assistant inspector. Not long ago Miss Cornell took complete charge of building a new turntable and enlarging a roundhouse without disturbing the old turntable. This was quite a feat for a white-collar girl—or anyone else, for that matter.

Kathryn Rich also wears a white collar and keeps her hair waved; she was a dressmaker, in fact, before the



As the war drags on and more men are drafted, an increasing number of girls will be hired as telegraph operators and station agents

railroad got her. Twenty-two years ago she laid down her scissors and went to work for the Pennsylvania.

As block operator in a signal tower at Newark, N. J., "Kate" and eleven men controlled twenty miles of Pennsy track, involving more than a hundred switches. There, she thought little of raising a 2,500-ton lift bridge fifteen times a day. She has since been advanced to Sunnyside, N. Y., the world's largest passenger yard.

About thirty thousand women work for North American railways. To borrow a few figures from the files of Miss Margaret Talbott Stevens, women's editor of the *Baltimore & Ohio Magazine*—who knows railwomen from Alaska to the Ferrocarriles de Cuba—the New York Central employs the largest number, 4,000; the Canadian Pacific has 2,500, the Southern Pacific 2,200, the Canadian National 2,000, the Pennsy 1,300, the Missouri Pacific 1,000, the Erie 588, the Lehigh Valley 318; and so on down to the Susquehanna & New York, which employs one woman (Marion Rechel, secretary to the president). A few of the short lines are totally masculine. Exceptional women, many of these, loyal and hard-working, who know their book of rules.

During the first twenty-five years of steam railroading (1830-1855), the gentler sex had little to do with trains except to drape themselves on the hard benches and giggle. A notable exception was Rebecca Lukens, who rolled boiler plate—she was the very active president of the Brandywine (Pa.) Rolling Mill, now the Lukens Steel Company, which she inherited

America's only female operator of an overhead railway crane, Mrs. Annabelle Cooper, began working in Grand Trunk Western shops at Battle Creek, Mich., in 1918

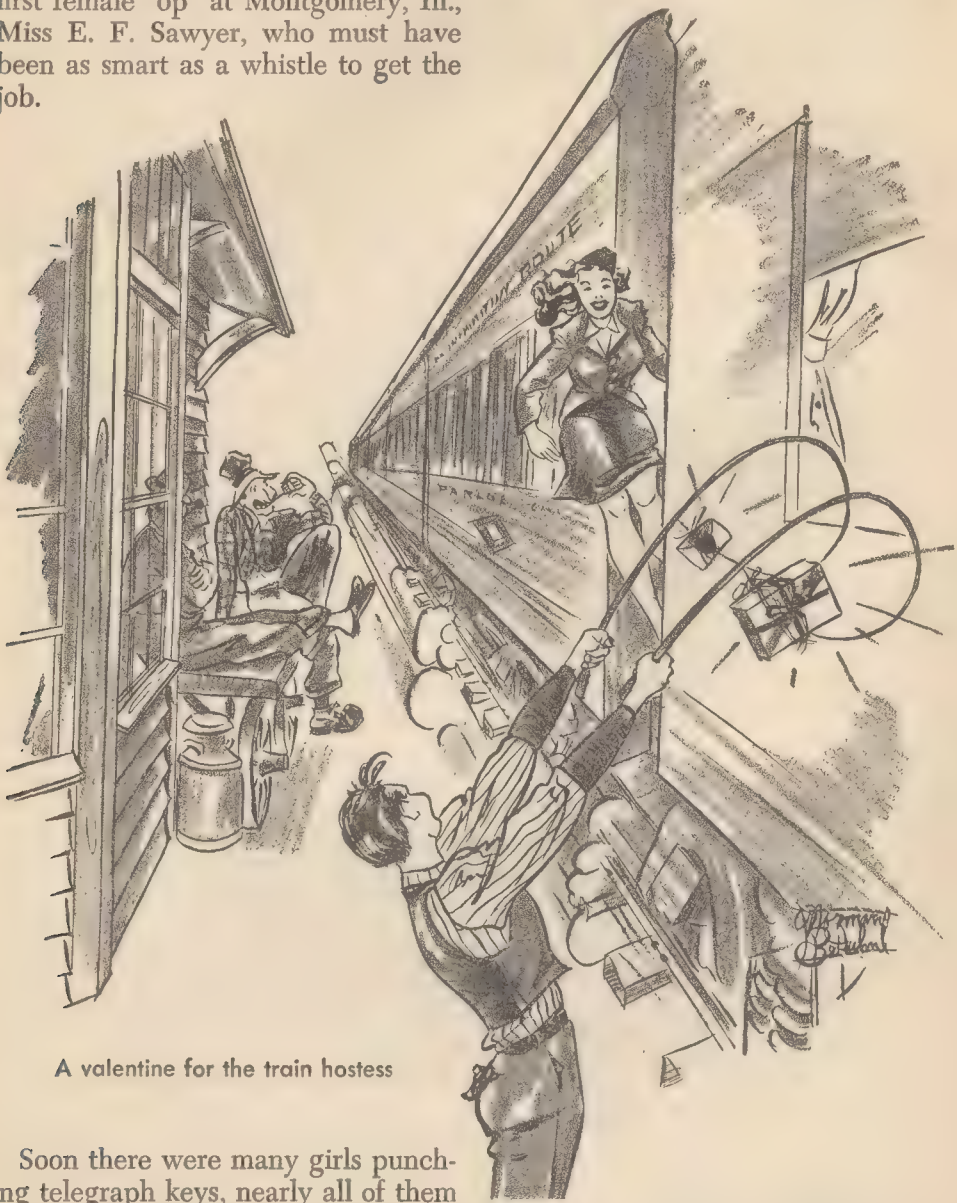
in 1825. Rebecca knew her iron and made the soundest boiler plate there was. So good was her output that the great George Stephenson, who built one of the very first steam locomotives, had much of it shipped to England for his early engines, some of which came back to North America bearing the "made in England" label.

Despite the amazing Rebecca, however, it apparently did not occur to anyone in those days that women could be of the slightest use around a railway except as lovely murals. Then came the year 1855. The B&O hired four women to make themselves handy at Baltimore stations. Susan Morningstar and Catherine Shirley were charwomen ($25 per month), while Margaret Carter was restaurant keeper ($16 per month). What job Bridget Doheny held is not known.

Given this glowing chance to make good, women have never ceased mopping and polishing station floors and brass gates. Armies of charwomen, black, brown and white, descend on our terminals by night and do a creditable job. Others attack the muddy and litter-strewn coaches in the service yard and make them bright. For years the Pullman Company has sent its seamstress through sleeping cars to mend its pillows and mattresses on the spot. Recently a few domestics have angled themselves on trains. The B&O *Capitol Limited* has colored maids who are manicurists and hairdresses. At the same time Margaret Carter's $16-a-month "beanery" job has grown mightily into a station restaurant trade employing thousands of girls, most notable of which are, perhaps, the Harvey House girls on the Santa Fe.

WOMEN had been flattening their feet at service jobs for close to twenty years before they were sup-

posed to know that trains run on orders. Yet the field they entered in 1872—telegraphy—takes a memory for stray freight engines and a real knowledge of single-track work. It was the Burlington which named the first female "op" at Montgomery, Ill., Miss E. F. Sawyer, who must have been as smart as a whistle to get the job.



A valentine for the train hostess

Soon there were many girls punching telegraph keys, nearly all of them daughters of agents, who had "cut their teeth on switch-keys" and picked up Morse while they were learning to spell C-A-T, cat. Maturing at the age of ten or eleven, they helped out in the station because they had to. Thus it was natural for the railroads later to employ them as lightning slingers; they were doing the work already. In 1930 there were 16,122 women telegraphers in the United States, but not all of them working on railways.

Some girl ops were sure to graduate to station agents. An early as 1879 the

Canadian Pacific had a woman agent, the first woman to work for that system; and in 1889 Miss Nannie Tarver took over the keys for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis at Tucker's Gap., Tenn., at the serious age of fourteen. As Mrs. Hagen she is reported to be still agent there. About two thousand women serve as station and ticket agents in the U. S. and Canada.

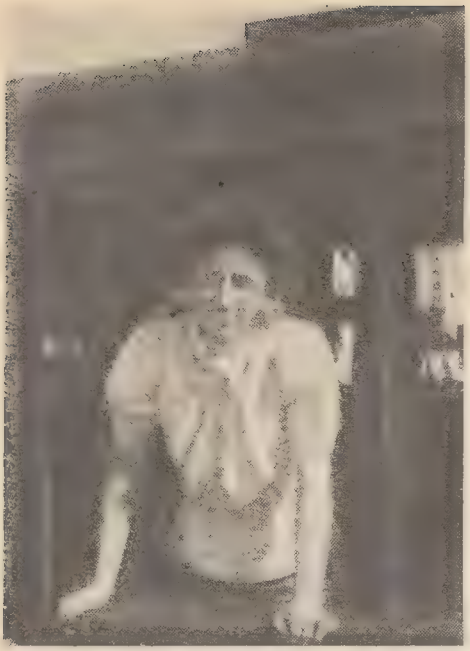
Station agent is a job with many angles, as the late Kathryn Dicks made clear in our issue of November '41. Agent for the Nickel Plate at Buckland, Ohio, she held seven positions: brass pounder, express agent, ticket and baggage agent, Western Union telegrapher, crossing watchwoman, yard checker, bookkeeper. A few damsels have served as express messengers and many as watchwomen and tower operators.

Next field open to women was office and clerical work of a dozen kinds; it is where they really hit their stride. Without women clerks, some of our greatest railroads might never run smoothly. In the 1890's, however there was endless cussing about women in railroad offices.

"They are good at statistics, some are especially good at figures," argued the late J. R. Kearney of the B&O. "And believe it or not, girls are steadier workers than men; they are not away from the job so much."

No longer does a girl find any preju dice against her, declares Miss Stevens of the *B&O Mazagine*, who says, "The limitations are fewer than the average woman realizes." Big systems have a great many girl stenogs. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis staff even includes a blind typist, Eleanor Herndon. Numerous others are secretaries, switchboard punchers, file artists. Trained women understand what makes teletype machines go and how to balance profits and losses—if possible—on bookkeeping machines; there are 561 in the accounting department of the Southern Pacific alone.

Former "Zephyr-Rocket" train hostess Marion Wheeler is now married to Harry G. Hippel, CRI&P fireman of Teague, Texas



Miss Joyce Short, now 21, of Augusta, Ark., served for years as part-time locomotive engineer on the Augusta Railroad, a two-mile common carrier (freight only) connecting with the Missouri Pacific

"Get a clerical or stenographic job first," urges Miss Stevens. "This gives you an opportunity to learn railroading first-hand."

First-hand is right. Office work is much closer to the cinders than one would think, and women by the railroad have graduated from it to main-line railroading. To name a few: Emmy Lou Publow is B&O collection clerk at Pittsburgh; Mrs. M. H. Halpin has charge of the Delaware & Hudson pass bureau, and Flora Huf is Lehigh Valley equipment clerk at Bethlehem, Pa. On the Boston & Maine there's a woman car tracer, while the Norfolk & Western has a woman claim investigator. Among the Louisville & Nashville's six hundred women is Irene Heafer, a station accountant. One of the Rock Island's seven hundred and fifty is 118-pound Laurine Kinney, who became chief clerk in the testing department because "I wanted it hard enough."

Assistant chief of the Union Pacific statistical bureau is Katherine Connell, who has served for fifty years, starting at age fifteen. Purchasing agent for the Salt Lake & Utah is Helen Keating. And Dora Whitaker, a clerk, has acted as train dispatcher on the Piedmont & Northern. Agnes Long of the Pullman Company has charge of the ticket-cash fare tabulating bureau and its 135 women.

To work in a railroad office a girl needs (1) the usual specialized office training and (2) a rare knowledge of railroad terminology. These facts are brought out in a survey of the transportation field made by the Women's Executive Committee of Chicago, a new group whose battle-cry is, "Help the women to find jobs." General chairman of the WEC is a highly successful employment advisor, Mrs. Anne V. Zinser.

"While a new girl might not know the meaning of tariff, tracer, manifest, validation or party rates," one official told the committee, "she ought to know caboose, consignor, consignee, round trip and reservation," but not many do.

A CERTAIN rail official named Mr. Morris, at Cincinnati, sorely needed a clerk. He could find plenty who "didn't know a hopper from a gondola," but one person who knew railroad language—his daughter, Virginia, who had learned to read out of the book of rules but had never been a clerk. Virginia was given the job. She handled it so well that she is now chief clerk to the district manager, Car Service Division, Association of American Railroads. So important is rail terminology, in fact, that the

WEC has issued a glossary of railroad terms.

Toward 1923 the Baltimore & Ohio pried open a place for members of the fair sex who know their routing; it named a women's passenger representative at Baltimore, Md., gave her a special office, and told her: "Do what you can to help women and children. Tell them about checking baggage and changing trains and how to get milk for the baby enroute."

Passenger agents are super-salesmen of railroad tickets. This was a new angle which many women approved, one of them being a mother who asked the B&O passenger representative to help her ship a six-year-old boy to Denver. The railroad lady put little Alex in the hands of a wise porter, told the steward not to give him too much cake, wired St. Louis for a B&O-Alton employe to transfer the boy to the next train, and finally made sure that Alex was met at the station by his aunt.

Railroads are finding that this kind of service pays. The B&O-Alton has women passenger representatives at the cities of Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Other railways are adopting the idea. There are perhaps forty in all, sometimes called directors of women's travel bureaus." The Chicago & North Western, for example, hired the very capable Miss Ioan Brown for that department.

A few years ago some passenger representatives began offering tours—herding bunches of art students to a museum at New York or a women's club to the opera at Chicago. Some railroads call this work "traveling tour director." Requirements are good appearance, tact, plenty of travel experience, knowledge of competing tours and sales ability, says the WEC of Chicago. A few bright ladies, perhaps fifteen, are working as freight solicitors. Among them you'll find Margaret Pidcock, who sells Georgia Northern transportation to watermelon shippers, and Ellen J. Raymond, assistant general freight agent of the Green Bay & Western.

Seven years ago one more place for women was found, that of hostess or stewardess-nurse on a train, more recently on trolley cars. This is not an important field in numbers employed—but it has caught the public fancy. When the Gulf & Northern (now GM&O) was getting ready to highball its new *Rebel* on July 10th, 1935, someone said, "The South's first streamlined train needs a touch of Southern hospitality."

The "touch" was a hostess in uniform, Katherine Sullivan, a slender, winsome girl with dark hair pulled back and a nice smile, who made it

Virginia Hitt served free hot coffee to popularize streetcar riding in Birmingham, Ala.

Eileen Merritt, 6221 Ellis Ave., Chicago, CRI&P stewardess-nurse, has had 4 generations of "rails" in her family

her job to lure musical passengers into playing their harmonicas, fix up bridge games, introduce people and make passengers more comfortable. She did it so well that today there are a dozen hostesses on the GM&O and others on the Atlantic Coast Line, the Burlington, the C&NW, and the Espee—some fifty in all during the winter season. But Katherine was the first.

Today this beautiful lady is playing hostess in her own home, for the marriage rate of train hostesses—like that of Harvey House girls—has broken all records. To be a hostess on the GM& Oh, a girl needs good looks and vivacity, experience with people, typing and first aid. At the present time all *Rebel* hostesses are college grads.

AFTER making a hobby of railroads for years and taking part in *Railroads on Parade* at the New York World's Fair, 1939-'40, pert little Henrietta Carter of 176 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is now employed as a recreation hostess on Atlantic Coast Line trains, having the time of her life in work for which she is well adapted.

"You never know when your knowledge will come in handy," says the bluish-gray-eyed Henrietta, who is sometimes referred to as America's Number One Railfanette. "Even girls who have no expectation of landing railroad jobs can find both fun and education in the various rail hobbies. One of my friends says she has discontinued hobbies 'for the duration,' but I told her this was a bad mistake. Today, more than ever before, we all need pastime to relieve the grim tension of war and keep us mentally fit for serious problems."

Including Miss Carter, about twenty-five hostesses are employed on the ACL, which claims to be the world's only railroad having "recreation-entertainment" cars. These cars are supervised by Mrs. F. B. Kemp and Mrs. B. F. Fuller. Their equipment includes leather chairs, palm trees, card tables, and cupboards stocked with a wide variety of games for young and old. The duty of a hostess is to see that passengers, especially those traveling alone, enjoy their trip to the full. An accordion player gives recitals and assists in singing events. Also on the pro-

gram are bingo, horse-racing and card games.

Early in 1940 a bright idea came to T. G. Brabston of the Birmingham (Ala.) Electric Company. Mr. Brabston is a live-wire trolley executive. He explains his idea thus in a letter to *Railroad Magazine*:

"We put four to five girls in band uniform coats and caps with a 'hostess' band on the arm. We furnished them with thermos bottles of hot coffee, also magazines, which they offered to the passengers. They assisted ladies with small children and even did first-aid on runs in ladies' hose."

It was a pubilicty stunt in the classic manner. Newspapers and magazines from San Francisco to Boston ran photos of demure Miss Virginia Hitt, the first trolley hostess. After a few days the hostesses, never meant to be permanent, were sent back to their regular work. Virginia is now the happy wife of a Birmingham attorney.

Somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Brabston the idea was taken seriously by a New Jersey interurban line, the Atlantic City & Shore. Two attractive girls in uniform came to the Shore Fast Line that year to help shoppers keep their bundles, lend magazines, stop the cars at points requested, tame children and answer questions about theater programs. One of them, honey-haired Ann Hackney, had her picture in many papers.

Now the Shore Line has six hostesses. Girls chosen for the job must be of average size, good personality and spotless character; they must "know how to be nice to gentlemen patrons without being 'too nice', pleasant to old ladies without giving the impression that such women need help."

Down in Atlanta, Ga., one girl in uniform and one man ride the trolleys and busses of the Georgia Power Co. Assisting passengers, they learn their reactions and pen weekly reports.

Train hostess, Henrietta Carter, conducts a bingo game in the recreation car of the Atlantic Coast Line's "Florida Special"

"Results have been worth while," reports Mr. W. R. Pollard, manager of the company's transportation department. "There's an excellent chance that this service will be permanent."

The Union Pacific, which inaugurated nurse-stewardess service on its trains on August 21st, 1935, announced a few weeks ago it was releasing its personnel of nearly a hundred such nurses as an "all-out" war measure so that these highly trained young women could be made available for more important duties in Army hospitals and elsewhere. This

service will be restored after the war.

Other railroads which employ stewardess-nurses are the B&O, the Rock Island, the Burlington, the Illinois Central, the Seaboard, the Milwaukee, the Great Northern, the Missouri Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Espee and the Santa Fe.

Nobody has tried to count the different kinds of help which a stewardess-nurse can lend to passengers. One on the B&O took a young mother to the buffet car and gave her a lesson on fixing a baby's milk. Another sat up with a woman who was nervous about passing the site of a wreck. An Alton employe took care of a Pullman passenger with a very bad cold— "I gave him gargles, aspirin, nose drops and a spare blanket," said Phyllis Hollon; but she was taken aback the next morning when the passenger humbly gave her his card—he was an M. D.

Olive Dennis, B&O "service engineer"

On the *Blue Streak,* Mildred Traband cared for a man who had slumped in his seat after a heart attack—she arranged for an ambulance to pick him up at one of the next stops. When they took the old fellow off the train, none of the other passengers knew he had been dead for twenty minutes.

To work as a stewardess-nurse a girl must be a graduate registered nurse of experience, between 22 and 27, of average build, who can pass a hard physical exam. She must have plenty of charm and a memory for names. As a reward for meeting stiff requirements a girl gets to travel. Eileen Merritt, one of the first Rock Island Stewardess-nurses, has gone farther than twenty times around the globe. And a girl may graduate to a better job, like Norma Thompson, who is now in charge of fifteen B&O nurses with an office at Chicago; or like Jean Mulac, of the same road, who became a stewardess-nurse in 1939 and graduated to women's passenger agent at St. Louis within a year.

More jobs are opening to bright girls who can sell themselves to the railroads. For instance, dieticians. Dieticians worry less about people on a diet than about regular folks. They ride on trains and raise blue smoke if the food is not right, teach hard-shelled dining-car chefs, whose knees are bent from the exertions of boiling eggs in a rocking galley five feet wide, how to break the monotony of their cooking.

"A good field for graduate dieticians and I marvel that so few have thought of it," says Margaret Stevens of the *B&O Magazine.* Although the New Haven has a few dining-car hostesses, only one woman has served as steward, Carrie Benton of the B&O.

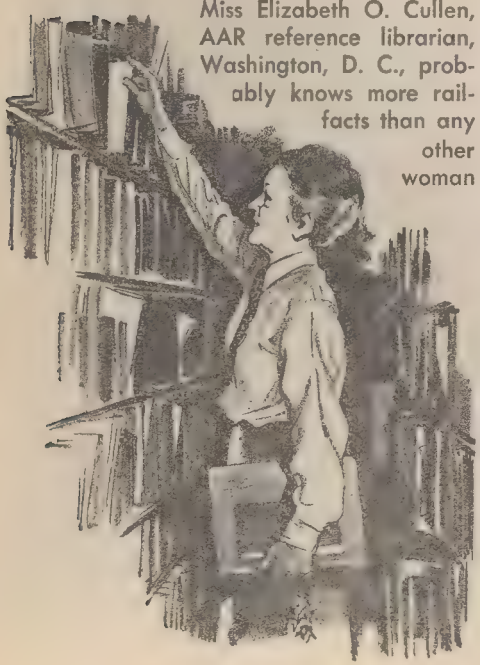
Twenty messenger girls are employed by the Canadian Pacific's communications department in Toronto. Among the New York Central's 4,000 women is Florence Dorothy Allen, who wields a drawing-pen in the car department and designs smart train interior. A former newspaper woman, Alice Bagley, has watched the poles go by from many an Erie train and made suggestions on how to brighten up coaches and stations—"counsellor of traveling public research" is the title they gave her.

Olive Dennis is known as "engineer of service" on the B&O, which first employed her a civil engineer and accepted some of her designs for bridges. Miss Dennis tests new Pullman berths and plans car interiors from carpet to ceiling. Hers is the design for the blue Centenary china used on B&O diners since 1927. Jobs having to do with "humanizing" the railway are wide open to capable women.

You'll see quite a few information girls in stations, who have to carry endless answers like "The 7:12 for Boston leaves on track sixteen" in their heads, remember to smile and keep too eager gentlemen at a distance. Others are turning out brisk newspaper copy about the number of culverts between Oshkosh and Des Moines or the trainmen's monument to a railroad dog—anything likely to reach print. Most of them are college-trained, with newspaper or advertising background.

Half a dozen others work full or part time in editorial offices of company magazines. Among them is Miss Stevens, who started in 1915 as clerk in the B&O car service department, wrote for the magazine in 1918, and wondered if she'd ever be women's editor.

"I hoped for, wished for, prayed for and worked for the job. In 1920 I got it," she says. Extremely thorough, she knows almost everything there is to know about women in railroading. Still other openings are nurses and doctors in railroad hospitals, and X-ray technicians such as Arlene Du Boise of the Illinois Central.



Miss Elizabeth O. Cullen, AAR reference librarian, Washington, D. C., probably knows more rail-facts than any other woman

HOWEVER, there's no real limit. Every so often a girl finds herself in a railroad job never before held by a woman. Train-caller in the GM&O station at Meridian, Miss., is a cheerful, sturdy Negress who wears a uniform, a white cap and a broad smile. Known as "the only woman train-caller in America," Susie T. Glover sings out the stations like a Negro spiritual. She worked around the depot for nineteen years, even lifting suitcases on and off trains, and laboring in the cafe, but "about ten years ago I got upped," Susie explains. Now she's a train-caller.

Annie Gouchnauer earned her retirement in 1937 after fifty-one years with the PRR; she was an upholsterer's helper. Miss J. Lang is a Canadian Pacific horticulturist. One of the first two women employed by the Missouri-Kansas-Texas in 1900 is still there—she's a pumper—and another "Katy" asset is Ruth Eley, a callgirl. On the Grand Trunk a woman serves as crane operator, while in the B&O shops at Baltimore a woman runs a steam hammer as easily as a sewing machine.

Even in a field so dominantly mas-

culine as railroad ties, enterprising young women have been edging ahead. Some time ago *Railroad Magazine* published a picture of the slim and youthful Etta Mae McGough of Antlers, Okla., with her big black dog. Etta has been on the Frisco's payroll for years as a buyer of ties, the loading of which she supervises herself. The question raised then is still unanswered: "Is Etta the only girl in the world to hold such a job?"

A partial answer would be to cite the work of Mrs. Lena Corley, now about thirty, who is—or was until recently—employed by the Louisville & Nashville around Fairfield, Ala., as a hewer of oak ties. Mrs. Corley thought nothing of walking three miles to work, chopping out six or eight ties a day, then hiking home.

The Baltimore & Ohio has a draftswoman, Leonora Lansdowne. The Pennsy also has a draftswoman. Four American women are Railway Post Office clerks; four others are Railway Express messengers. A number are switchwomen or flagwomen. Grace Miller operates a signal tower in Buffalo, N. Y., for the Lehigh Valley.

Two dozen women are railroad lawyers and at least half as many have been presidents of short lines. Most successful is Mrs. Lucy Rogers Walsh of the 58-mile Rock Island Southern, who inherited this Illinois road from her husband in 1932. The RIS has four engines (two of them electric), 79 freight cars, four passenger cars, and 29 employees, including Auditor Jennie Frank and Cashier Helen Peterson. Legal owners of the Cassville & Exeter in Missouri are Mrs. Ida Gardner Dingler and Mrs. Bertha Ault, both past sixty. Mrs. Dingler is president and Mrs. Ault, secretary. They employ an engineer, a conductor, a fireman and an agent; have one engine and one modest coach. Since the two women took over in 1939, all 4.9 well-ballasted miles have stayed in the black. Avis Lobdell is assistant to the Union Pacific president.

Half a dozen women have been steam-line vice-presidents, three of them on the Red River & Gulf, upon which the U. S. War Department recently held an option. At latest reports the chairman of the Magma Arizona Railroad was Mrs. William Boyce Thompson of Yonkers, N. Y., and the chairman of the Sapulpa Union Railway, a short electric road in Oklahoma, was Mrs. Bernice Slick-Urschel.

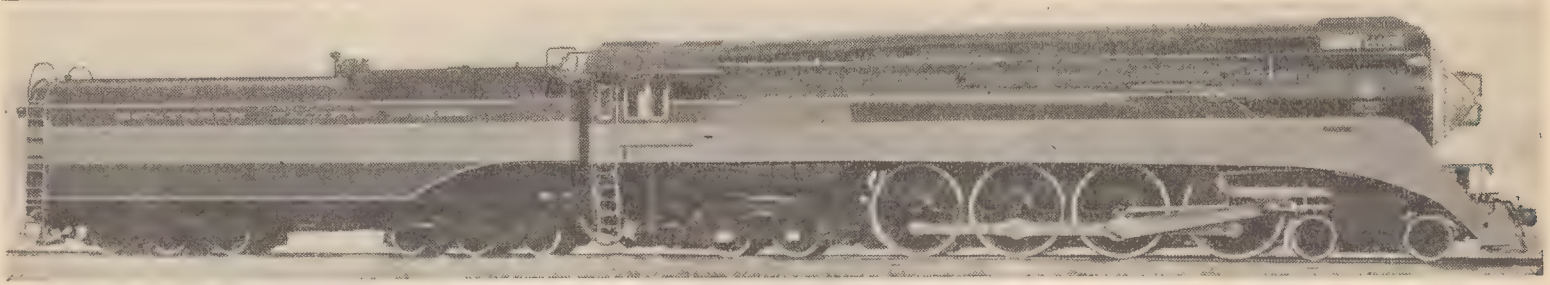
Seven different cities have Railway Business Women's Associations.

It is hard to find any North American job entirely closed to women. Engineer? There was a lady throttle-pusher on the Canadian Pacific many years ago, Mrs. Mary Ellen Wilkenson. Fireman? When Mrs. Wilkenson's husband took charge of a turntable at North Bay, Ont., she fired many an engine for him; she is eighty-six now and her hands are better for needlework. Conductor? Perhaps some stewardess-nurse will step into this job. There were 253 lady streetcar conductors in 1920, fewer now. The number will certainly increase on account of the war. Brakewoman? Ida B. Legerts served as a shack for eight months in Mexico when her husband was skipper of a repair train; her job was not exactly official, but she got paid her "monthly insult." And at latest reports there were thirty-four locomotive hostlers and boiler washers of the fair sex.

In twenty years, by U. S. Census, the proportion of women to men in railroad work had increased only nine-tenths of one per cent. But watch the figures soar on wartime jobs.

The world's first permanent trolley hostess, golden-haired Ann Hackney, in summer uniform, with the words "Shore Fast Line Hostess" on her sleeve, stands proudly beside car 113 of the Atlantic City & Shore Railroad

Steam Locomotive Orders of 1941



The Southern Pacific received *Daylight* engines 4430-4449 from Lima in 1941; has another ten on order. Distinguishing features are all-weather cabs, three turbo-electric generators per locomotive, and the incorporation of Mars headlights in the smokebox fronts

United States

Purchaser	No.	Type	Weight	Tractive Force	Cylinders	Date of Order	Date of Delivery	Builder
Alaska	1	4-8-2	268,000	43,100	22 x 30	May	May 1942	Baldwin
Aliquippa & Southern	2	0-8-0	231,000	59,500	25 x 28	April	Jan. 1942	American
Bessemer & Lake Erie	2	2-10-4	520,000	96,700	21 x 32	November	1942	Baldwin
	3	0-8-0	279,000	64,309	25 x 30	November	1942	American
Chesapeake & Ohio	2	4-8-4	504,000	68,300	27½ x 30	January	Jan. 1942	Lima
	8	4-6-4	442,000	52,000	25 x 30	February	Dec. 1942	Baldwin
	10	2-6-6-6	695,000	110,200	22½ x 33	October	July 1942	Lima
Clinchfield	8	4-6-6-4	620,000	101,120	22 x 32 (4)	June	Sept. 1942	American
Con. & Black Lick	2	0-8-0	230,800	55,400	25 x 28	May	October	Lima
Connecticut Light & Power	1	Fireless	100,000	.....	21 x 19	January	May	Heisler
Delaware & Hudson	15	4-6-6-4	597,000	95,800	20½ x 32 (4)	July	.....	American
Denver & Rio Grande Western	5	4-6-6-4	645,000	105,000	23 x 32 (4)	January	November	Baldwin
Detroit, Toledo & Ironton	4	2-8-2	369,500	55,600	23 x 30	January	July	Lima
Grand Trunk Western	25	4-8-4	398,800	59,000	26 x 30	February	Dec.-March 1942	American
Humble Oil & Refining	1	Fireless	88,000	.....	21 x 19	February	August	Heisler
Louisville & Nashville	14	2-8-4	438,500	65,290	25 x 32	July	.....	Baldwin
Middle Fork	1	Geared	170,000	.....	17¼ x 15	January	April	Heisler
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis	10	4-8-4	385,000	57,000	25 x 30	June	May 1942	American
New York Central	15	4-8-2	398,000	74,100†	25½ x 30	May	March 1942	American
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	15	2-8-4	423,500	64,100	25 x 34	June	March 1942	Lima
Norfolk & Western	6	2-8-8-2	582,900	126,838C 152,206S	25 & 39 x 32 (4)	March	Feb.-July 1942	R. R.
	10	2-8-8-2	582,900	126,838C 152,206S	25 & 39 x 32 (4)	May	Aug. 1942-June 1943	R. R.
Ozette Timber	1	Shay	181,000	38,200	13 x 15 (3)	September	September	Lima
Panama	6	2-6-0	155,000	30,000	19 x 24	February	Dec. 1942	Porter
Pennsylvania	1	4-6-4-4	580,000	96,250†	23 x 28	February	May	R. R.
	1	4-8-4	493,000	81,500‡	Turbine	May	.....	Baldwin

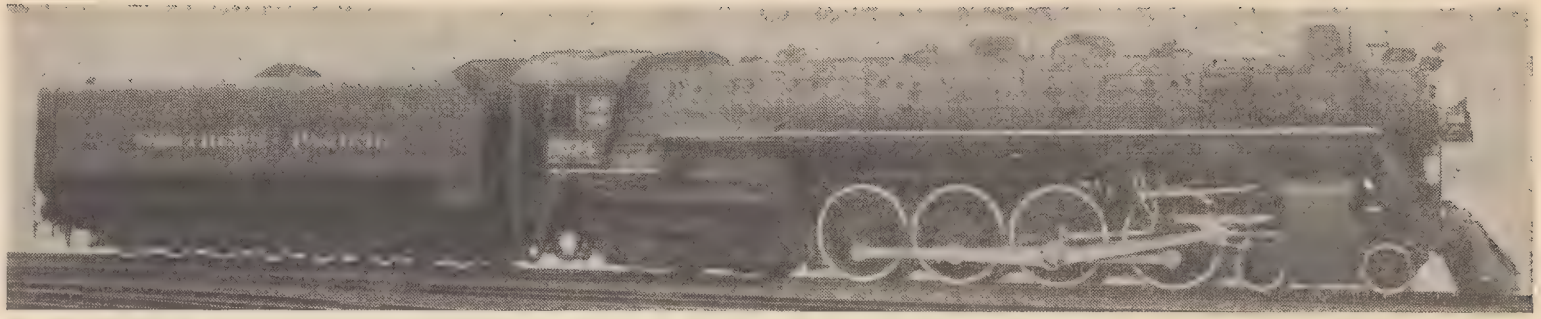
† *With Booster;* c *Compound;* ‹ *Simple.*

Continued on page 90

Well satisfied with sixteen 1200 series *Berkshires*, the Pere Marquette ordered and received twenty more from Lima in 1941

Baldwin outshopped twelve of these 4-6-6-4s for the Western Maryland in the first two months of last year

Although not indicated in our tabulation, the last *Mohawk* built by Lima for the New York Central didn't leave the paint shop until January, '41



Big girls of the Northern Pacific's Baldwin-built 2670-2677 series chuckle at the 1,008-mile engine run between St. Paul, Minn., and Livingston, Mont.

Steam Locomotives of 1941

United States (continued)

Purchaser	No.	Type	Weight	Tractive Force	Cylinders	Date of Order	Date of Delivery	Builder
Pere Marquette	12	2-8-4	442,500	69,350	26 x 34	January	November	Lima
Pickands, Mather & Co.	1	0-8-0	260,000	60,100	25 x 28	January	June	Baldwin
Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac	6	4-8-4	409,000	62,800	27 x 30	July	.....	Baldwin
St. Louis-San Francisco	5	4-8-2	419,200	77,350†	29 x 32	May	Feb. 1942	R. R.
	12	4-8-4	452,000	69,800	28 x 31	June	.....	Baldwin
	3	4-8-4	442,000	69,800	28 x 31	June	.....	Baldwin
Southern Pacific	10	4-8-4	475,000	64,760	25½ x 32	March	.....	Lima
	40	4-8-8-2	657,900	124,300	24 x 32 (4)	March	.....	Baldwin
Union Pacific	5	4-8-8-4	762,000	135,375	23¾ x 32	January	December	American
	20	4-6-6-4	.....	.....	21 x 32	May	1942	American
United States Navy Department	1	Fireless	.....	90,000	.....	October	.....	Porter
United States War Department	8	2-8-0	178,000	37,100	21 x 26	September	Jan. Feb. 1942	Lima
Wheeling & Lake Erie	10	2-8-4	415,000	64,135	25 x 34	July	1942	American

Canada

Canada Starch	1	0-4-0	.....	.....	14 x 22	1941	.....	Montreal
Canadian National	35	4-8-4	392,220	56,800	25½ x 30	April	.....	Montreal
Canadian Pacific	20	4-6-2	323,000	45,250	22 x 30	April	Jan. Sept. 1942	Canadian
	17	4-6-2	323,000	45,250	22 x 30	October	Jan. Sept. 1942	Canadian
Dominion Steel & Coal	1	0-4-0	..	....	14 x 22	1941	.....	Montreal

† *With Booster*

The Bessemer & Lake Erie pioneered in the employment of Texas-type power and owns a formidable fleet of these giants. Two additional units are now on order

While the Norfolk & Western's 600 series ranks as the most powerful 4-8-4 type now in service, Santa Fe machines of the 3780 class show a higher horsepower rating. They have 80-inch drivers

The Boston & Maine's 4117 exemplifies the beauty of practical design in a natural state of evolution. She's Baldwin-built, as are the other engines on this page

Photo by W. H. Thrall, Jr., 3703 Legation St. N. W., Washington, D. C

The only railroad in the United States still building Mallet compounds is the Norfolk & Western, which continues to turn out husky, dependable Y-6 power in its Roanoke shops

Steam Power Ordered in 1940 and Delivered in 1941

Purchaser	No.	Type	Weight	Tractive Force	Cylinders	Builder
Akron, Canton & Youngstown	2	2-8-2	313,700	53,800	26 x 30	Lima
Alaska	1	4-6-2	242,000	36,500	22 x 28	Baldwin
Santa Fe	10	4-8-4	511,000	66,000	28 x 32	Baldwin
Bessemer & Lake Erie	2	0-8-0	279,000	64,309	25 x 30	Baldwin
Boston & Maine	5	4-8-2	420,260	67,000	28 x 31	Baldwin
Chesapeake & Ohio	10	2-6-6-6	695,000	110,200	22½ x 33 (4)	Lima
Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range	8	2-8-8-4	712,000	140,000	26 x 32 (4)	Baldwin
New York Central	10	4-8-2	393,500	74,100†	25½ x 30	American
Norfolk & Western	4	4-8-4	494,000	73,300	27 x 32	R. R.
Norfolk & Western	1	4-8-4	503,000	85,800†	27 x 32	R. R.
Northern Pacific	8	4-8-4	492,300	69,800	28 x 31	Baldwin
Northern Pacific	6	4-6-6-4	640,000	104,500	23 x 32 (4)	American
Frisco	3	4-8-4	360,960	55,400†	26 x 28	R. R.
Frisco	5	4-8-2	419,200	77,300	29 x 32	R. R.
Southern Pacific	20	4-8-4	469,000	79,660	25½ x 32	Lima
Union Pacific	15	4-8-8-4	762,000	135,375	23¾ x 32 (4)	American
Western Maryland	12	4-6-6-4	604,000	95,500	22 x 32	Baldwin
Wheeling & Lake Erie	7	2-8-4	408,000	64,100	25 x 34	American
Youngstown Sheet & Tube	1	0-4-0	84,000	18,620	21 x 19	Heisler

† *With Booster.*

Next month: Detroit, Toledo & Ironton

Photo by R. H. Kindig, 3831 Perry St., Denver, Colo.

Most powerful of 4-6-6-4 types, the Denver & Rio Grande Western's 3700—3709 series gave a good account of themselves; warranted an order for five more in 1941

The DM&IR's 222 and seven sister engines show a slightly higher tractive effort rating than the Northern Pacific's famous *Yellowstones*. They haul long ore trains from the Mesabi and Vermillion Ranges down to dockside at Duluth

Photo by Henry Griffiths, 1316 River St., Boise, Idaho

First to use the 4-6-6-4 wheel arrangement, the Union Pacific finds its forty Challenger engines well suited to both freight and passenger hauling. Twenty more, to be numbered 3940-3959, are due to be deliverd by Alco in 1942

Another UP "first" turned out by the American Locomotive Works—the 4-8-8-4 type. Heaviest locomotives ever to pound the rails, these behemoths pack 7000 horsepower apiece, measure 140 feet from coupler to coupler. They are capable of sustained speeds of 70 miles per hour

Trip to Glory

By E. M. KATTENBERG

IN MANY cases brought to my attention, engine- or trainmen have been disturbed by vague premonition just before a fatal wreck; but if my friend Henry F. Miller had any such foreboding on the evening of February 18th, 1939, he did not confide it to me. Henry and I were Chicago Great Western engineers—I still am—and he had been boarding with me for sixteen years; so there is every reason to believe that if he'd had a hunch of coming disaster he would have mentioned it that night at the supper table.

Instead, he ate heartily and apparently in fine spirits. As he finished, pushing back his chair, he said to my wife: "With one of your good meals inside him, a man is ready for a night's work."

It is ten blocks from our home at 726 Eighth Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the CGW roundhouse. My wife felt the need of fresh air and exercise that night, so she walked over with Henry. Even then, she told me later, our friend gave no indication of being worried about anything more serious than the snow and slush that littered the streets, and said he'd be glad to see February end. His last words to her were, "I'll see you tomorrow night."

Alas! Henry Miller never saw the last of February, nor the dawn of another day. I did not actually witness the collision in which he went to glory, but I viewed the wreckage, have photographs of it, and I can reconstruct the tragic events on the basis of facts obtained from fellow employes.

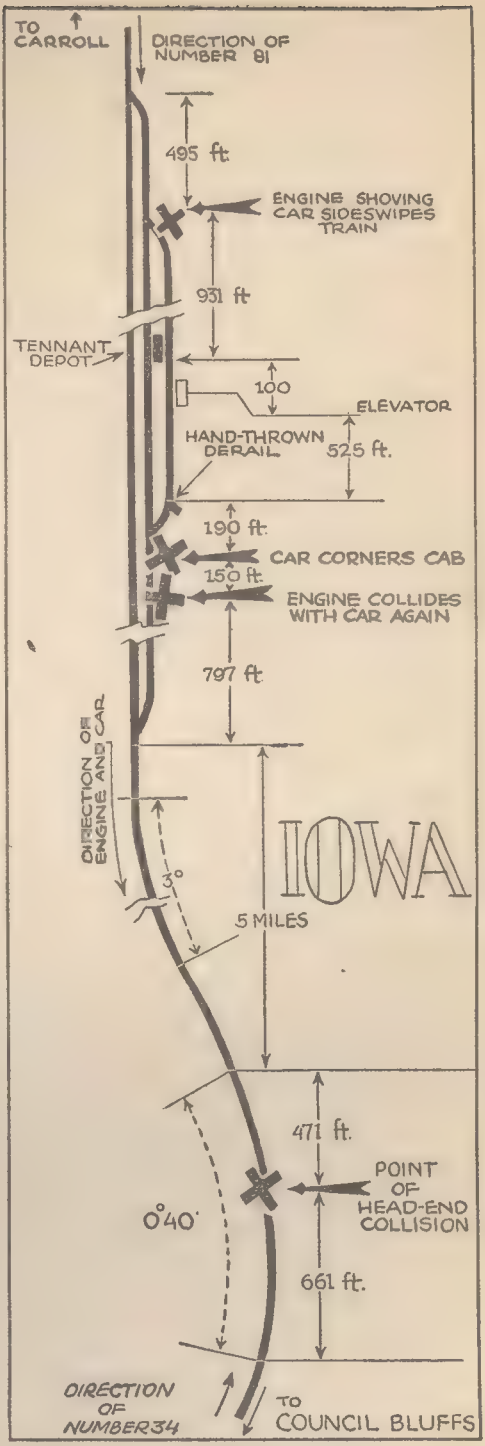
CGW wreck near Tennant; drawn from photo made by a friend of the author

Henry's engine was the 759—observe the number on one of the wreck photos. After comparing orders as usual with his conductor, James Hart, he "mounted to the cabin," as the *Casey Jones* song puts it, and noted with satisfaction that Fireman Robert D. Sellers had built up a good head of steam. At 9:42 the pistons of the shining, newly-painted locomotive began moving and train 34 pulled out of town, eastbound for Minneapolis. There were two baggage cars, one mail car, a coach and a Pullman sleeper, all of sturdy steel construction —an important asset, in view of what was to happen.

As the train cut a swath of light through the dark February night, Henry no doubt reread his "flimsies" and showed them to his fireman. Order 63 was simple enough: "No. 34 eng. 759 wait at Magill until 10:15 pm Tennant 10:25 pm for No. 81 eng. 755."

Walking up Seventh Street in Council Bluffs after doing my turn, I had looked back and watched train 34 roll out of the shed, little suspecting that I was seeing her engine crew alive for the last time.

FORTY-THREE miles ahead on the same track, at just about the same moment, another train crew was reading the identical order. Engineman Anderson and Conductor Walsh, in charge of train 81, a westbound second-class freight, had received their copy of order 63 at Harlan, Iowa. They were an hour and a half out of Carroll, western end of the 83.8-mile Seventeenth District on the Minnesota Division. At 9:35 p.m. engine 755 pulled her string of fifty-six cars out of Harlan, heading for Tennant, Iowa, eight miles further on, where a car of corn waited to be picked up.



Pile-up on the Chicago Great Western, February 18, 1939. This diagram is based upon a drawing in the Interstate Commerce Commission's report of the accident

Anderson and his fireman, a fellow named Sharp, were congratulating themselves that their old teakettle was not running badly at all. Brakes were working properly—nothing seemed amiss. This was unusual, as some of us fellows on that division thought the 755 was a jinx. Whenever we had trouble in freight service she was likely to be involved in it somehow.

They drew into the siding at Tennant at 10:05, leaving the rear end of the train standing on the main stem. Conductor Walsh remained in back to protect the hind cars, while Rear Brakeman Mehren went ahead a bit to guard against Henry's train, 34, which was due in twenty minutes. The car to be added to the drag stood behind a carload of ties on the house track. The house track itself was 1,557 feet long, paralleling the 3,000-foot siding and connected to it at both ends by hand switches, with a hand-thrown derail at the western juncture. In the island formed by the two service tracks stood an elevator and a small depot, both of them unattended at that hour of the night.

Anderson backed his engine into the house track, pulled the two cars out, and then kicked the steel boxcar of corn up the siding toward the train. As there was a slight ascending grade and the car did not move freely, he had to give it a second shove in order for it to reach and couple onto the drag. The front brakeman, a rather green hand named Brown, thought the brake was set on the boxcar because it moved so slowly. Scrambling up onto the flatcar of ties, he anchored the car after Anderson had set it back on the house track.

Suddenly the boxcar loomed up at the window of the engine cab. Anderson felt scalding water in his face. Hastily applying the brake valve, he jumped from the locomotive to get away from the shower of steam and boiling water. The car of corn had rolled down the slight incline again, cornering the engine and breaking the steam pipe and pipes leading to and from the distributing valve of the engine.

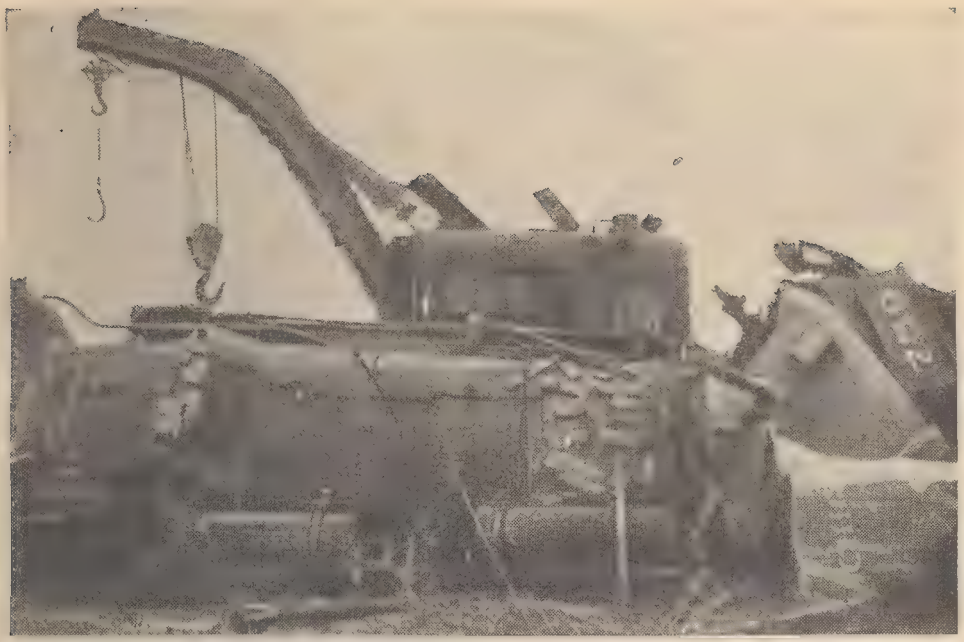
Fireman Sharp was on the deck of the locomotive at the time, examining the coal conveyor. The impact of the collision threw him to the coal pile. He saw the escaping steam before it hit him full force, and quickly made his way from the engine over the rear of the tender.

In his unplanned descent from the cab, Anderson did not have time to close the throttle. Realizing that the 755 was still moving backward, the injured man attempted to crawl after her. Then, seeing the fireman, he shouted to him to stop her. Sharp ran, but could not overtake the locomotive.

Meanwhile, Brown, the head brakeman, also noticed the engine moving away and chased her. He boarded the steps on the right-hand side, but the steam and water which filled the cab made it impossible for him to enter. Then, as the engine was rapidly gathering momentum, he jumped off.

Pushing the car of ties behind her, Number 755 rammed into the hind end of the train, derailing a tankcar and two boxcars, and smashing the load of ties into toothpicks. The force of this second cornering caused the reverse gear of the berseck locomotive to shift in the opposite direction. Now uncoupled from the carload of ties, she surged forward through the house track onto the siding.

The head brakeman looked on helplessly as the engine came toward him, obviously not having the presence of mind to try to throw the derail, which would have kept her from entering the



Engine 759, rammed by the hoodoo runaway, was reduced to a pathetic mass of twisted scrap-iron. Neither member of her crew had a shadow of a chance. The first baggage car of train 34 was tossed off the track, while the steel car loaded with corn was squeezed as though by a giant fist

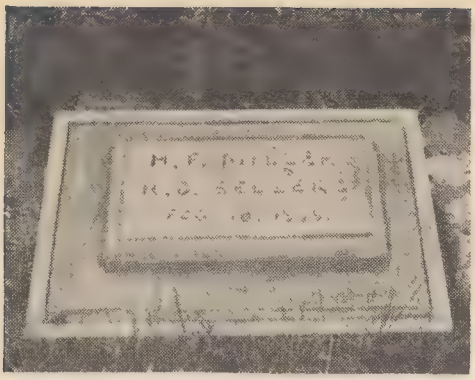
siding. Meanwhile, the car loaded with corn had rolled westward through the west house-track switch out on the siding. The rampant engine smashed into the boxcar and sped on, pushing it ahead of her, out on the main stem. Traveling at about thirty miles per hour and rapidly increasing speed, the runaway rushed through the inky-black night, her headlight presumably obscured by the boxcar, for a cornfield meet with train 34!

WHILE all this was going on—of course, without the knowledge of Henry Miller or any member of his crew—the passenger train was steadily forging ahead, her crew being cognizant of the order instructing them to wait at Magill until 10.15 p.m. and at Tennant until 10.25.

At 10.28 they passed Magill, making a speed of between forty and fifty miles per hour. Immediately after passing Magill, Brakeman Jimmy Connors pulled the communicating cord to call Henry's attention to the wait order at Tennant, even though the restriction had already expired. The engineer replied, showing he had not forgotten the order, either.

His trained eyes peering out of the cab, Henry skillfully piloted his train through the night, while Fireman Bob Sellers chatted about his wife and two fine sons, meanwhile dextrously spreading the black over the white. Onward they sped, on the same inflexible steel rails which were bearing the unharnessed juggernaut toward them.

In less than two minutes after they passed Magill, the two engines met head-on, with a deafening roar. Both were demolished. The first baggage car of train 34 was tossed off the track, while the steel freight car loaded with corn was equeezed into a mass of



Engineer Kattenberg honored the memory of Miller and Sellers by placing this tablet on the site of the wreck

twisted metal, its contents strewn over the right-of-way.

Poor Henry Miller never knew what happened when the hoodoo runaway smashed into his engine. Death, I believe, was instantaneous. Bob Sellers did not fare much better. He was thrown through the wreckage of the freight car into the wheels and framework of Number 755, and lived just about long enough to give his puzzled version of what had taken place. He said that neither he nor Miller had any idea of the fate that was stealing toward them through the night until the accident actually happened, because 755's headlight was not visible, having either been extinguished by all the battering she underwent during the futile switching operations at Tennant or covered by the car of corn.

Henry's skipper, Jimmy Hart, was not injured. Brakeman Connors, who had been standing in the aisle of the day coach at the time, was hurled through the door between the ladies' compartment and the smoker, taking the door off its hinges. His throat was badly gashed by broken glass. The unfortunate brakeman would have answered the last call also had it not been for the quick action of an engineer's wife, doubleheading on a pass. Even though she herself was thrown over three rows of seats, the indomnitable lady recovered her senses rapidly enough to pull ravelings from a linen tablecloth, snatched from the sleeper's dining compartment. These she applied to Connors' neck, staunching the flow of blood. God bless that engineer's wife, wherever she is today! Of such courageous stuff are railroad women made.

Several passengers were rudely shaken up, but the only other serious casualty in the freak accident was Engineer Anderson, of train 81, who was badly scalded when the car of corn rammed his locomotive, breaking her steam pipes. He spent several weeks in a hospital. I am glad to say he is back on duty now, fit as a fiddle.

The tragedy was a terrible blow to my wife and me. In addition to the fact that Henry had boarded with us sixteen years, as I stated, I had worked in pool service with him for years, and at the time of the wreck I was on the opposite run from him. Had that accident happened the night before or the night after, instead of on February 18th, the funeral would almost certainly have been mine instead of his.

I HAVE said that Henry Miller had no premonition of disaster. Maybe I should qualify that statement.

On the last morning of his life, the runner was sitting unconcernedly in our kitchen, with his back to the window, when a white pigeon came flying toward the glass and fluttered around, evidently looking for food. My wife, who has intuitions, regarded this as a bad omen and advised the engineer to get away from the window. Henry chuckled. He wasn't worried, but to please Mrs. Kattenberg he ambled into the sun parlor and lay down on

the sofa for a nap. It seems the bird followed him outside the house and again perched on the window nearest to our friend's head.

Later, when Henry was ready to put on his shoes to go to work that night, he said they felt unusually heavy—possibly from the slush—and asked my wife to lift them to judge for herself. She did so, and told me afterward she thought that was another bad sign. But the engineer himself gave no inkling that he expected trouble.

My wife and I were upset over the tragedy, naturally. With some trepidation I went out on my turn the following night. As I told some of the boys, I could have rolled a keg of whisky over the division faster than I piloted the engine on that particular run. Reaching Minneapolis in the morning, I phoned my wife to reassure her that I was all right.

Then she told me, via long-distance, that Henry Miller's spirit had come back during the night, opening the door of her bedroom and making his way through the moonlight to a chair by her bed. He wore the same clothes he'd had on the night of the wreck, she said, but his face was black and pitted from the scalding.

After Henry Miller had been buried at Fort Dodge and Bob Sellers at Eagle Grove, Iowa, I placed a stone marker beside the track at the scene of the wreck, five miles west of Tennant, in memory of those two brave men who died in the performance of duty. I never pass that tablet, riding comfortably in my engine cab on the Chicago Great Western, without a lump rising in my throat as I reflect that my friend practically died for me, as I had been over that road just a couple of hours before his trip to glory.

The Umbrella Flagman

THIRTY-THREE years have rolled by since I first twirled a brake club—years that storm through memory like a hotshot climbing a grade. Because railroading has changed since then I will set down some of my experiences for the newest crop of trainmen to read and compare.

By A. P. KENDALL

A few weeks ago I was looking through a little old *Car Builders' Dictionary* of 1881. Among its many pictures is a drawing of an inspection hand-car, operated by muscular power applied to a crank. There were two comfortable seats, each with a back rest, and above them both was perched a huge umbrella designed to shield his royal nibs, the roadmaster, from blazing sun or drenching shower. *That*, I told myself, *was traveling in style.*

Today, however, any official venturing to use such equipment in public would be greeted with a vast belly laugh from one end of the division to the other. And yet, believe it or not, one rainy day when I was a young and ignorant brakeman flagging a train I held an umbrella over my head to keep off the

moisture. I thought at the time this was perfectly sensible, but the boys never did get done kidding me as a result. They called me "the umbrella flagman." Even now the very thought of it makes me squirm inwardly. I'll tell you exactly what happened.

Back in 1909 I made up my mind to go railroading. I wagged myself timidly into the office of red-faced, bluff, gruff-spoken U. N. Camden, who was trainmaster in Charlotte, N. C., and asked him for a job of braking. Mr. Camden eased his two hundred pounds to a more comfortable position, eyed my sandy hair and wide shoulders, and grunted:

"How old are you?"

I hoped my sturdy body looked the "Twenty-one, sir," that I told him.

He scowled at me a second and said: "I haven't a report on how many brakemen were killed on this division last night, but I guess we can use you."

The T. M. smiled then and handed me a permit to ride a few engines and cabooses over the 400-mile division and learn the ropes.

I hadn't been on the payroll long before I bumped into Old Man Trouble. That night the moon was responsible. You've often heard about the "Carolina moon" in songs and poems. She paints the landscape silver and makes the night so radiant that you can read newspaper headlines. We were running old Number 75, the through freight. I was head brakeman. Our skipper was Ben Welleford, while Frank Swearinger was the hind man.

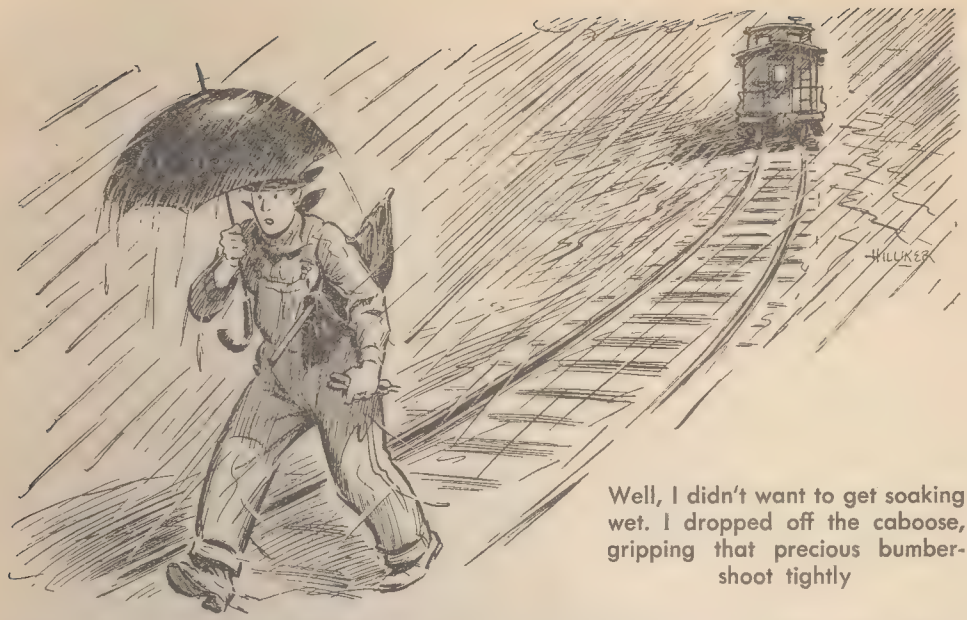
Frank was one of those caboose artists with a skillet and a few edibles. He could snatch a fat, tender chicken right out of thin air like a magician. Jimmy Nelson was our engineer. Today he is running a Diesel-electric, pulling the crack *Southerner*.

At the last station stop Frank had told me that our food would be on the table by the time we left Bessemer City, N. C., and for me to grab the crummy and put on the nosebag. It was a quiet, hazy evening—"a right peart night for railroadin'," as Jimmy Nelson laughingly remarked. The moon rode high in the heavens, throwing down soft light which made shadows clear-cut; all grab-irons and ladders on the sides of boxcars were plainly etched in inky black lines.

I set out a couple of cars of ice, coupled Jimmy into the train, and started hot-footing toward the caboose as I gave him a proceed signal. I could almost smell the ham and eggs and coffee and cornbread that I knew was waiting for me, and I could hardly wait. Now, Bessemer City was in on a reverse curve, which brought the sides of the cars around so the moon shone squarely against them. In giving Jimmy the *proceed* signal, my lantern had gone out—which so often happens to students. But I decided I didn't need it, not with all that bright moonlight.

The faster I walked toward the caboose the faster Jimmy worked his engine. The way the wheels were tapping the joints made me realize he was really bent on leaving town in a hurry; and that if I tarried until the crummy came along, I wouldn't be able to swing on. So I tried to hop a boxcar, making a pass at what looked like a grab-iron. Instead, I grasped only a shadow, which promptly pulled out. Over and over I went, down a six-foot fill, diving head first into a stack of lumber. Brilliant lights haloed around my head and I heard the birdies sing . . .

I regained consciousness just in time to see the caboose markers blinking at me tantalizingly as they round-



Well, I didn't want to get soaking wet. I dropped off the caboose, gripping that precious bumbershoot tightly

ed the curve. I staggered over to the middle of the track, where the aroma of ham and eggs and coffee still seemed to hang heavy on the quiet air. Then, hungry and bruised, I picked up my broken lantern and shuffled slowly toward the telegraph office to let my conductor know what had happened to me.

A FEW trips later I underwent one of those "embarrassing moments" that everybody experiences now and then. But I think mine was among the worst. To this day my ears burn from just thinking about it.

That trip I landed the parlor job. It was raining pitchforks and hammer handles. But I considered myself lucky in having caught the flagging job because I didn't own a raincoat. When we pulled into Greer, S. C., a little jerkwater station about midway of the run, my conductor jerked out his watch, squinted at the time, and barked at me:

"We'll hold the main here. Kendall, grab your flagging equipment and drop off on the curve as we enter town. Put down a couple of torpedoes. I'll go to the head end and help set out a couple of cars and pick two or three loads off the stock track. We'll call you in."

With that he buckled his raincoat about him and dove out the front door. Well, I didn't want to get soaking wet. So I began poking around in every nook and corner of the crummy, hoping to find something to protect me against the storm. Suddenly I gave vent to a satisfied, "Hah!" Set back in a locker stood a dusty umbrella. I dropped off the caboose, gripping that precious bumbershoot tightly; and the minute I could, I opened it.

Holding the danged thing over me, I stooped and clamped one torpedo on the rail. I walked a short distance and clamped a second. Then, listening to the hollow drum of rain on my protecting dome of cloth, I walked to where I could see the caboose through the downpour and sat myself down on the end of a wet tie. I don't know whether in all the annals of railroading any other flagman did his work aided by an umbrella. If so, I wish

he'd tell the readers of *Railroad Magazine* about it.

With my feet tucked under me, I sat hunched over, soothed by the noise overhead, and dreaming of the day when I'd wear a conductor's insignia. But I couldn't have been sitting there more than a minute when suddenly a blaring whistle sounded right over me. I jumped as if I'd been shot. A rain-drenched locomotive was puffing about ten feet away! With blazing face I walked toward her.

The engineer poked a good-natured mug out his cab window.

"I just reckoned I'd blow my whistle, bub," he grinned, "to let you know I'd arrived."

All I could do was stammer. He waved aside my excuses.

"It's okay," he chuckled. "In fact, it's unique, seein' a flagman with an umbrella like a frog under a toadstool. But no damage done. We'll forget the whole thing. I exploded your torpedoes, which shows you was on the job."

Well, I tried to locate the owner of that umbrella. Everybody denied having seen it before. In fact, all of that gang of robust railroaders panned me unmercifully for trying to railroad and pack a bumbershoot at the same time.

MY NEXT embarrassing moment followed pretty closely on the heels of my first. I was called to brake the head end of a circus train. Barnum & Bailey's was going to show at Charlotte, N. C., and the line-up consisted of four full freight sections back in those glorious days.

I hadn't been working long enough to accumulate enough money for a watch. But a brass pounder at the depot where I had run errands before going to braking had given me a stout gold chain for a Christmas present. In order to cover my deficiency I carried the chain prominently displayed on my overall bib with a small padlock attached.

We were waiting for orders to leave town, a whole gang of us rails, when H. L. Hungerford, our new Superintendent, came walking up. Mr. Hungerford wanted to impress all of us with his efficiency. About the time our conductor came out with a handful of flimsies, Mr. Hungerford addressed us all.

"Have you gentlemen your time?" he asked, pulling out a shiny new timepiece.

Everyone in the gang but I yanked out his watch. The super went from man to man, looking at each ticker and nodding his head. The last one he called was exactly 1:15 a.m. I'll never forget that particular time. Then he glanced over at me. I was trying to get behind somebody where I'd be unnoticed. But Mr. Hungerford's vision was too sharp.

"What time have you, young fellow?" he wanted to know.

There I was, the center of every eye. What could I say? My tongue refused to function. While I was trying to frame an answer, the official came over, grabbed my gold chain and pulled. Out flew the padlock.

"What's this?" he asked sharply, turning it over and over.

The rest of the gang guffawed.

"Haven't you got a watch?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"How long have you been out on the road?"

I told him.

Mr. Hungerford began quoting rules governing standard time, with special emphasis on the often repeated word *must*. Then he reiterated: "And you haven't any watch?"

Miserably, I shook my head.

"Then you should be a banker," he said. "unless you want to continue working here. In that event, don't come out another trip without a standard railroad watch."

TROUBLE was really riding my hip pocket that hot summer day back in 1912. Even thinking about it now makes me shudder. I was braking on local freight. With me was that caboose chef par excellence, Frank Swearinger, and another brakeman called "Windy" Holt. Since it was a setout and pickup job, all of us carried brake clubs. And because we had a flock of switching to do at the small industrial town of Cowpens, S. C., we were riding the train where our first cut would be. This happened to be a car of gasoline. Ahead of the tank car was a new boxcar with a steel frame.

Did you ever watch your fellow shacks handle brake clubs? Well, they generally "fiddle" with them if they're not setting binders. They'll tap them against the ground, or beat the end of a car, or lean on them. I've seen 'em handle a brake club like a real major domo does a baton, and just about as gracefully.

While we chewed away at the fat, with me doing most of the chewing, I jabbed the butt of my brake club against the rear of the boxcar. The other end I held in the palm of my hand, and my hand against my breast, which sort of braced me against the surge of the train which was climbing toward the top of Pacolet Hill.

The "chin fest" went on until our engineer whistled for Cowpen's. I moved to one side to peer ahead. Simultaneously the slack ran up in the train, catching my brake club between the end of the boxcar and the gasoline tank. The club exploded into a million slivers. A deep dent was in the steel end of the tank car. Slowly it dawned on me the narrow escape I had gone through and I felt myself go white as a sheet. Needless to state, I never thus braced myself with a brake club between two cars again.

And now I come to a conductor named Meak Ormond, a little duck-legged Irishman. Before he went railroading, Meak had been a horse trader in King's Mountain, N. C. When I broke for him he was running the local. Today Meak is a veteran conductor on a crack Southern passenger train.

Once a horse trader, always a horse trader. Meak found it difficult to pass up any likely-looking nag. This day when we stopped in King's Mountain, the Irishman's old home town, we two brakemen went over to do the switching. A couple of times I caught glimpses of Meak engaged in a very animated conversation with one of his old neighbors.

At length we were ready to pull out. Our hogger whistled off, figuring that Meak would hear him and climb aboard. Being a nice balmy day, I didn't go inside the caboose when I grabbed the rear platform, but shinned up the ladder to the top of the doghouse, where I let my feet dangle and watched the swaying tops of our train.

At the next station we halted and I climbed down to wait for the conductor to tell us what was lined up to do. But there was no Meak Ormond. We leisurely got a switch list and began working our train. While we were thus engaged, a hotshot freight pulled up the main beside us. Somebody dropped off the crummy when they slowed, and hurried over toward where we were working. It was Meak himself.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "I met a neighbor who owns a mighty nice team of horses. I been aimin' to trade him out of that team for a long time. I tried again today. While I was arguin' with him, blamed if you didn't pull out and leave me!"

IT WAS on the same hill where I'd had the close shave with the brake club that I got the scare of my life. We were slipping over the mountain on the local, and were plenty late that day. It was almost winter, and all regular trains were carrying green signals.

When we pulled into Cowpen's about sundown, the first thing I saw was a sizable group of people, the depot agent among them, standing in the middle of the street, talking excitedly together.

"Looks like something's happened." remarked Meak as he got ready to drop off the caboose.

I nodded. Our skipper headed toward the crowd, with me following at his heels. He touched the agent on the arm and demanded: "What's the rumpus?"

In reply the agent pointed across the street. A pile of rubble with a half demolished chimney jutted up where a fairly nice brick building had stood the day before.

"What happened?" Meak inquired.

"Earthquake," the agent answered solemnly. "Didn't you boys feel it comin' down?"

The conductor shook his head. We hadn't felt the slighest tremor.

"Probably extended from here on down the line, then," decided the agent: "But she was a right smart one," he added firmly.

We finished our work at Cowpen's with but a few minutes to get out of the way of the *Cannon Ball*—in fact we hightailed it out of town. John Rhyne, our engineer, was a regular Casey Jones when it came to turning up a wicked wheel. One of his legs was shorter than the other and he'd prop himself on the seat with the short one under him. His wide mouth would turn up at the corners and his big nose served as a wind-breaker, while his crow-black hair would fly out from under his cap. John's engine was the 829. How he loved that old animate mass of steel and iron! And could he make her sit up and bark!

We had one more station stop that evening, and every member of the crew except the flagman was riding the 829. I expect we were running all of eighty miles an hour as we approached the reverse curve on which sprawled a little sawmill. About a hundred yards beyond the sawmill was the Pacolet River, above which stretched a spider web of steel which carried the railroad across. This bridge rested on five stone columns, each about 200 feet high.

By this time it was quite dark, but our headlights cut a sliver out of the night and wavered along the shining bands of steel. As I sat on the brakeman's seat I could smell the hot boilerhead and the oil of the locomotive. Suddenly one of the men in the cab shouted:

"I hope that earthquake didn't shake down the stone columns under the Pacolet River bridge."

DID you ever feel your hair rise on your head? Well, mine did right then. I looked at John Rhyne, but apparently he hadn't heard the words. His hand was on the air valve; his eyes were glued on the track ahead.

We screamed against the first curve, fire flying from our flanges as they bit

against the outside rail. Ahead was the lumber yard. A tiny red light seemed to leap from the darkness—a red light which waved in a violent, commanding stop signal!

The quake shook the stone columns from under the bridge, flashed through my mind. I had a mental image of our heavy engine carrying all of us through the trestle and falling into the canyon below. John was running too fast to stop before we were on the bridge. But he wiped the air gage with one movement and reversed his engine with another. Our speed didn't seem to slacken at all. Like a bullet we flashed past the swinging red light

I decided I'd "join the birds." Behind me the fireman had dug his fingers into the muscles of my back and was moaning softly. I was halfway out the window when we shot out onto the bridge. We ground to a reluctant stop. For a long minute no man in the cab spoke a word. Every face was paper white, every eye strained and filled with fear.

At length I climbed from the cab and walked back to solid ground. Ahead in the reflected glow of our headlights I could see the stone columns sitting solidly as granite. Slowly it came over me that the quake hadn't damaged the bridge at all. But why had someone tried to stop us?

A short distance farther back I caught the red glow of the lantern. Its owner approached me. His face in the light of my lantern looked as pale and terrified as those I'd left in the engine cab. The man trembled as I asked:

"Why did you try to stop us?"

"Well," he said haltingly. "I own that sawmill back there a ways. This evenin' I decided to move a car down a bit so I could finish loadin' it. It got away from me. So I got this red lantern an' tried to flag you." He chuckled huskily. "You didn't see the car, huh?"

"No," I said, "but we'll hunt for it."

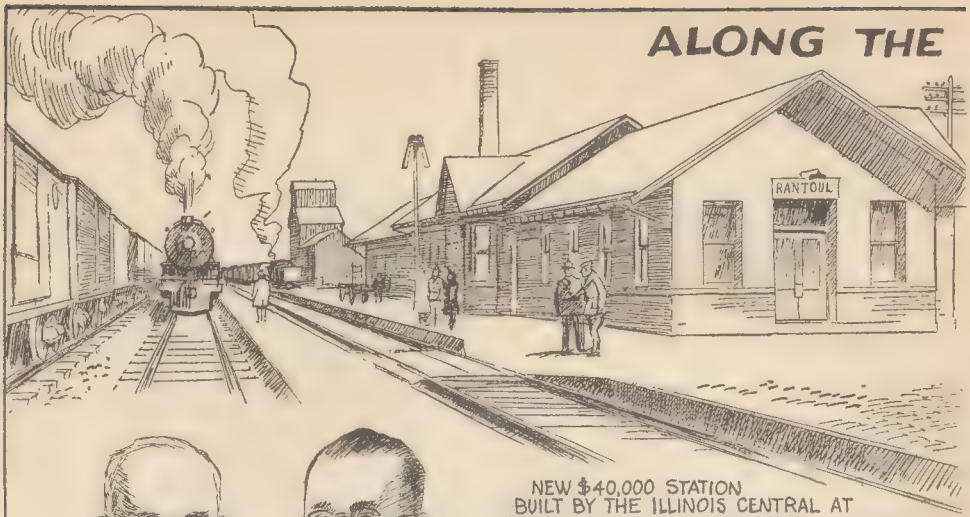
We found the car sitting on the main line the other side of the bridge. Then we coupled in and dragged it back to where it belonged.

Although I'm not railroading any more, I still live close to the scenes of the past. My address is R.F.D. 9, Box 232, Charlotte, N. C. I still love to smell the smoke. I'd like to ride the freights again. I'd like to feel 'em drop down old Pacolet once more and hear the hollow drum as we rolled across the river. It wouldn't matter at all if they were making eighty-five or ninety. Just let 'em drop down into the good old days, the early 1900's, when we were young and reckless, and filled with pep and eagerness.

I can laugh now, even though I squirm a little at the recollection of that umbrella I used while flagging.

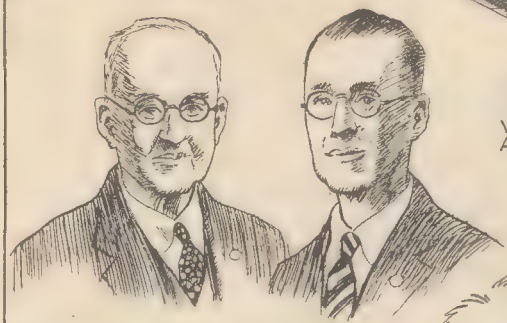
Those were the days, boys, those were the days!

ALONG THE

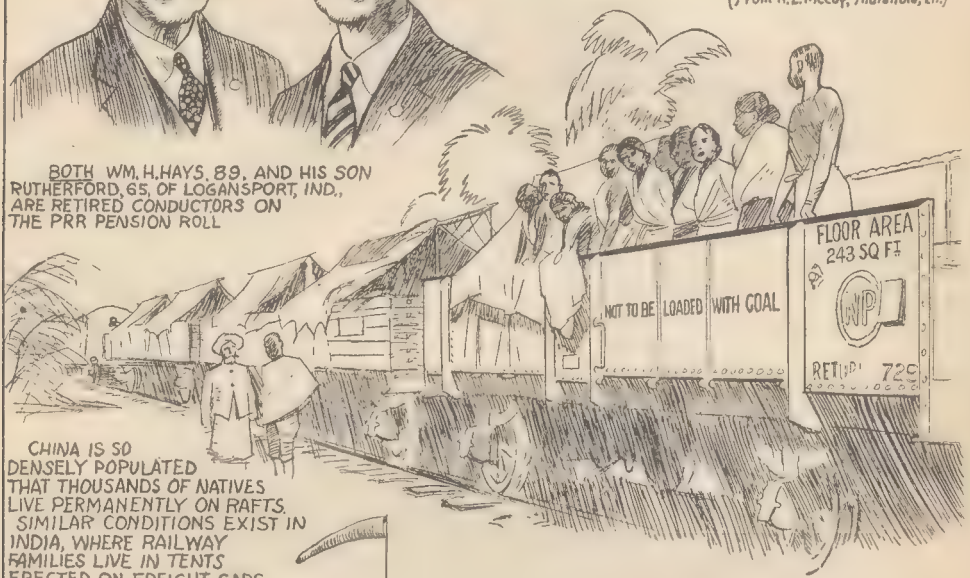


NEW $40,000 STATION BUILT BY THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL AT RANTOUL, ILL., WHOSE POPULATION HAS GROWN WITHIN A YEAR FROM 1800 TO 30,000, INCLUDING ARMY MEN STATIONED AT AVIATION FIELD

(From R. L. McCoy, Indianola, Ill.)



BOTH WM. H. HAYS, 89, AND HIS SON RUTHERFORD, 65, OF LOGANSPORT, IND., ARE RETIRED CONDUCTORS ON THE PRR PENSION ROLL



CHINA IS SO DENSELY POPULATED THAT THOUSANDS OF NATIVES LIVE PERMANENTLY ON RAFTS. SIMILAR CONDITIONS EXIST IN INDIA, WHERE RAILWAY FAMILIES LIVE IN TENTS ERECTED ON FREIGHT CARS

(Courtesy of LMS Magazine, London)

AFTER RUNNING FOR MANY YEARS ON LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO. TRACKS, THIS OLD STREET-CAR IS NOW USED AS THE VICTORVILLE AIRPORT OFFICE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT, CALIF. (Alvin A. Fickewirth, 621 Gage St., El Monte, Calif.)

IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

LIFE-LINE OF U.S. WAR SUPPLIES TO RUSSIA: THE KHYBER RAILWAY, CONNECTING INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN THROUGH MOUNTAIN PASSES, WITH 34 TUNNELS, IS ONLY 27 MILES LONG, YET TOOK 5 YEARS TO BUILD

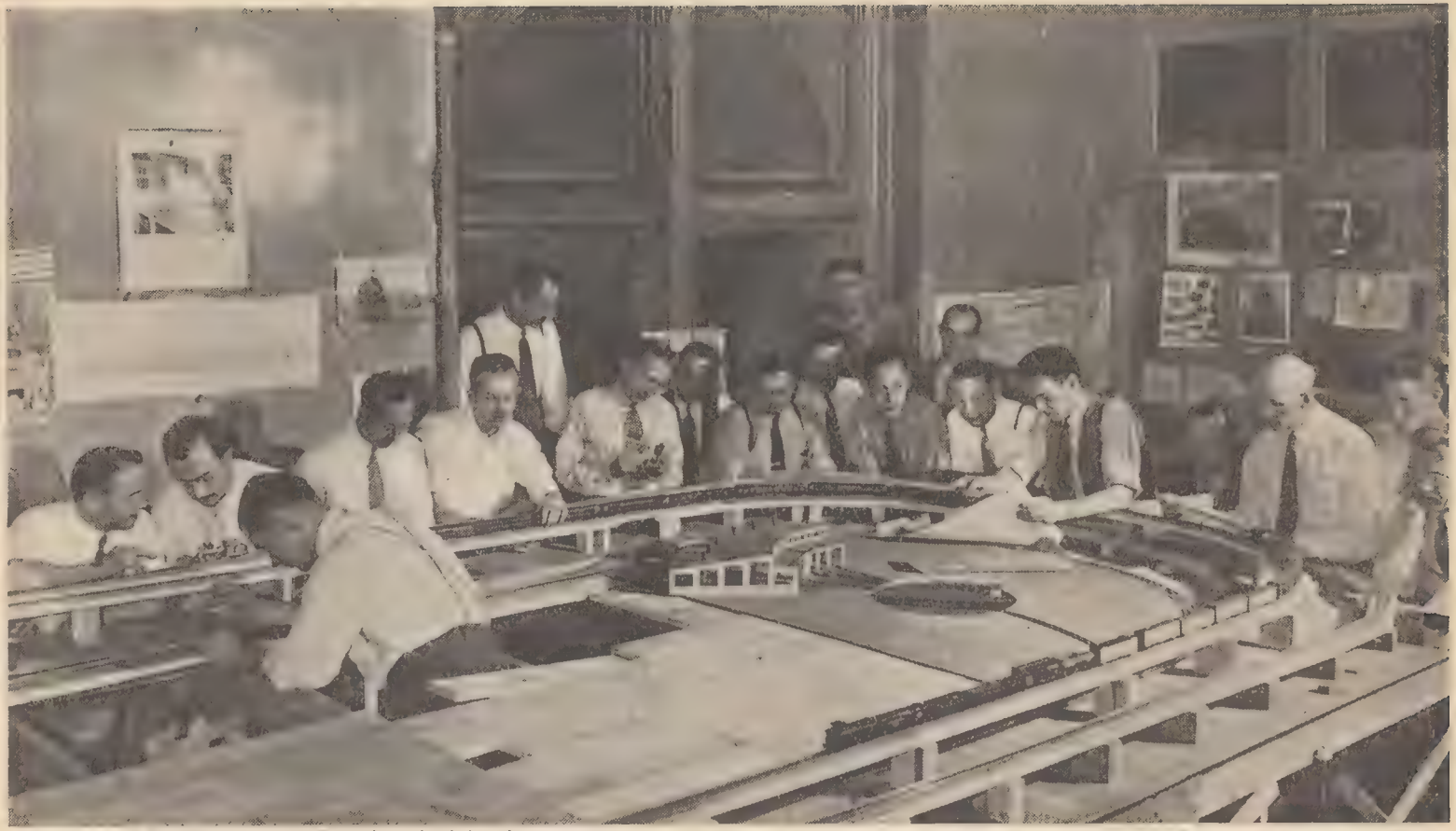
A LONG WAY FROM HOME: THIS NEW STREAMLINED TROLLEY OF BALTIMORE, MD. — NOTE THE DESTINATION SIGN — WAS SEEN LAST FALL ON AC&S RAILS IN ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF SHORE JUICE-FANS. SHE WAS EXHIBITED BY PULLMAN STANDARD CAR MFG. CO. AT AMERICAN TRANSIT ASS'N CONVENTION

(Thanks to B. H. Baake, Jr., 2922 Chenoak Ave., Baltimore, Md.)

RAILROAD TWINS, NOW 17, BORN THREE DAYS APART! PATRICIA ARRIVED FEB. 20, 1925; PHYLLIS, FEB. 23, 1925. THEIR FATHER IS C.S. SRODA, CHIEF CLERK TO THE NEW YORK CENTRAL FREIGHT AGENT AT MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

ILLINOIS'S ONLY RAILROAD TUNNEL, ABOUT 2000 FEET LONG, SHOWN HERE, IS LOCATED AT WINSTON, ON THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN. UNTIL RECENTLY THE STATE HAD ANOTHER TUNNEL, THE ROCK ISLAND'S "SPLIT ROCK," BUT THAT HAS BEEN ELIMINATED

(Drawn from photos by Edward Lienhard, 148 E. Kenilworth Ave., Villa Park, Ill., and Adolph Schmidt, 221 N. Genesee, Waukegan, Ill.)



Nineteen of the Pittsburgh HO Railroad Club's forty members get down to brass spikes in their Pennsylvania Building headquarters. Few cities can furnish a more inspiring background for the scenic as well as mechanical efforts of a model enthusiast. How about a few reverse curves to break the monotony of those tangents?

Model Railroading

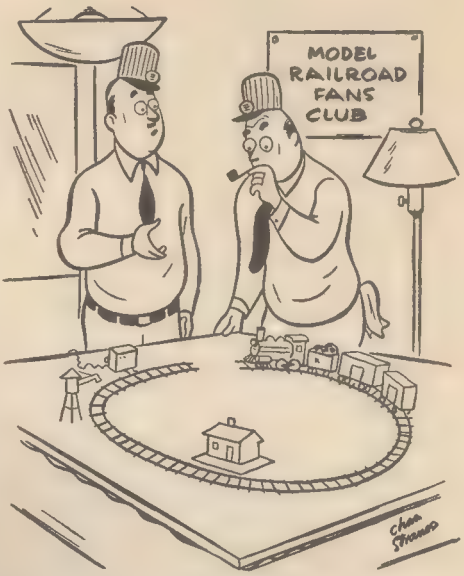
WHAT will become of our hobby, now that it's all out against Schickelgruber and the Land of the Setting Satellite? Is it unpatriotic to devote a portion of our time to the unmartial business of springing O-gage trucks? Will the curtailing of peacetime production discourage magnates of the wainscot-level route?

These are just a few of the many questions that have filled the thoughts and conversations of model railroaders from Maine to California, ever since December 7th, 1941.

For some of the answers *Railroad Magazine* has turned to war-torn Britain, and to a fellow craftsman whose work and writings are followed with interest by the hobbyists of at least three continents.

"Tell us, Edward Beal," we wrote, "to what extent are you and your colleagues carrying on with your avocation, nowadays?"

His reply is the heartening article published below. Not only does it indicate that the cradle of miniature railroading is still rocking, in spite of Herr Goering's professional jealousy (the Air Marshal has quite a layout of his own, it seems), but it indicates a rational approach to the whole field of recreational activities in wartime, and one which we in the United States may well emulate.—*Editor's Note.*



"Frankly, Judson, it looks like a case of sabotage to me"

Mars and the Miniature Pike

By EDWARD BEAL

THERE are reasons aplenty why this war has not dealt the fatal blow to British modelling that was early anticipated. First and foremost is the fact that the hobby has always been a prime favorite with military, naval and air force men. Among a list of perhaps 3000 enthusiasts more or less personally known to me, about half belonged to this class long before there was a war, and since almost every third man is in uniform today, the fraternity has been widely extended. True, these men cannot build layouts, for they are incessantly on the move; but they can make plans, read modelling literature, and create reasonably-sized models of rolling stock, locomotives and buildings. A well-known Brigadier writes to say that in a spirit of admirable optimism, he has taken a kit or two and some necessary tools to the Far East.

An army Major was quartered not long ago in the city where I live, and got me on the phone the very first day of his arrival. Making a visit now, whenever he is free, he brings along his electric hand drills and small tool-kit. Together he and I have already produced an 0-6-0 tender freight engine in HO-gage. Another military friend, a Colonel, invited me to act as chaplain on a certain Sunday, sending his car a distance of some 60 miles to fetch me. When I arrived at his headquarters, I found that with two exceptions his entire staff were

ardent railroad modellers—men who for years had followed the hobby and were most of them famous for their writings and productions. I know not by what magic this small community had foregathered in regular residence, but they certainly formed a rich colony!

A second reason for the continuance of the craft is that many have found, in the words of a recent correspondent to *Railroad Magazine* that people without a hobby are among the first to crack up under the strain of modern warfare Clubs, particularly, have shown a laudable determination to carry on under the most demoralizing and shattering conditions. Many continue their meetings with excellent regularity, partly owing to the fact that the bulk of the army is still at home. The same remark may not apply to naval men, but during leaves they, too, attend such meetings faithfully. Also there are many thousands engaged in national service or munition work who evidently find club activities an agreeable diversion. Some of the organizations are continually busy with new constructions right in the heart of devastated areas. It takes a lot of bombing to discourage a real model railroad enthusiast.

Exigencies of the b l a c k o u t have proved a great nuisance to owners of layouts. Some of these folk have rather large houses in which the satisfactory darkening of windows is a costly item. It goes without saying that blackout arrangements are applied to living and reception rooms; the layout facilities being relegated to a later date. Often it just doesn't get done at all. In my own house, for example, I have not yet been able to finish off the top rooms. True, I did begin by doing the workshop, but found the darkness and artificial lighting so annoying that I tore the whole thing

Kirke W. Comstock, of Albion, Mich., built this trim little O-gage Erie "bobber," plans for which appeared in our December, 1941, issue. "I plan to reconstruct the wreck at Susquehanna, Pa., photographically," he writes, "using this crummy and my model of the old 'Matt Shay' "

down and decided to confine myself to daylight activity. It is probable that many more are in the same boat.

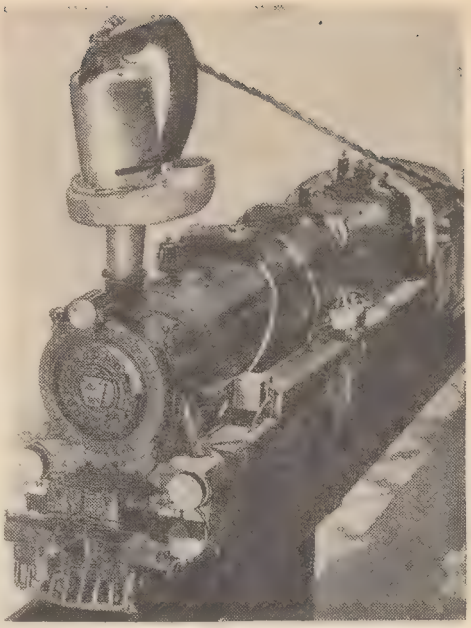
In other respects, bombing raids have wrought disaster. One or two outstanding modellers have been killed. The offices of almost every publication devoted to the craft have been demolished either by explosives or by fire. In many of these tragedies fine files of photos and entire stocks of electros have been lost. One of our leading railroad photographers wrote me this week to say that his whole outfit of negatives, representing industrious years of expert and invaluable work, had been cracked and destroyed by the explosion of a bomb some hundred yards or more from his home. This was the happy discovery he made on returning for brief army leave!

Yet, if many have suffered in their hobby work, others have been inspired to more extensive efforts. Many Londoners who live in the most shattered part of the West End have done their most acceptable quota since the war began.

Curiously, ever increasing numbers of our products take the form of locomotives following early and recent American design. In this department, truly excellent work is being done. Berkshires and Hudsons are appearing by some miraculous means in considerable quantities

It was inevitable that the Trade itself should suffer. In one or two notable instances managing directors have been drafted into war work. One or two small firms have gone out of business, but the larger ones continue to flourish after a fashion. Materials are necessarily and desperately scarce, but in rationed quantities they are still to be had for stated purposes; and since many of the companies laid in large pre-war stocks, it is possible to buy small amounts of wood and metal. The majority of the firms themselves are engaged in war work though not exclusively.

In some respects the saddest feature arising out of wartime legislation is the



An electric vacuum cleaner motor is put to a novel use, creating false draft for a live steamer. The K-3 is the work of William Kimmerman, 12735 Filbert St., Detroit, Mich. Seventy-two inches in length (including tender) she weighs 250 pounds, and will pull a ton of freight. The improvised blower gets up 90-pound operating pressure in half an hour

complete havoc wrought in the importation business with America. Immediately prior to the outbreak a good steady business had been set afoot by agents in this country representing well-known U. S. houses. The Board of Trade forbade the importation of these goods, however, and one large consignment which arrived in Britain (including about 500 dollars worth of two-rail track) had to be sent back unopened, owing either to the foregoing prohibition or to the forbidding of payments from this country in cash. There is no restriction, however, on imported magazines, and *Railroad Magazine* and its contemporaries have continued to grow in popularity.

Summarizing, I frankly cannot see this war exterminating the craft of railroad modelling. With all of its bombings, its separations and its devastations, it seems only to add fuel to the fire.

Model Trading Post

LISTINGS here are free. Because of time required to edit, print and distribute *Railroad Magazine,* all departmental material should be sent to the Editor seven weeks before publication date, which is the first of each month. Every Trading Post entry must be accompanied by the latest Reader's Choice coupon, either clipped from page 143 or homemade.

When writing to anyone listed here, enclose stamped envelope or use 2c reply postal-card.

* * *

ORVILLE C. DEARDORFF, 2770 Stoddard Ave., San Bernardino, Calif., who operates the Southern Sierra, O-gage, two-rail, wants to hear from model railroaders interested in forming a club in Southern Calif., but not in competition with the Channel Club, Santa Barbara.

* * *

C. W. HALE, 944 Genesee St., Rochester, N. Y., big brass hat of the International Rys. Co., wants to organize a juice model club.

Wanted

STEAM-DRIVEN loco, very small, fairly good cond.—Harry Ryder, St. Luke's Hospital, 113th St. and Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

SET of AF *Hiawatha* pass. cars. In exchange I offer 2 Lionel Pullmans No. 610 and an obs. car 612.—John Bell, 1508 Howard Place, Harrisburg, Pa.

* * *

HO INTERURBAN train, or anything in HO. I offer *Railroad Magazine* for July '14 (good cond.), also May '34 and July '34 to Dec '41.—E. A. Robedeau, 327 Chapin St., Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

HUDSON type O-gage loco, valued at $45 or $50, or any Lionel O-gage eqpmt. (Send me your list.) In return I offer a $65 clarinet. 3 years old.—Neal Buke. 308 Illinois St., Dundee, Ill

* * *

AF ELEC. TYPE trains and locos 422, 424, 427, 434, 436, etc., and other O-gage material. I offer cash or new HO trains, European and American makes. Also want catalogs.—Francis Karn, 2713 S. 13th St., St Louis, Mo.

* * *

LIONEL loco 226E and pass. or frt. cars, for which I offer one all-brass French surveying transit with 12-in. telescope and cross hairs, no tripod.—Hiram Geller, Box 27, Jessup, Ind.

* * *

I'LL BUY a tender for Lionel engine 1666 and straight O gage track.—Clarence Smelser, 3227 5th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

* * *

IVES 1694, 1764, 3240, 195; Ives catalogs, all before 1912, plus 1913 and '16-'23. Also AF 4689, 3109; Lionel locos 5, 381, 4U, 156, 53; cars 29, 2, 3; catalogs 1911, '13-'16, '18-'21 and earlier. Cash or trade in O or std gage items.—Evan Middleton, 2724 S. Main, Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

O GAGE track. I offer in trade *Railroad Magazine* issues April '36; Feb. '38; Feb., Mar., July-Oct. '39; Jan., June, July, Sept.-Dec. '40; and all '41.—Edward Stowe, Beach House, Manchester, N. H.

MARX 3/16-in. scale train and cars, 6-in. frts. with uncouplers, uncoupling trucks, dump car set, accessories. Also AF 3/16 scale and regular O gage eqpmt., incl. locos, cars, accessories; and Ives, Lionel, Hornby and Maerklin O-gage products and catalogs.—Pvt. A. McDuffie, 370th School Squadron, Scott Field, Ill.

* * *

OLD TYPE std.-gage Lionel steam type engines No. 5 (O-4-O), 6 (4-4-O), 7 (4-4-O in brass), 51 (O-4-O) with tender; old cars 18, 19, 190 and 180 series, and Lionel trolleys. Must be good cond. I offer cash or old steam and trolley photos.—H. E. Johnston, 1228 W. 4th St., Plainfield, N. J.

* * *

O GAGE tinplate eqpmt., pref. AF with auto. couplers. In exchange I offer HO gage AF loco and tender, 40 misc. cars (frt., tank and hopper), 25 ft. straight track mounted on roadbed, 16 sec. AF curved track, 12 ft track on ties (no roadbed), 1 rt. and 1 left-hand turnout, misc. rr. signs, 3 unassembled scale houses and 12 scale figures—all 2-rail.—Wm. A. Bentley, Pearl St. Rd., R. D. 2, Batavia, N. Y.

* * *

KNAPP loco and tender, good running cond. State price.—Karl Chalfant, 770 Anahiem St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

AF LITHOGRAPHED frt. cars, 4- and 8-wheel types; Bing water tank; Lionel catalogs before 1926.—Franklin Bartlett, 3013 Evergreen Ave., Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

TRAINS, cars, other OO or HO eqpmt, wanted, good cond.; also old issues *Model Railroader, Model Craftsman, Model Builder, Min. Railroading.* Send list and prices.—Wm. Graham, 4323 W. Pine Blvd., St Louis, Mo.

* * *

OLD tinplate locos, cars, street-cars, wanted, any age or condition. Will pay cash or trade for new Lionel items. Aso want tinplate catalogs—D. H. McClain, 105 E. Third St., Cincinnati, O

* * *

OLD-STYLE toy locos, cars, trolleys, catalogs, any type or cond., older the better, esp. old German and U. S. trains; also iron locos. Will pay cash.—Glen A. Harrison, M.D., Barnes Hospital, 600 S. Kingshighway St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

O GAGE used AF switcher No. 4321 or 431; also Ives train catalogs.—Gordon Strelow, Long Pine, Neb

* * *

HO TRACK equipment; any type HO loco; will pay cash. Send list.—A. J. Robinson, 1103 Pierre Ave., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

* * *

PLANS of ¼-in. scale 4-4-0 or 0-6-0, modeled after old wood-burning locos, or plans for wooden pass. car —Donald McOermott, 163 Park Ave., Grass Valley, Calif

For Sale or Exchange

LAYOUT consisting of O gage Lionel Hudson 700EW (7-pole motor with manual reverse) with 5 custom-built NYC pass. cars; 6-car SP train, custom-built, with Pac. Frt. express, comb. Ry. Express and bag., SP diner, 2 Pullman sleepers. Pullman obs., 3 Brooks reefers; 200 ft. Duraloy rail; 50 ft. steel rail with spikes and ties; all new O gage, insulated for 2-rail, $145 complete.—C. A Chovil, 2544 W. 21st St., Los Angeles, Calif

* * *

I'LL TRADE printing on transparent paper for car lettering for O gage Lionel 252, 253, 299, 1644, 1666 or 1662; AF 403, 553, 545 or 556; Lionel or AF rolling stock and Lionel trucks and couplers, either style; also track. Would also pay cash. Send 3c stamp for particulars.—Regis Cordic, 4231 Saline St., Pittsburgh, Pa

LIONEL, Lobaugh and Walthers ¼-in. scale model frt. cars and locos; 3 Lionel cars 2900; sixteen sections solid rail track 771 and 3 of 772 for $5.50; sixteen sects. 761 and 6 sects. 762 (O72 gage) track $4. Also some std. gage items. List for stamp.—Albert Burger, 186 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.

* * *

MINI-SCALE die cast cars, NYC or Pennsy, $12.50 ea.; 2-rail loco $65; switcher $30.—L. W. Blum, 807 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

SUPER LIONEL Hudson 2-rail $60; five pass. cars $50; ten frts. $32; all O gage, scale.—A. L. Mann, 4719 Rockwood Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

AF 40-IN. diameter r.c. elec. switches, exc. cond., $5.50. I want pr. Lionel O72 switches. All letters answered.—John Koch, Joliett, Pa.

* * *

TWO AF pass. cars 3171, one obs. 3172, like new, all for $3; Lionel 8-wheel obs. 50c; Ives baggage car 550 and chair car 551, both for 75c; five Lionel curved track for 40c.—Oscar Stoos, Box 126, Copper City, Mich.

* * *

NEW AF train set 4021, 1 Hudson loco. gon., wrecker, boxcar, caboose, all die-cast; 100 ft. steel rail 3rd rail, ties, spikes, etc. I'll sell or trade for HO loco and eqpmt.—Donald Dameier, Box 304, Lena, Ill.

* * *

MANY model rr. books and catalogs, nominal prices. Lionel '36 catalog 35c (no stamps). List for 3c stamp.—Melvin Frankel, c/o U. S. Veterans Hospital, Coatesville, Pa.

* * *

100 O-gage scale box and reefer cars, ready to roll, 2- or 3-rail $3 each or trade for sufficient number of 2-rail HO or O gage locos, good cond. Also O gage flatcars, block signals, crossing details, flood lights, etc., cheap.—A. W. Ferrill, Box 152, Caddo, Texas.

* * *

HO INTERURBANS, many dif. prototypes: motor pass. $16; frt. $14.45; trailer pass. $5.35; frt. $4.60. List for 6c stamp.—C. K. Given, 3411 Brunswick Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

* * *

BIG Maerklin catalogs in color showing practically whole lines of model material and toys. 40c postpaid, cash or stamps; by mail only.—Joseph Listi, 1292 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

COMPLETE system O gage locos, pass. and frt. cars, track, crossovers, switches, accessories, etc., all late model; good to new cond. List for 3c stamp.—Keely Stiteler, Elverson, Pa.

* * *

AF 3/16—IN. scale Pacific loco, 4 frt. cars, three 12-in. scale pass. cars, all like new; converted for 1-in. track—can be changed back to O gage with new axles. $25 plus postage. List and photos 6c stamp.—S. Blanc, 1350 Tennyson St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

UNUSED Lionel loco 264E, red enamel finish, no whistle, $5.—Richard Pichon, 13990 Franklin Blvd., Lakewood, O.

* * *

OO GAGE 2-rail reefers (3); five boxcars, factory built by Nason. Also 4 Lionel std. gage steam locos, 18 pass. and 12 frt. cars, track, switches, etc. List for stamp. I'll take cash or O gage. Also want Lionel std.-gage loco 400E and frt. cars for which I offer cash, pass. cars and loco 392E.—F. L. Collins, 20 Washington St., Brookline Village, Mass.

* * *

PAIR Lionel r.c. switches 1121, Lionel 1666 engine (2-6-2) and tender, Marx 2-4-2 with tender and 5 frt. cars (8-wheel trucks), Marx transf., 30 sections track and crossover; all O27 gage, nearly new. I want HO loco and track.—L. C. Lindholm, Franklin, Pa.

"I'm stocking up on fuel for my model road, in case the Government decides to ration coal"

* * *

I'LL SEND current copies (English) *Railway Mazazine, Flight* and *Aero-Modeller* in exchange for new current *Railroad Magazine, Pop. Aviation* and *Model Airplane News* as they come out each month. Also want to correspond with American rails or fans interested in train and airplane modeling.—Matthew G. Page, 107 Stonor Rd., Hall Green, Birmingham 28, England.

* * *

MANY sections O curved, 072 str. and curved track, *City of Denver* st'liner, 5 frt. cars with elec. couplers, 2 r.c.s. track sets, O 90-deg. crossing, 75.-w. transf., for sale or will trade for scale eqpmt.—Edmund Campbell, 1610 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

* * *

LARGE std.-gage layout for sale cheap; will trade *Belle of the Eighties* (good cond.) for any loco which cost over $20. Sell HO cars in excel. cond. Write for list.—Mahopac Model Engineer's Assoc., o/o P. Barger, Sec., Mahopac Falls, N. Y

* * *

LIONEL 812 gon., 814 box, 817 caboose, 270 bridge, OS and OC track. Also 196 third rail supports, 2 pr. Scale Craft trucks (not 2-rail), 100 fiber ties. All eqpmt. used.—Wm. Deckeraw, 3978 Dalton Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

NRI RADIO course (complete, cost $84.50), other radio books and mags., all-purpose tester (cost $37.50), also small parts. Will trade for best offer of O-gage trains, track, and eqpmt.—Chas. Gillespie, Barboursville, W. Va.

* * *

HO GAGE 2-rail d.c. Knapp Mountain type loco and tender, 1-0-6-0 switcher, 9 American Flyer frt. and pass. cars, scale frt. and pass. cars, *Railroad Magazine* and *Model Railroader*. Will take 25c or $1 defense stamps.—N. W. Rehfuss, 1739 No. 43 St., Camden, N. J.

BACK IN THE DAYS

Extra: Rights Over Everything

On *the* Spot

PROBLEM IN TRAIN OPERATION: Those of you who read Clifford Funkhouser's "Quick Promotion" (*Feb. issue*) will recall the double-track problem which he put up to single-track home guards to solve if they could without help from anyone. Before printing the solution, we'll repeat the problem:

You are conductor on Number 39, a second-class train running in the inferior direction. Stations this way, each with a siding to hold you, are named after the letters of the alphabet and in that order from A to Z. The timecard shows Number 6, a first class train, is due at M at 10.32 p.m. Your train orders read: "Number 39 will display signals for a following section. Number 6 run twenty minutes late. Number 39 will meet Number 6 at M."

You head in at 10.26 p.m. When you get in the siding at M you have but 20 cars. You pull down to the west end to clear, to leave room behind you. Number 6 comes down the main line 60 m.p.h. Your engineer has dozed off and fails to whistle signals. Number 6 fails to notice that omission. As conductor back in the 39's caboose, what will you do? And where will Number 6 go for second 39?

Here is Funkhouser's answer: In this problem, all the questions, proposals and orders except "Meet Number 6 at M" were merely thrown in—as train-order examiners do it—to confuse the candidate. Examiners wish to see how clearly and quickly a man can think. That meet is "positive"; Number 6 should meet all sections of Number 39 at M. To protect himself the conductor on 39 should jerk down his markers so as to show Number 6 that all of 39 is not there. An entire train means all of its sections, but in this case the "rear end" has not yet arrived. If Number 6 fails to notice that all of Number 6 is not there, because of lack of markers, then the crew of 6 will be telling folks they used to work for that road the very instant they run by the initial switch for Number 39.

A train, as you know, is "an engine or more than one engine coupled, with or without cars, *displaying markers.*" The markers denote the rear end. Omission to observe this is just Number 6's tough luck regardless of whether or not it failed to note the green on the engine. Of course, 6 should have stopped—in fact, its crew should have carefully noted or ascertained that the train they were meeting was Number 39, and in doing that they should have seen to it that the classification lights called for a following section. Number 39's conductor wouldn't have time to flag; but getting his marker down clears him—he has done all he had time to do to inform Number 6 further that all of 39 is not there.

Six will probably go to the center of a nice cornfield for Number 39. Six may be first class, superior direction and all that; but "right" outranks class and direction. Number 6 holds a train order to meet 39 at M, which means all sections of it, not merely first 39. Basically, this is a practical application of the old familiar question, "What is a train?"

The foregoing is Funkhouser's solution. Among the very few men who sent in virtually the same answer were John Johns, NYC conductor; R. H. Walser, C&NW brass pounder, 201 N. 2nd Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa; Thomas S. Tobin, former train dispatcher, CMStP&P, c/o Craig & Weller, 111 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and Paul C. Reppard, AB&C engineer (who, although a home guard, has had both single- and double-track experience), and Edward T. Hall, R.R. 5, Box 507, Indianapolis, an op on Indianapolis Union Ry. with six years of "multiple-track" yard-limit experience.

This problem was addressed specifically to "double-track home-guard conductors. Seasoned old boomers such as Bill Knapke, author of "Little Red Caboose," of course had it right, but all boomers were automatically barred by the terms of this contest.

Photo by Cary F. Bruce, 1426 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

"CORNFIELD MEET" ON AN INTERURBAN LINE

The last wreck on the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Railways (Detroit United Railways) occurred March 11, 1928, a quarter-mile west of Wayne, Michigan, when car 7792, eastbound, ran through a switch half a mile back of the place where its orders called for a meet with 7063, westbound; and the two cars came together. Fortunately, no one was injured. At the left is 7792; at the right, 7063.

FROM the office of F. S. McGinnis, Vice President of the Southern Pacific, comes a circular regarding the rather clever transportation swindling scheme of Paul Remos.

A theatrical vaudeville act has been in the habit of obtaining railroad transportation without charge, through subterfuge. The act is "Paul Remos and His Toy Boys." The "Toy Boys" are two midgets.

When Mr. Remos is approached by railroad representatives soliciting his business, he says he has his transportation all taken care of. He then buys a ticket and a lower berth for himself, puts the two midgets, who are both over 30 years of age, in grips similar to those used for handling dogs. He boards the train at the last moment, places the bags in the berth, closes the curtain, and puts the two men to bed in the same lower he occupies.

In the morning, when he goes to the washroom, he buttons up the curtain; and after he has completed his toilet, goes back to his berth and, behind the curtain, puts the two men into the dog bags, carrying them off the train when he reaches his destination.

On one occasion, Mr. Remos attempted to secure transportation on this basis, but while he was in the washroom the conductor examined his berth and found the two midgets covered by blankets. When the conductor confronted Mr. Remos, the vaudevillian paid full fare for both midgets.

* * *

CORRECTION: Virginia & Truckee trains are still running, we gladly announce. The report that this famous road had been abandoned, which we printed on pages 133 and 134 of February issue, was based upon an erroneous item snipped from a newspaper published on the West Coast. A reader sent us the clipping just as we were going to press. We had no time to verify it if we wanted to make the February edition, so we took a chance—in this case unwisely. We much regret having helped to spread the false report. Alfred Rose, Jim Morley, Arthur Davis, Fred Stindt, E. B. Kille, and other indignant Californians socked us with a load of "brownies" for this "bull."

* * *

OUR editorial policy is built around the idea of giving readers what they want, insofar as possible; and this is determined from the coupon votes (*page* 143) in addition to comments on postcards and letters. The "straw vote" on February issue shows the following titles listed in order of popularity:

1. True Tales of the Rails
2. Louisville & Nashville, *E. Dellinger*
3. Quick Promotion, *Clifford Funkhouser*
4. Light of the Lantern
5. On the Spot
6. Train Telephones, *James Holden*
7. Lehigh & Hudson Locomotives
8. Model Railroading
9. Railroad Camera Club
10. Last of 2-Foot Gages, *Linwood Moody*
11. Railfan Activities
12. Along the Iron Pike, *Joe Easley*
13. Feb. in Rail History, *D. Hilliker*

Best photo in February issue, according to the votes so far received, was the action shot of a Lehigh & Hudson freight train by Donald W. Furler on page 81. Other popular photos were those on pages 48, 43, 132, 137, 142 and both pictures on 140.

* * *

MANY a hungry dog finds food, shelter and friends on a railroad. One was Snooksie, a little pup when she came to the Southern yard in Atlanta, Ga., five years past. The boys made her a place in a shed, where she raised a series of pups. Recently a cat lost her "ninth" life in the yard, leaving a family of new-born kittens. Thinking of her own early struggles, no doubt, Snooksie carried them home to her shed. To feed the kittens she has worked out a deal with a cafe owner—twice a day she scratches on his back door, receives a bag of scraps, takes

them home and lets the railroad men unwrap them.

And here's another dog story: An express messenger heard some guinea hens yawping, looked in the coop and saw they were making passes at a scared puppy. He scooped out the grateful pup and put it in a private cage. Noting that the guinea fowl were en route from the Wells Fruit Farm, Farina, Ill., to a man at Cudahy, Calif., he addressed the pup the same way.

In time Mr. Pup was duly receipted by the California man, who at once wrote to Wells, "Thank you for the dog." This puzzled Wells, who hadn't sent any dog. Later the farmer mailed a check with the explanation, "The puppy you gave me has started me in the dog-breeding business." By this time the shipper knew that the pup was a stray which had rolled into the coop under his own steam, doubtless hoping for a long, clear track ahead.

The Reader's Viewpoint

FUNKHOUSER's "Quick Promotion" was especially interesting to me, as it came out just as I was completing "In the Days of the Boomers." Funk knows what he is writing about.

In train service, being promoted doesn't mean you're set for life. Not every man who passes an exam has the qualities of tenacity and sound judgment that are needed to run a train. Hard luck does not necessarily break a man. A "cluck" will be shown up by a piece of bad luck, but even with good luck he can "get by" only so long. An incompetent skipper is bound to work himself eventually into a situation where his shortcomings will prove he is not a real conductor. To my mind, that is not hard luck.

Officials realize that a man isn't to blame for a mishap describable as "an act of God"—such as a "jigger" piling up and blocking a division because of a broken wheel, a crystallized journal or a shattered flange.

One of the riskiest jobs I know of is "running a blazer" (not taking time out to care for an overheated journal). For instance, a conductor is running a fast freight of 100 cars. His train is bowling along at 50 per; he finds a hotbox in the middle of it. But the freight is barely a few minutes ahead of a passenger train, and the first siding where a hotbox can be left is ten miles away. Two alternatives face the conductor. He must either pull the air and examine the hotbox, thus delaying the passenger train, or run the ten miles and thus clear the latter with minimum delay. There is no sure formula for determining just how bad a blazer is. It may break off before you reach the siding. The decision is up to you as conductor. You alone say whether or not to take the chance.

When a man is promoted he is expected to use good judgment always, acting in the company's interest and at the same time on the principles of safety first. Most railroads promote trainmen with the understanding that he'll be on a year's probation. The reason why so many conductors are "broken" that first year is that this is the first time they've been "on their own" and therefore in a position to show what they're made of.

I was promoted 15 years ago, on the New York Central, when I was 23. Since then about 150 other brakemen on my division have been made conductors. Of that number only two were later demoted; in neither case was it due to "bad luck."—JOHN JOHNS, 410 W. 115th St., N. Y. City.

(Editor's Note: Johnny's fiction story, "In the Days of the Boomers," is partly autobiography. The author started his own rail career pretty much as "Slim" did, on the Pennsy during World War No. 1. Johnny has had 18 stories published in this magazine, beginning with "The Night Peddler" in May '30; but never

Photo by John D. Murphy, 118 Morris St., Albany, N. Y.

During the first World War, trolley-cars serving Albany, N. Y., publicized the 1917-'18 version of "defense" stamps. This sign reads: "Henry Johnson licked a dozen Germans. How many stamps have you licked?"

once, so far as we can recall, has a reader taken him to task justifiably for an error in railroad operation in any of his yarns.)

* * *

I CAN'T tell you how much I enjoyed reading "Quick Promotion." I have plenty of time to read these days. Am convalescing from injuries received last October when my engine turned over after hitting an object which children placed on the track near Atlanta. As a hogger on the Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast, I have had both single- and double-track experience, because our trains operate over the NC&StL from Bellwood Tower to Atlanta Union Station. We also use Atlanta Coast Line rails at Waycross, Ga.

We have to stand the NC&StL, the ACL and the Seaboard rule exams.

We have 15 scheduled trains between Nicholls and Sessoms, Ga., also 11 scheduled between Waycross and Atlanta; all single track, no block signals. In addition to the carded runs, we have quite a few perishable extras which are given right over all trains except *The Dixian, Dixieland* and *Dixie Flagler*. These 3 are high-class Pullman trains; *Dixie Flagler* is a streamliner.

To further complicate the matter, each of these trains operates only every third day on different schedules. This necessitates our showing them on the timecard as "daily" trains, so we and the dispatchers have to be very careful about annullments. We make it a practice to greet each other with, "*Flagler* runs today," or *Dixieland* or *Dixiana*, whichever it is. We have become extra careful.

The ACL, Waycross to Albany, Ga., has the same 3 schedules and Waycross to Montgomery, Ala. In other words, these 3 trains operate daily between Chicago and Miami over 3 different routes with daily arrivals and departures in both cities of all 3 trains—PAUL C. REPPARD, 311 W. Central Ave., Fitzgerald, Ga.

* * *

BECAUSE I'd been employed with the Union Pacific traffic department for 3 years, I was assigned a similar position in the Army's transportation section. I still find leisure time to devote to railroad literature, the exchange of photos, and other phases of the hobby I'd been following since 1934.

Recently I completed a card-index of

each photo of railroad motive power or other equipment appearing in *Railroad Magazine*, classified as to road, number and type; with date and page on which the picture was published. There are also cards made out for items in which I am especially interested, such as articles on railroad movies, types of signals, railroad mileages, etc., each with date and page, and a set of cards covering "Light of the Lantern" items.—MARVIN T. MAYNARD, first class private, U. S. Army, Office of Quartermaster, Corp Area Command Unit 1930, Presidio of Monterey Calif.

(Editor's Note: Similar file cards covering Railroad Magazine photos and fact material have been compiled by Ted Gay, 624 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

* * *

NICKEL PLATE ROAD

KATHRYN L. DICKS, recently retired Nickel Plate agent and operator, who had worked at Buckland, O., since 1906 and who wrote up her 42-year railroad career for the Nov. '41 issue of *Railroad Magazine*, died last January 12th from burns suffered on her farm home near Danville, Ind. The raidroad woman's clothing became ignited as she stood near a fireplace. By a strange coincidence Mrs. Dicks, who was 68, had devoted part of her life story to her "narrowest escape" when the Buckland depot went up in smoke in 1923.—JOHN HATCHER, (*clerk, CCC&StL*), Muncie, Ind.; T. E. TROMBLA, (*inspector, Bureau of Explosives, U. S. and Canada*), 215 E. Harrison Ave., Maumee, O.; J. F. GLASS, Indianapolis.

* * *

AS a king snipe, I'm naturally interested in ties, and here are some facts I didn't have room to include in my "Section-Car" article last month: To me railroad ties are as strong as matrimonial ties—maybe stronger, if well dosed with creosote. There are 1,172,000,000 crossties in the U. S. A. As I lean on my shovel and gaze at the number, I get a headache. There are about 3,000 ties to the mile, but of course the number of feet in a section man's mile depends on where he put the milepost the last time it blew down.

Every year U. S. Railroads install 50 million ties; my section men on the Grand Trunk Western accounted for about 1300 of those. The GTW has three standard lengths of ties: 8-foot, 8½-foot and 9-foot. By U. S. Forest Service records, more than 42 million of the 50 million crossties are treated. The "forced creosote" treatment that the tie receives at the plant is like what the trackman gets when the roadmaster is riled. Treated ties have double the life of the untreated section man. The cost of a treated tie is around $1.27, and that includes the cussing it gets from the gandy dancers. Just figure $1.27 for each of the 21,000 ties on my 7-mile racetrack and you have me tied up in dollars and cents. Crossties have been the largest item in maintenance-of-way expense for 100 years except the roadmaster's expense account.

By the time all these treated ties were laid 21.2 inches from center to center, every trackman felt as though he had also been treated. This required 228 treating plants, 179 of them commercial —bless them! and 23 owned and operated by railroads—censored because they used too much creosote. The other 26 plants supplied mines, etc. Of the treated timber, oak, southern pine and douglas fir were the woods most often ruined.

Last year more than 174 million gallons of creosote and tar were used, but the railroads got only half—the trackmen took the rest home on their gloves and clothes. Ten ties per man per 8-hour day is considered a good day's work, so with 50 million ties to install it's *dance, Gandy, dance!*

Reading true tales such as "Santa Fe Roadmaster" (*last month*), I've often wondered how boomer trackmen could give real names in their stories. I've roamed around in extra gangs all over the country, but the track boomers were just known as *Blackie, Reds, Boston,* **or**

Photo by Robert C. Schell, Jr., 422 E. Beardsley Ave., Elkhart, Ind.

Number 2106 of the Big Four (New York Central) thunders out of Elkhart, Ind., with sixteen cars of freight tied to her tail.

some other such "handle." Don't believe I ever knew a track boomer by his real name, which presumably was on the payroll.—Bob White, Box 235, Saranac, Mich.

(Editor's Note: Bob White is a railfan as well as a "rail." Through the Railroad Camera Club, originally known as International Engine Picture Club, he became acquainted with a railfanette named Dorothea, and married her in 1938. A lot of club members sent them engine photos for the wedding. Bob and Dot are raising their daughter, Pearl, to be a railfanette.)

* * *

WORKING on the desert as a gandy man was so all-fired hot that we were happy to crawl into a nice cool culvert for lunch. Afterward there was usually a poker game which our section foreman, Casey, would join, posting a lookout. I remember a day when the game went on long past time for work. Suddenly we heard the familiar creak of a velocipede close by and a frantic hiss from the lookout: "It's the roadmaster!" My magic, the cards and money vanished. Casey sprawled on the culvert floor, speaking rapidly in a low voice: "Throw water on me—tell him I was knocked out by the heat."

When the roadmaster saw us trying to revive our "sunstruck" king snipe, he blasted us with a string of well-chosen phrases. "Why the hell didn't you take the man home?" he demanded, tossing in a lecture on first aid. So we did.

Life as a boomer trackman had its moments. A few months later the RM called Casey on the carpet for breaking Rule G, and the king snipe asked me to go with him for moral support. We found the big boss in a stern frame of mind. He began: "I'm hearing awful bad reports about your drinking."

Casey replied: "If they're as bad as what I hear about you, I'll turn over a new leaf," and he got away with it.

During prohibition days I worked for a roadmaster who was a strict teetotaller. One day an old friend of mine came to town, looking for a job as foreman, just as I was leaving on the same train. Hastily I introduced him to the RM, not having time to explain that the roadmaster had a cold. In a hoarse whisper the big boss said, "Do you drink?" My friend whispered back, "Have you got a bottle?" He was hired, and the roadmaster told the story for years.—A. GANDY (*pen name*), Hoquiam, Wash.

* * *

"SANTA of the Santa Fe" (*Jan.* '42) is an old friend of this family. We first saw Engineer Gerard on his Christmas run in '39, eight miles west of here, but we got only a glimpse of his "fireproof whiskers" for No. 6 was an hour late and Gerard's Hudson type was certainly rolling. In 1940 we sent some money to Joe Gerard and asked him to throw off something for my 5-year-old sister. He replied that he never accepts money. Next time he was through Denton he looked us up and returned it, and that Yuletide he thrilled my sister by tossing her a teddy bear.

Last December an auto stopped at our house and Santa got out. "They canceled my Christmas run," Mr. Gerard told us sadly. "First time in 40 years." He had loaded his car with gifts, fruit and candy to make his 40th 200-mile jaunt with his grandson, stopping at the same towns.—CHAS. M. MIZELL, Jr., Box 365, Denton, Texas.

* * *

RADIO stations in Seattle, Wash., are saying that 12 hours could be cut from passenger-train time to Chicago. I believe it, having ridden the Northern Pacific's *North Coast Limited.* As we rolled along beside a highway, we saw flivvers and beer trucks sail past; yet when we got two hours late, we made up 25 minutes in 250 miles without going any too fast. Similar slow speeds prevail on the Great Northern and the Milwaukee Road, not due to the motive power, as I know the 2600 type 4-8-4s of the NP are about the best of that type; the 2500s of the GN are not slow and the Milwaukee's electric engines are noted for their zip.—PVT. D. H. MANTHEY (*former Grand Trunk employe*), Battery A, 14th C. A., Ft. Casey, Wash.

* * *

FOUR-WAY MEET: This bit in Joe Easley's "Along the Iron Pike" (*Feb.*) reminds me that there are *two* four-way meets every day, about 12.15 p.m. and 6 p.m., at the Reading Company's station in Reading, Pa. These four trains at each meet are bound north, south, east and west respectively. Meets are arranged so that through passengers may change trains; several diverging lines come together at Reading.

The station referred to is, I believe, unique in that the tracks and platforms are built in the form of a large wye. When catching a train, you must be on the correct side of the wye, as trains for various lines use different legs of the wye.—BERT PENNYPACKER, 547 E. Chestnut, St., Coatesville, Pa.

* * *

FATHER-SON CREWS: Adding to those pictured by Joe Easley in "Along the Iron Pike:" As a brakeman on the Frisco extra board since Feb. 15, 1941, I have often had assignments with my dad, Condr. H. E. Weaver, working both ahead and behind for him in through freight. Another extra brakeman, H. Range, works for his dad, Condr. F. Range. Ditto for G. Pollard and Conductor W. C. Pollard. All of us are on the Southern Division.—LEWIS C. WEAVER, 2191 N. Franklin Ave., Springfield, Mo.

* * *

I'VE worked with several father-son combinations on the New Haven. I believe the road had a rule against such engine crews in passenger service, but this is no longer strictly enforced. Among other father-son crews I might mention Engr. James J. Healey and son Timothy,

Photo by Jim Watson; from Bob White, Box 235, Saranac, Mich.

Salton, Calif., on the Southern Pacific, is the world's only spot where such a sign may be seen on a railroad right-of-way. Salton Sea (shown in background), formed by the Colorado River, covers an area 12 by 40 miles.

fireman, Midland Division; Engr. Miller and son Harold, fireman, Midland Division; M. Watson and son William, Shore Line; Condr. J. J. Geiger and son Harrison, brakeman, Highland Division.—D. P. QUINN (*member BRT, Hrat Lodge*), 4 Thompson Court, Thompsonville, Conn.

* * *

YOU published (*Dec.* '40) a photo I took Aug. 5, 1939, of Long Island engine 27, showing Engr. Robt. C. Hubbs and his fireman-son, Douglas R., passing Mill Neck, N. Y. There are two other father-son combinations on the LIRR that I know of, but I can't say whether or not they have ever worked together.—NORMAN E. KOHL, Glen Head, N. Y.

* * *

YOU'LL find 3 father-son engine crews on the Pennsy's Wilkes-Barre Division: At Lewistown, Pa., eastern of the division, we have F. W. Nowark, Sr. and Jr., engineman and fireman respectively, while here at the western end are J. J. Bowhan, Sr. and Jr., engineman and fireman respectively, also yours truly and D. G. Iveson, engineman and fireman respectively. I am proud to say my son fired his first road trip for me.—DAVID IVESON, 182 Phillips St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

(*Editor's Note: Mike Cuccio, Jr., is firing a yard engine for his father on New Orleans Terminal Co., Southern Ry., at New Orleans, La., we learn from J. J. Curran, Southern Ry. engr., Meridian, Miss.*)

LIFE was a picnic when Dad ran the only steam engine on the Pennsy's Dillsburg (Pa.) branch, a trolley line. Between runs the crews might shoot rabbits, pick berries or go to his cousin's farm for luscious hunks of pie. Once, by a sad accident, they ran over a turkey. To make the best of their hard luck they cleaned the bird, had Mother roast it, and gnawed the bones out on the Dillsburg branch. Many fine engines were seen around there, well kept too. Finest of the lot was Dad's old 3Z. I'll never forget the thrill of tugging at her throttle when I went down to the railroad with Dad's dinner.—CREEDIN A. KRUGER, 422 A St., Carlisle, Pa.

* * *

THERE is no occupation, I think, in which the bonds of friendship are so strong as they are in railroading. Your photo of a Delaware & Hudson engine chassis after a boiler blow-up (*Dec.* '41) made me think of my close friend Benton, an engineer, who lost his life in such an accident on the Seaboard. Another face I remember is that of Frank Marchant, a photographer at Hamlet, N. C., who has, I believe, a picture of every wreck within 200 miles. Starting in 1905, I worked up the Atlantic seaboard from Florida to Springfield, Mass., spent my last ten years on the Electric Division of the New York Central, and was retired in 1939 at 54.—C. MOORE, 20 Hyde Park St., Hertford, N. C.

TEN below zero is plenty cold. That morning a hard wind stung our faces with little frozen pellets like birdshot as we clumped to the yard at five a.m. to take an extra west out of Washington, Ia., on what is now the Rock Island. I'll never forget the date, Dec. 23, 1899. Our conductor, Dan Singleton, hastily waved his "birdcage" and came into the "doghouse" to warm his hands. We were traveling "caboose bounce" with no cars.

Smoke hung over the town of Evans, Ia. When we stopped near the water tank we picked up an order to run a mile and a half up to the Rose Hill Mine because of an accident. We cut off the caboose and made sure the tender carried plenty of switch chains and rerailing frogs before Filo Combs eased back the throttle.

Dazed miners were standing around the sidetrack, but it was a simple accident. Loading cars at a chute, they had let one get away and smash into a couple of others, which stove in one drawbar and put a pair of wheels over a derail. Even with our numb fingers, working in the icy wind, it was no great task to drag out the cars. We made up a train, chaining the last car to the one ahead on account of the broken drawbar, and headed out on the main with our engine still pointing away from Evans.

As rear brakeman I was riding the last car, and nearly frozen, too. Sleet was almost blinding me. As soon as my wheels bounced over the switch the head man, Arthur English, bent the iron. There was some slack in the chain, however, and when the engine halted my car dropped back and snapped a link. I swung on the brake and yelled at English, "Throw the switch back!" hoping to run into the sidetrack again, but my wheels were already on the switch points. Even then I was heading downhill toward Evans.

The harder I wound up the brake the faster I went, and that driving sleet almost put out my peepers. It seemed to get dark. The earth was moving backward, while I stood still and tried to whistle, *Shall We Gather at the River?* What would I hit first? I jerked out my watch—the westbound redball, No. 95, was just about due in Evans. I tagged one more notch on the brake and got down with one foot on the iron step and the other in the air, ready to unload. Just as the car struck the crossing there was a whistle.

"Good-bye No. 95 and me," I thought quickly, trying to see ahead and getting weaker every minute. By that time I was roaring down a busy track, and No. 95 should be just ahead, coming this way. Some three miles beyond Evans the coal car reached level ground and stopped with a grunt. I was sweating when I dropped to the ground; how my head did ache! Train 95 must be right in front. I started to flag; all I had was a red handkerchief. There was one torpedo in my jacket, however. I got about six telegraph poles from the coal car when I heard the whistle again. After planting the torpedo on the right-hand rail I went back to my car and found that my crew was there to pick me up. As a result of my "wild ride" the trainmaster gave me ten credits; but the best part was not meeting No. 95—the hotshot was not running that day.—C. W. ("*Baldy*") DEATON (*retired Rock Island brakeman*), Carlisle, Ia.

* * *

HARTFORD & NEW HAVEN engines that steamed into Grand Central Station in 1885 had colorful names. I recall the *Elisha Peck;* the *Venus* and the *Adonis;* the *Stag,* which bore a pair of antlers under her headlights; the *Eclipse* and the *Gov. Seymour.* The *F. T. Stanley* and the *Argus* were switchers, while the *Charles F. Pond,* the *Perseus* and the *Andromeda* were 4-6-0 freight engines. When I knew the *Red Bird* she was dragging a gravel train.—W. T. HORNE, 2483 McCready, Los Angeles.

(Editor's Note: We do not recall ever having heard of a locomotive bearing a name directly connected with the Christian or Jewish religion, although we know of many ships named after Biblical characters and many locomotives named after deities of ancient Greece and Rome. Who can tell us why?)

FROM time to time I see the name of someone who owns a complete file of *Railroad Magazine*. I had always supposed that every real reader kept a file at least as long as mine, which includes every issue from Dec. '29 and many published during the first World War. Although I've been out of the railroad game for 16 years, I'll always be a rail at heart. I started as a telegraph operator and went through the whole works—brakeman, switchman, fireman, conductor, engine foreman—yes, and even yardmaster, but not at Pocatello.

Back in 1922 another fellow and I started a "boomer waybill" to The Frank A. Munsey Co., a petition to convince you that there was a real need for *Railroad Man's Magazine,* which had been sidetracked in 1919. We began the thing at Tacoma, Wash., on the Northern Pacific. I saw it again in 1924 on the Santa Fe at Sweetwater, Texas, and I've often wondered if it ever reached the Munsey Co. When I last saw it there were several hundred names, with waybills of many different systems attached, indicating that the "boomer" had seen a lot of the U. S. A.—M. C. SHIREMAN, 3005 Gilroy St., Los Angeles.

(Note from Editor Freeman H. Hubbard: I came to this company in 1929 and never saw the waybill you mention, but I distinctly recall hearing some talk about its having been received.)

* * *

"LISTING cities named for railroad men, have you forgotten Dodge City, Kans., bearing the name of Col. Granville Dodge, railroad builder?" demands Harry C. Smith of Ravenden, Ark. "At this division point on the Santa Fe, even the sun changes its time. Have you missed Thayer, Mo., a leading city of the Ozark foothills, named for Nathaniel Thayer, who supplied the money to build the Frisco?"

"Our city," writes Walter Christie, Jr., of Hanford, Calif., who works for the *Sentinel-Journal,* "was named for James Hanford, auditor of the SP in 1877." While the Espee was laying track to that point from the main line 12 miles away,

Photo taken April 12, 1941, by W. A. Silverthorn (NWP locomotive engineer), 412 Johnson St., Sausalito, Calif.

The Baldwin-built SP 3104, formerly the El Paso & Southwestern 144, was leased to the Northwestern Pacific in June, 1939

Mr. Hanford disposed of some building lots at a handsome profit, we gather.

* * *

HAVING finished my student trips as fireman on the Frisco in 1934, I enjoyed E. S. Dellinger's "Student Fireman" (*March* '40). He writes fiction about a railroad much like the Frisco—he calls it the Ozark Lines—mentioning St. Louis and gives "Oldberg" in place of Newburg, Mo., "Stringfield" for Springfield. In strawberry time he even "wheels the berries." Wonder what course his fictionized student fireman took? Mine was from the International Correspondence Schools. I am aware that Dellinger himself railroaded for years on both the Frisco and the Missouri Pacific.

I never could get the sound of the exhaust, the clank of side-rods and the hiss of steam out of my head. When I gave up hope of firing on the Frisco, due to slack business in 1939, I went to sea for the Standard Oil Co. of N. J., put in my wiping time and passed the exam for marine fireman, oiler and water tender. At present I'm oiling on the *John D. Archbold,* twin-screw reciprocating. These big triple-expansion engines sound for all the world like the side-rod clank of a locomotive, especially if the bearings are slack, as they usually are; and some of the ships have whistles much like those on Frisco engines. You see, I've never given up hoping to fire a locomotive.—CHAS. R. BENDER, SS *John D. Archbold,* Foot of E. 22nd St., Bayonne, N. J.

* * *

WE'RE building a house out of two refrigerator cars, which we have raised on cement blocks in a field. We will cut eight windows, nail a board all the way around at the top for a cornice and paint the house white. The interior will be neat and inexpensive with many built-in things and a large living-room with a fireplace; the kitchen will be a model of efficiency (I hope) and we'll eat in a dining room. For heating there will be an oil-burner in one end of the bedroom closet, with vents. Next summer we plan to put a deck porch on top.—MRS. M. M. (*"Bozy"*) MILLER, JR., News Tower, Rockford, Ill.

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Miller will have one of the best insulated homes in Illinois.)

* * *

FEW will remember the Clarina & St. Louis, born around '79 and died in '90, whose 25 miles of track connected Clarinda, Iowa, with Roseberry, Mo. This pike had standard gage and 80-pound iron rail; the switches were stub type, the frogs were rigid. As the engine (No. 1234) never dusted past another hog, they didn't need a telegraph. The combination coach never carried express or mail, but there was plenty of freight in the shape of livestock, horses and grain.

Engine was a classy 4-4-0 with Stephenson valve-gear. At first she carried a diamond stack and a splatter of brass, but when she went to the back shop they blackened the brass and she came out with a lubricator, injectors, water glass and doghouse headlight. Later she got Westinghouse airbrakes and a pop valve.

As the line employed only three gandy dancers, they cut the weeds by bolting a sickle bar from a mowing machine to the bottom of the pilot and a scythe to the tank brake rod. J. H. Whitney was General Manager, etc., also conductor and brakeman; Billy Cavanaugh was engineer, Joe Curry fireman. Over this little pike at various times rolled W. K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Forepaugh's Circus and the Wabash *Cannon Ball.* You fellows who remember the C&SL, please write me.—GLENN H. DUNCAN, 1005 12th Ave., Port Arthur, Tex.

(Editor's Note: Some say the "shortest railway" is found at last—a strip of rust 25 feet long which crosses a road at Ft. Francis E. Warren, Wyo. The Army laid this prop track to teach the jeep drivers to stop at railroad crossings.)

* * *

LARGEST depot to have a street address may be the Union Station, Cincinnati, used by all seven of our railroads. Its address in the phone book is

Photo by B. Hanson, Box 313, Santa Maria, Calif.

Narrow-gage train of the Pacific Coast Railway, pulled by No. 110, is leisurely crossing Santa Maria Bridge two and a half miles north of Santa Maria, Calif.

1301 Freeman Ave., but the front door is three-block walk from the avenue.—Sol Kirkes, 702 Glenwood, Cincinnati.

* * *

YOUR title "Sunset on the Narrow-Gage" (*Aug.* '41) is almost too apt, I can see after a visit to Colorado's famous mountain lines, the Rio Grande Southern and the narrow-gage part of the D& RGW. Worst track I've ever ridden was the RGS, due partly to heavy rains last summer and few tie replacements—even the light railcars built from old Pierce-Arrows had to creep at ten miles in a few spots because of mushy track. Freights average eight miles an hour, mostly with rented D&RGW power which is quite heavy, not so bad on those four percent grades.

Whoever wants to see spectacular right-of-way should go to Ophir Loop, where trestles cling to the walls of precipices one above the other as the track twists and climbs. I coasted down three slopes each 50 miles long. But scenery doesn't always ring the bell; the Rio Grande Southern is ten years behind in taxes and what is worse, the Government intends to give its $40,000-a-year mail contract to a trucking company in July.

One train a week steams from Gunnison to Montrose on the D&RGW narrow-gage lines, two from Durango to Silverton. On this latter scenic route they are spiking down heavy 90-pound rail wherever the snow slides. Through Las Animas Gorge the train crawls at seven miles an hour and for good reason—there is sheer drop of 150 feet to the boiling river and a slip of a flange over a rail might spell disaster. These crews have a sixth sense for falling rocks. One night, as we rounded a sharp curve in the Rockies east of Cumbres Pass, the eagle-eye brought us to a stop near a fallen bowlder, although he could see only 75 feet ahead. Wasting no time, the crew took some blasting powder from a near-by cache, blew the stone to flinders and tossed the hunks aside.

On the Durango-Alamosa line the parlor-cafe car prices are the lowest I ever saw—coffee a nickel, sandwiches a dime, dinner 50 cents. At Salida and Alamosa the dispatchers use a gadget known as a "silent operator" which records the time a train passes certain points. By checking with his agents, the dispatcher can tell how slowly a plug is moving.—Bruce Triplett, Goodyear Aircraft Co., Litchfield Park, Ariz.

(Editor's Note: Our highest state, Colorado, once could claim 3,000 miles of 3-foot-gage railroads. Unknown to many was the Crystal River & San Juan, a privately owned pike of 27.5 miles length from Carbondale to Marble, which hauled down the stone for the Lincoln Monument at Washington, D. C. Last November the CR&SJ got a clear board to scrap its equipment, which leaves Colorado with less than 900 miles of narrow-gage.)

KANSAS CITY street-cars are here to stay, judging from news that the K. C. Public Service Co. is putting into operation 24 sleek, new, efficient PCC's and burning about 50 old-type cars. However, on some lines here trolley-busses are displacing rail equipment. The other day I was permitted to visit the company's shops and take pictures.—CLAYTON MOSELEY, 816 S. Bocke St., Kansas City, Kan.

* * *

CINCINNATI has passed an ordinance directing the city's street railway to substitute 25 trolley-busses for the 17 street-cars now on the Malisonville line—this, despite firm opposition from the car-riders who pay the bill and from the company itself. The question came up in connection with a grade-crossing elimination viaduct. Thus good track worth $200,000 at present valuation (it cost $300,000) is totally wasted. The steel probably will not even be dug out of the concrete in which it is embedded and salvaged for defense use. Furthermore, there is an acute shortage of motor vehicles in America, and of rubber for tires; yet the city fathers go out of their way to pass this silly ordinance.—DON MCCLAIN, 105 E. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

* * *

CORRECTION: Caption under Portland street-car photo in Feb. issue, page 127, should have read "Council Crest" instead of Crest St."—C. E. HAYDEN, 1521 N. Alberta St., Portland, Ore.

* * *

SHAKY in the joints, but sound and willing to work, are 25 old trolleys which the Detroit Street Railways are pulling out of the boneyard, oiling and painting to relieve a shortage of busses and rubber. As the DSR is hauling about

Photo by Herman Rinke, 27 W. 71st St., New York City

Free trolley line (Twin City Rapid Transit) serves the Fort Snelling Military Reservation at Minneapolis, Minn.

Photo by Elmer Kremkow, 2183 Lansing Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Car 451 of the Sandwich, Windsor & Amherstburg Electric Railway in front of the station at Amherstburg, Ont., Canada.

83 million riders a week, I wouldn't be surprised to see them rescue other ancient equipment. The company owns 126 old cars and could put them all in shape for $100,000. Cities which have scrapped their trolleys, please read and weep.—Robt. Ireland, 6014 Kenilworth St., Dearborn, Mich.

* * *

JUST memory are two fine interurbans of Minnesota: one ran between St. Paul and to Stillwater, 20 miles, and the other between Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka, 21 miles. The first was a single-track line laid in 1899 to some resorts on White Bear Lake. Its 25 wooden cars, built in the Twin City Line shops, weighed 30 tons apiece and would attain 60-65 miles an hour with 50 riders. Each carried a hot-water heater in the motorman's vestibule. Their pilots had steel shields to serve as snowplows, besides the big plow assigned to this run. At St. Paul the dispatcher controlled a number of semaphores at passing tracks, used mainly for special meets. Since '32 only a portion of the line had been used.

Once a branch of a large steam railroad, the Minneapolis-Minnetonka line was acquired in 1905, doubled-tracked and nicknamed "The Route of Greenery and Scenery." Limited cars zipped to Excelsior and the company-owned steamers on the lake. City cars, still going strong in Minneapolis and St. Paul, use the track as far as Hopkins.—S. Callander, 1179 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

A HUNDRED dollars will buy one of about 15 cars being sold by the New Castle, Pa., Street Railway (*see photo in Jan. '42 issue*). When the line gave up last Dec. 11, it left northwestern Pennsylvania without a single trolley. About 100 cars of the Erie, Pa., Railways, idle in the yard since 1935, have been scrapped, sold or shipped to South America.—Bill Gavin, 314 Innis St., Oil City, Pa.

* * *

FADE-OUT: Indiana's last interurban is headed for salvage, the final shred of the old Union Traction Co., once the largest and proudest in the world. Fifty-eight miles long today, it stretches between Indianapolis and Seymour. The Indiana Public Service Corp. may also throw out 17 miles of streetcars in Fort Wayne in favor of trackless trolleys. I was riding around that city when I spied

Photo by Hugh F. O'Neil, 2536 Lincoln Ave., Ogden, Utah

The return of abandoned street-car service at Salt Lake City, Utah, was the occasion of much rejoicing. The Main Street car shown here is decorated with a floral wreath, while the motorman—we wish we knew his name—gives our cameraman a broad grin.

an old wooden freight motor clumping down the pike—I jumped out of the car, flagged it down, and the motorman gladly let me get a picture. An official told me that streetcars will run only until September. Our state still has trolleys in New Albany, Indianapolis, Marion and Gary, but no modern PCC cars.—GEORGE PEARCE, 2523 N. Purdum St., Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

MOTORING over to Grand Island, near Buffalo, I saw a dozen old gray-painted cars of the International Railway, which serves the region from here to Lake Ontario. The IRC is going very much bus these days, though half a dozen city lines and 89 trolleys are still in service. The iron to North Tonawanda and Lockport is freight only; rails are still in place to Olcott but no wheels have polished them for a couple of years. Who can give me information on the Southern Traction Co.?—WM. REDDY, 21 Chamberlain Dr., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

ARE trolley fans evolving a "slanguage?" In the January issue I see the terms "stink-pot" and "stink-wagon," which I suppose refer to trolley-cars of ancient vintage. As an ex-motorman I thought I knew all the slang. I use "junk wagon" for a decrepit car.—G. ANDERSON, Cleveland, O.

(Editor's Note: The terms "stink-pot," "-wagon" and "-buggy" are applied only to buses.)

* * *

WHEN a patrol wagon pulled up to the 69th St. station of the Chicago Surface Lines, a crowd gathered to see

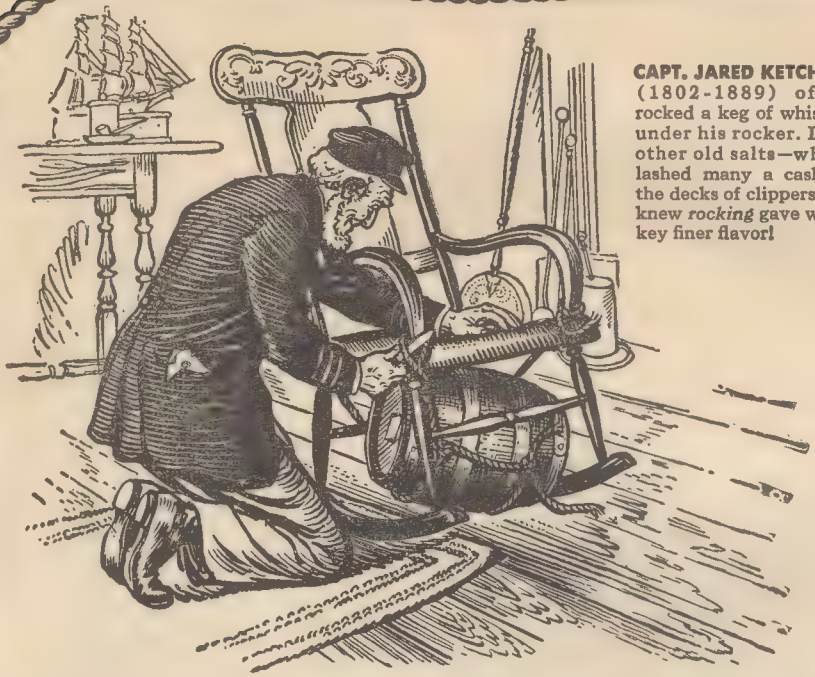
who was getting arrested. Nobody was. Out stepped a motorman, Pat Casey, who looked at his watch, grinned and said to his audience: "I've always been polite to these policemen, so when I told them I was in a jam—almost late for my run—they brought me here with the sirens wide open. It was better than a fan letter."—Mrs. Lois M. Drueke, 8038 Floral Ave., Skokie, Ill.

° ° °

MUST be an old photo of a British Columbia Electric coach on page 132, Sept. '41, as they now carry the name in small letters at each end of the car. Some people complain about the uncomfortable seats of these wagons, quite noticeable in the long Chilliwack trip, but the BCE doesn't want too much traffic on the interurbans. They are connected with the Pacific Stages, I believe, so what they lose on one they pick up on the other. Advertised mileage is 156, not 243 as your caption said.

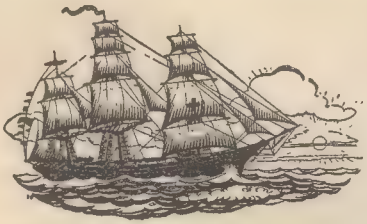
For some years an "electric hay-wagon" (open observation trolley) has carried tourists around Vancouver, B. C., and seems to be doing well.—Corp. M. R. F. Oliver, R-87536, RCAF Station Hospital, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Baltimore Transit Co. streamliners serve War Memorial Plaza, Baltimore, Md. We like this shot, which was used on a cover of *Baltimore Transit Topics*, because it shows the car with an interesting background.



CAPT. JARED KETCHAM (1802-1889) often rocked a keg of whiskey under his rocker. Like other old salts—who'd lashed many a cask to the decks of clippers—he knew *rocking* gave whiskey finer flavor!

Discover "Rocking Chair's" smoother flavor inspired by Keg-Rocked whiskeys of old!



TALES OF SEA and shore-rocked whiskeys impressed Mr. Boston! So today he achieves the superb flavor of Rocking Chair by *controlled agitation in a special blending process.*

GET A BOTTLE of Mr. Boston's Rocking Chair Whiskey today! Discover the mellow flavor that made those old "rocked in the keg" whiskeys so famous! The *thrifty price* will please you!

MR. BOSTON
ROCKING CHAIR BLENDED WHISKEY

85 Proof • 75% Grain Neutral Spirits • Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Railfan Activities

RAILFANETTES, like juicefans of both sexes, grow more numerous as time goes on. We quote a letter received the other day from Miss Pearl Anoe, 1534 Cheyenne Road, Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Traveling about the country," Pearl writes, "verifies my belief that interest in railroading is not confined to men. Henrietta Carter, who played in *Railroads on Parade* at the New York World's Fair, may be America's No. 1 railfanette, as your magazine intimated some time ago, but plenty others of us follow the hobby seriously. Take me, for instance.

"I've been reading *Railroad Magazine* for years. It inspired me to 'cover our own United States via train.' I've been to California and back to Chicago several times, riding various lines and 'slow' trains as well as streamliners. Last fall I nosed around in the Ozarks. In January for two weeks I practically 'owned' the old Tonopah & Goldfield, in Nevada's colorful mining country. Trainmen and rail officials everywhere give me bits of information which I hope to get into readable form some day."

Pearl has been in Colorado a year, almost endlessly riding trains. She's now planning a visit to the site of the old Florence & Cripple Creek, which Carl Lathrop has written up in our current issue.

"I grew up in a railroadin' family," she says. "My mother's father, Edward Barbee, was lifetime agent for the Illinois Central at Edgewood, Illinois. My mother, Hattie Barbee, was a telegraph operator and worked with her brother, Seph. Uncle Seph stayed in railroad work until he was almost eighty. Mother's other three brothers were trainmen at some time in their lives, John, Curg, and 'Doc' Barbee. For years Uncle Doc was passenger engineer on the best run of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois."

Pearl worked as stenographer in a C&EI office at Salem, Ill., for three years. Her father, J. E. Anoe, was electrical engineer in the shops there. Her brother, F. G. Anoe, worked in depots and offices along the line. Later, Pearl was secretary for the Illinois Central in the E. South Water Street offices, Chicago, for four years.

"Our Chicago Railroad Girls' Club numbered over 1200 members at that time," she boasts.

* * *

RAILROAD ENTHUSIAST, monthly publication of the Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc., is still being published in attractive form. It will not be abandoned or mimeographed. Artemas O. Wilkins, the new editor, is at the throttle. As usual, a limited number of each issue is available to non-members of the Enthusiasts at 15c per copy.

A. O. Wilkins

Mr. Wilkins joined the Enthusiasts in 1934. Served as chairman of the New England Division one year and as national president two years. Belongs also to Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc.; New England Railroad Club, and Boston Camera Club. His wife is a railcamerist. They live at 163 Essex St., Saugus, Mass., and have a farm in Bridgton, Maine.

W. M. Curtis, 205 E. 78th St., N. Y. City, who sent us this information, says the New York Division welcomes visitors at meetings, the fourth Friday of each moth in Room 2728, Grand Central Terminal.

* * *

APRIL marks the fourth anniversary of the *Railroad Journal,* a little fan magazine which is still going strong. This one specializes in timetables, but the January issue had a timely illustrated story of Upper New York's interurbans. The *Journal* sells at 5c a copy, 50c a year. John H. Brinkmann, Jr., 47 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., is editor and publisher.

E. F. Gardner

Publicity and advertising director of the *Railroad Journal* is Edward F. Gardner, one of the younger leaders in the railfan movement.

* * *

READERS are asked to be on the lookout for a portfolio containing 100 pages of old railroad prints and a manuscript, "After the Golden Spike," which has disappeared from the studio of A. Sheldon Pennoyer, member of the Railroadians of America, 114 E. 66th St., New York City.

* * *

ANOTHER fan journal has entered the field. *The Marker,* four-page printed leaflet, appears quarterly as official organ of the North Jersey Chapter, NRHS. Editor R. S. Wendeling, Jr., 53 Menzel Ave., Maplewood, N. J., wrote a comprehensive account of the Morris County Traction Co. for the first issue. Single copies of *The Marker* cost 10c.

Line car, built in 1909 by Public Service of N. J.; photographed by Bob Ward, 117 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on a farewell fantrip over the company's Hudson County Division

GIVE railroad men and fans an even greater part in the national program for victory, suggests Will Carpenter, 503 E. Kingston Ave., Charlotte, N. C.

"Ever since the emergency began," he writes, "we have been compelled to stop photographing locomotives, yard scenes and almost all kinds of roalroad material. Swapping our old pictures and buying from fellows with large reserves is a poor substitute for the fun of taking your own shots. Besides, it's irksome to watch the trains go by and just wish we could do something.

"Why not let the railfans help Uncle Sam keep watch on railroad bridges, division points, highway crossings, etc.? Many of us are qualified, from years of rail activities, to inspect tracks, see that signals are not tampered with, and do other small bits the railroads may have to offer. I'd appreciate hearing from railroad men and fans on their reactions to my proposal."

* * *

NARROW-GAGE fans in or near Philadelphia are invited to hear N. M. Powell, former President, General Manager, Chief Engineer in Charge of Equipment, and Treasurer of the Boston, Lynn & Revere Beach, who will recall some interesting facts about that narrow-gage road on March 13th, at 8 p.m., when he addresses the Phila. Division of the Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc., in the Broad St. Suburban Station Bldg., 16th and Filbert Sts., Phila., where the group meets every second Friday of the month. For further information query Division Chairman Lionel M. Rodgers, 326 E. Phil-Ellena St., Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa.

* * *

STARTING the New Year right, thirteen members of the NRHS, Eastern Ohio Chapter, enjoyed a fan trip over the Akron, Canton & Youngstown Ry. on January 1st. The journey covered the 53-mile section of track between Akron and New London, Ohio. Despite mean weather, the gang had an enjoyable day, munching sandwiches as they sped along in a mixed train, consisting of about 35 freight cars, a coach and a mail-car.

This is a regular New Year's trip with the chapter each year, and the AC&Y passenger revenue usually takes a big jump on that day. Indicative of the pike's dependence on freight traffic, the ticket agent at New London found he had only eight tickets for the trip between that point and Akron. He got around the difficulty by making one ticket valid for three passengers and another "good for party of ten."

* * *

CHECKING the mileposts when relaxing in a fast train is easy with one of the handy little *Train Speed Cards*, published by the Railroadians of America. Thomas B. Annin, secretary, has a limited supply of these wallet-sized cards which he will be glad to send out to railroad men and fans as long as they last. When writing Mr. Annin at 43 Fairwood Road, Madison, N. J., don't forget to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Movies of the Canadian Pacific regaled the crowd at the Railroadians' meeting January 9th. At their yearly dinner, held February 5th, a skit entitled *A Railroad Stockholders' Annual Meeting* featured the evening. The ticket for the feast was in the form of a railroad stock certificate. All are invited to attend the club's regular meetings. For time and place of the next get-together, write the secretary.

* * *

"WHAT this town needs is a railfan club—and quick," writes Clayton Moseley. "Trolleys are being burned right and left. Even now another Kansas City line is being abandoned for no reason at all, and stink buggies are swarming all over. If you'd like to help fight this unprogressive movement, contact me at 816 S. Boeke Street (Packers Station), Kansas City, Kan."

Clayton files his copies of *Railroad Magazine* for future use. "To facilitate my researches," he says, "I paste on the front cover of each issue a white sheet with a brief outline of the most interesting articles it contains."

* * *

"FIFTH COLUMNIST" charges were hurled unfairly at E. W. Clark, 2108 Howell St., Covington, Ky., for the "crime" of first receiving permission from what seemed the proper authority, then photographing an old street car.

On Sunday, January 4th, being a bright day, Mr. Clark set forth with his camera. Spotting a likely trolley at the Newport shops of the Cincinnati, Newport & Covington Ry.—a car

which had recently been remodeled in the interior for use as a workmans' lunchroom—he asked the watchman if he might photograph it. The attendant granted the prviilege. Clark snapped his picture, while the guard and his assistant looked on.

"After this," Clark relates, "I showed them my identification (CERA card, etc.) and went on my way. As I was riding uptown in my automobile, three police cars converged on me simultaneously. The policemen bounced me around as they searched the car for my camera and the gun they expected to find. Then, in front of a gaping crowd of passers-by, I was bustled into the red devil and rushed to the police station. Hours later, I was freed."

* * *

"I'M GLAD the U. S. secret service is so vigilant," writes Albert Lehecka, 2747 S. Ridgway Ave., Chicago, "but their alertness embarrassed me the other day when I was brought before the F.B.I. With my camera as prominent as the cabs on a Mother Hubbard engine, I was waiting for an Illinois Central local. A railroad bull asked to see my identification. Much to my regret, I had left my Railroad Camera Club card in my other suit. Well, the detective called the local police, who carted me off to their headquarters, where I was subjected to a 'third degree.' They even called up Washington to see if I was recorded there.

"At length, an F.B.I. man came to the station house and escorted me home. There he investigated my room, looked through all my photos. Finding no code messages or even snapshots of military value, he dismissed my case with a warning never to take railpix without official permission."

Albert passes on this warning to other fans. He advises: "Always carry your Camera Club membership card; it helps a lot."

* * *

FUN OR ROWDYISM?, an editorial in the *Rebel Route News*, discloses that the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio regrets having transported a group of college students to an out-of-town football game. A list of damage wreaked upon the train by the 318 "young gentlemen" reads more like the result of a blitz attack than a gathering of students of higher learning. Broken window glasses, seat backs snagged and torn, door panels kicked out and upholstery cut, are some of the damages inflicted by the joyous crowd.

* * *

AN EVENT in the life of E. C. Williams, 115 Ashley Ave., Charleston, S. C., was the mention he received in the November issue of *Railroad Magazine* for specializing in railblotter collecting. The Charleston *News and Courier* must have felt that way, for it reported Mr. Williams' write-up in *Railroad* on its society page besides giving him a quarter-page feature in another issue of the same paper, with a three-column picture of Mr. Williams leafing through a photo album.

In the interview, Williams says he knows more about railroading than about his job in a paper mill. He claims he could probably get and hold down many types of railroad positions and would do so except for the instability of a beginner's job. Outstanding among those whom Mr. Williams lists as his fellow hobbyists are Robert Montgomery and Henry Fonda, screen actors; Tommy Dorsey, orchestra leader, and Red Skelton, comedian. Also, we regret to add, the loud-mouth Paul Goebbels, Nazi spokesman.

Photo by Fred A. Stindt, 1517 Paru St., Alameda, Calif.

Honolulu trolley service ended June 30, 1941. The 46, shown here, ran on the final day; but No. 47 was the last car to operate

Railroad Camera Club

ALL RCC members engaged in military or naval service or employed in any national defense industry should send us their names and present addresses for publication. Such fellows are entitled to this recognition. Besides, it is only fair to notify the rest of the gang whether or not they are still actively interested in collecting photos or other railroadiana. The suggestion came from Preston George, 2235 Newton St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

FIRST annual rail-photo exhibit of the Railroadians of America, opening March 13th, 7:30 p.m., in Penn Station YMCA, New York City, will be continued at the Camera Club of N. Y., 121 W. 68th St., March 14th to 31st inclusive. Everybody is invited, free; but only photos taken by Railroadians are eligible. Entries must be submitted to Chairman A. S. Pennoyer, 114 E. 66th St., N. Y., by March 10th, with a nominal fee of 25c per picture for mounting and return. Other committee members are Walter A. Lucas, John J. Manning, and Robt. C. Kip, any of whom will give further details.

Awards will be made for stills, action shots and quality of photography, the jury of selection being Freeman H. Hubbard, editor, *Railroad Magazine;* Norris Harkness, photographic editor, *The Sun,* and Beaumont Newhall, curator of photography, Museum of Modern Art, all in N. Y. City.

* * *

ANYBODY may submit prints to 22nd annual photo contest; no entry fee, 12 cash prizes $25 each, closing date for entries March 20th; get details from *American Photography,* 353 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* * *

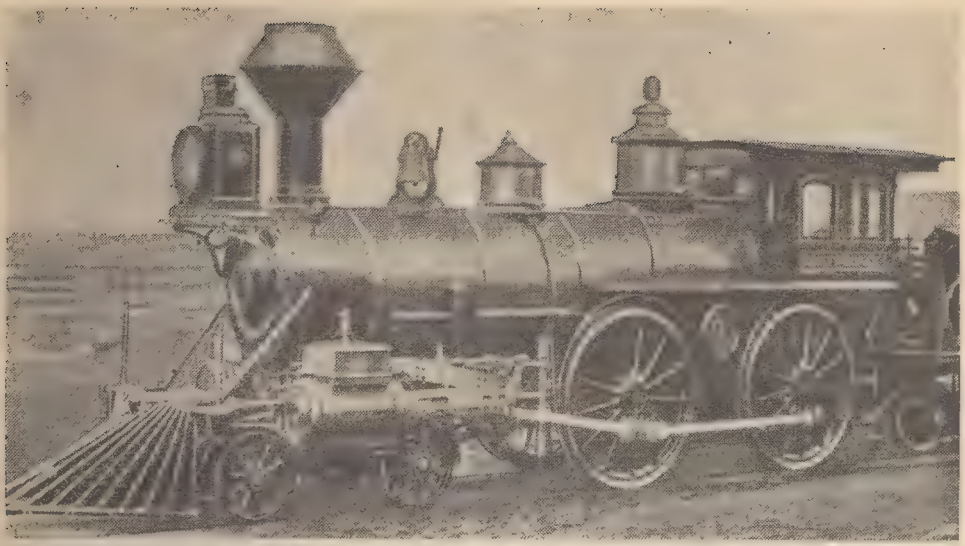
A LOCOMOTIVE chart for enginemen, shopmen, mechanics and all other persons interested in steam power has been issued by the Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp. (E. W. Simmons, mgr., Book Dept.), 30 Church St., New York City. The chart is a scale drawing of a 4-6-4 (Hudson) type engine, with four cross-sections and the names of 315 numbered parts. Details are shown very clearly. It was prepared by two experts on the Simmons-Boardman staff: A. C. Tartas, draftsman, and Walter A. Lucas, widely known railroad historian and ex-draftsman. Printed on good quality paper, 3x2 feet, it sells at 50c a copy, as long as the supply lasts.

* * *

TEACHERS in search of illustrated railway literature to aid in organizing train units or teaching transportation in their classes will find

Photo by S. Styles, 502 Sherburn St., Winnipeg, Canada

The Winnipegger, hauled by Soo Liner 2713, clangs into Winnipeg right on the advertised time (8:30 a.m.). This action picture was taken with a shutter speed of one-four hundredth of a second, stop F.8, using Verichrome film



From Canadian National files comes this print of the historic eight-wheeler *Earthquake*, built by the Manchester Locomotive Works for the Grand Trunk Railway, back in 1874. She had 17x24-inch cylinders, 135-pound boiler pressure, 69-inch drivers, and weighed 81,060 pounds. Was scrapped in July, 1903.

the new Teacher's Kit, issued by the Association of American Railroads, "just what the doctor ordered." The kit has been produced to answer the thousands of requests received from teachers each year for railroad pictures and factual material suitable for school use. Prepared especially for teachers in primary and intermediate grades, it consists of a 56-page Teacher's Manual, 56 railroad pictures and a 72-page booklet, *The Stories Behind the Pictures*.

The Manual contains several pages of suggestions for organizing transportation units in primary and intermediate grades, a chronology of American railroads, an address list of principal U. S. roads, railway mileage, other statistical data, and a bibliography of story books, textbooks, reference books, histories, readers, songs, poems and music pertaining to engines, trains and railway transportation generally. *Railroad Magazine* is, of course, represented.

The pictures, each about 10¼ x 7½ inches in size, are in loose form, printed on one side of the paper only. They may be mounted on cardboards, hung on the wall, or passed around among the children.

Among the many subjects covered by pictures and stories are: "Puffing Billies," "When They Drove the Golden Spike," "Streamline Passenger Trains," "The Locomotive Engineer in the Cab," "Preparing Dinner in the Dining Car Kitchen," "Sightseeing from an Observation Car," "Making Up a Berth in a Sleeping Car," "Sorting Mail in a Post Office Car," "The Roundhouse and the Turntable," "The Train Dispatcher," "The Red Caboose," "Icing the Refrigerator Cars," "Bringing Milk to the City," "Loading Coal Cars at the Mine" and "In a Railroad Office."

The Kit is available free of charge to teachers in grade schools, as well as to the seventh and eighth grades of junior high schools, and to teachers' colleges and normal schools upon requests from superintendents, supervisors, principals, teachers or librarians. Write to C. J. Corliss, Manager, Public Section, Association of American Railroads, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MEMBERSHIP in the Railroad Camera Club is open to all who collect pictures of engines, trains, cars, stations, etc., or other railroadiana such as books, timetables, tickets, train orders, passes, trolley transfers, etc. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

Membership card and pin are given free to anyone sending us the latest Reader's Choice coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own R. C. coupon.

Address Railroad Magazine at 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell us what you want or offer. Unless you do so, your name will not be printed here.

Photos on this and next page by S. D. Maguire, 15 Courtland St., Middletown, N. Y.

Car 2 of the Hershey (Pa.) Transit Company ground over this steel trestle many times before the abandonment of the Elizabethtown line in 1940. The structure spanned the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks

The Switch List

FREE listing in this department is subject to a few simple conditions:

Submit your item on separate sheet or card containing your name and address. Don't bury it in a letter. Briefly include all essential details. Some entries are too vague to get results.

Redball handling is given to items we receive the first ten days of every month, especially if accompanied by Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 143 or home-made).

Use these abbreviations: *Pix*, photos; *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electric; *env.*, envelope; *eqpmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *incl.*, including; *exc.*, except; *info.*, information; *mag.*, magazine; *n. g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p. c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅝x4⅝; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Size 122 or pc.—3x5½; Size 116—2¼x4¼; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool;; Size 120—2¼x3¼ inches.

The term *tts.* always refers to public timetables—unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employes' or operating timetables.

(R) indicates a desire to buy, sell or swap back issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its predecessors, *Railroad Man's* or *Railroad Stories*. Condition of magazine should be specified.

(*) indicates juice-fan appeal.

It is common courtesy to enclose a stamped envelope when writing to any of the names listed here—or, in fact, to any stranger.

(*)J B. ARMSTRONG, 1717 N. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, trades PE pix for NWP, Sac. No., Key System, Interurban Elec. or San Francisco car lines.

* * * *

(R.) CHAS. BALLARD, 124 Claremont Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., will buy recent *Off. Guide* and Sept. '39 *Railroad Magazine*. State dates, prices, cond. Trades pix size 130 and 616 of NYC, Rut., LV, aband. Sou. N. Y., aband. 2-ft. B&H, Suncook Val., NYO&W, Erie and N. Y. World's Fair, for D&RG, C&S, RGS n. g. or any size pix of Western roads. Also sells pix. List for stamp.

WATSON BALTER, Box 117, Pitts, Ga., buys pix, any size, of old Hawkinsville & Fla. So. and Savannah, Americus & Montgomery trains. Write first.

THOS. BARRY, 3055 48th St., Long Island City, N. Y., buys PRR calendars; also negs. and prints of Pennsy motive power, publicity matter, articles and pix on that road.

(*)LAWRENCE BEATTIE (*former S. S. Operator, NYNH&H*), Brooksvale, Mt. Carmel, Conn., swaps New Haven emp. tts. and tr. orders and Conn. Co. transfers and cash reports for prints of NYW&B cars. Write first.

EUGENE BECRAFT (*PRR brakeman*), 2316 Ontario St., Ft. Wayne, Ind., will send blank tr. orders and other material for postage, as long as supply lasts.

ROBT. BELT, 129 S. Oakhurst, Beverly Hills, Calif., selling IC engineer's certificate dated 1881, with picture of old engine; good cond. Would consider trade for what have you.

D. R. BOLVIN, Box 241, Dixonville, Pa., interested in textbooks on billing, rating and routing; also graduated rate table for use in computing items, and short cuts in station office work.

W. M. BRYAN, 406 E. Geer St., Durham, N. C., firing on Va. div. of SAL; has no spare time to sell or trade pix. Will continue in slack seasons.

(R)RICH. BULLOCK, 4516 17th Ave., Kenosha, Wis., wants Dec. '34 *Railroad Magazine*, good cond.; state price. Also wants pix of C&NW power, recent shots pref., any size.

(*)C. C. BUSKIRK, Big Rapids, Mich., offers 10-page printed catalog: photos of PRR, B&O, PM, many roads in Mich., incl. elec. and logging, sold at 3 for 25c for postcards; 4 for 25c for size 116, postpaid.

* * *

(*)JIM CARPENTER, 2239 10th Ave., Oakland, Calif., sells 2 pix, 4 transfers, 2 tickets and roster of Key System; or 2 pix showing all SF cable cars and 4 transfers; either set 50c. SN, IERy, EBT, P&SR, UE of SF and MSRy (work eqpmt.) rosters at 25c ea. Pix list and 2 samples (5x3 in., enlarged from size 127), 10c.

(R)WILL CARPENTER, 503 E. Kingston Ave., Charlotte, N. C., wants Jan. '39 issue of *Railroad Magazine*. Also pix, size 116, of heavy Sou. Ry. power in action,

latest Sou. rulebook and emp. tts. of Charlotte, Asheville and Columbia divs. State price. All Sou. fans, write.

(*)E. W. CLARK, 2108 Howell St., Covington, Ky., sends free shot of Lexington Ry. Sys. 226 to all fans requesting trolley pix on approval. Trades negs. or sells at 10c ea. Wants info., pix and negs. of Calif., Colo., Conn. and Dela. elec. lines.

(*)W. W. CARR, 1915 Rosemont Rd., East Cleveland, O., wants any size pix of Sac. N., NWP, Cent. Calif. Trac. and Tidewater & So. interurbans. Also tts. or emp. tts. of same roads. State prices.

GEO. CHURCHMAN, Box 340, Hope, Ark., wants size 616 pix of MOP *Eagle*, C&EI *Dixie Flagler*, D&RGW *Prospector*, Santa Fe 3753.

E. S. COLEY, Colonial Hotel, Glendale, Calif., offers 16x22 colored lithographs of old engine *General* at $2 apiece; an 1862 Union officer's campaign hat for $15, and N. Y. Nat'l. Guard private's cap for $13, both fine cond. All postpaid.

J. R. COOK, 824 W. Main, Murfreesboro, Tenn., trades NC&StL tr. orders for others, esp. small roads. RPO mailings reciprocated.

(*)(R)EDGAR COOKE, Wedd's House, Upper Canada, will sell 1940-'41 issues of *Railroad Magazine*, good cond., for best offer. Also wants prints of CP 8000, CN 300, Guelph & London St. Rys., size 616.

WM. CUSACK, 62 W. 104th St., N. Y. City, starting trolley transfer collection; appreciates help. Wants info. on Miami, Fla., cars between 1925 and '30. Also Green Line routes in N. Y. City. Answers all letters.

* * *

(R)ANDREWS DE VRIES, Jr., 13 North St., Allegan, Mich., selling at 10c ea. these issues *Railroad Magazine*: Feb.-July '38, Sept.-Dec. '38, all '39, Jan., Feb., Apr.-Dec. '40; most in good cond., postpaid. First come, first served.

* * *

(R)EDWARD FITCH, 100 Appleton St., Arlington, Mass., wants to sell *Railroad Magazine*, Nov. '37 to date, good cond., in set or separately. Make offer within 30 days.

NAVARRO FOSSE, Box 72, Decorah, Iowa, sells 10 pix, size 616, of Milw., CRI&P and Sou. 4-4-0's for 50c. List sent with order. Wants Milw. 2-6-0's, now extinct.

JIM FREDERICKSON, 918 North M St., Tacoma, Wash., trades NP pix, size 120, for others on same road. (*Editor asks—Engine Pix, Jim?*)

(R)HERB FULLER, 700 Cleveland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., wishes these *Railroad Magazine* issues to complete file: Nov. '40, Mar. '37, May and July '35. State price, cond.

* * *

(*)CHAS. GAMMELL, 107 Bremer Ave., Danielle, Ill., trades trolley transfers from his city for others, esp. Ohio cities.

(R)JAMES GIANOPOULOS, 17 Marshall St., Haverhill, Mass., will pay well for April '33 *Railroad Magazine* with B&M roster.

Miss STELLA GRANT, Coe Hill, Ont., Canada, now working at Red Cross hospital, daughter of Canadian National Railways man, wants to hear from railfans under twenty.

MURRAY GREGORY, Maclead, Alta, Canada, can't correspond with readers, due to activities with Canadian Air Force.

(*)ROY GRIES, Box 325, Schenectady, N. Y., sells prints size 116 of Schdy. Rys., Hud. Val., UT, other electrics. List and sample, 10c. Has few "Change of Operation" posters from windows of recently aband. Saratoga-Schdy. trolleys; make offer. Free transfers for stamped env.

JIM GRIFFIN, 6025 30th N. E., Seattle, Wash., interested in logging roads and old-time eqpmt. Trades logging engines for other pix and tr. orders.

PAUL GRIFFIN, 519 Division St., Evansville, Ind., trades pix, size 616, of L&N, C&EI and CCC&St.L frt. and pass. engines, and IC and Sou. frts., all at

Discontinuance of all remaining Hershey trolley transportation comes as sad news to those of us familiar with the clean, efficient and colorful service offered by this line. The system, which owed its existence to chocolate bars, shoes and milk (principal products of the towns it served) kept its equipment in excellent condition, as evidenced by this de luxe Birney, drawn up in front of the Hershey Hotel

Photo by Edgar T. Mead, Box 893, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

A scene that will never be re-enacted: Bridgton & Harrison engine Number 7 is shown here, clearing the Bridgton, Maine, yards of the now abandoned 2-foot-gage line one Sunday last August, with a mixed train made up of boxcar 53, flatcar 44, and coach 15

Photo by Morley J. Kelsey, 712 Third Ave., West Haven, Conn.

Connecticut Company cremation: Proof of Clayton Moseley's contention (on page 134) that the street-car needs more loyal friends is this photo of the 961, and test car 0176, going up in flames at the James Street Barn, in New Haven, Conn.

Evansville, incl. L&N streamliners 277 and 295 and C&EI 1008, fast 4-6-2 streamliner of new *Dixie Flagler*. Wants pass. power in exchange.

* * *

G. F. HARDER, 692 14th Ave., Paterson, N. J., has cameras, tts., pix, mags., calendars to trade or sell. Send 3c stamp for list.

J. M. HARE, 7020 Mower St., Germantown, Phila., Pa., swaps Pennsy tts. (Phila. Term., N. Y. and Md. divs.) for others. Has PRR rulebook and much railroadiana to trade for any paper currency, domestic or foreign, esp. old American.

EDW. HAYNES, 609 2nd Ave., Tarentum, Pa., wants pix, size 120, of either Shawmut road and of PRR, B&O, N&W coach express, etc.

WARREN HEID, 56 Cleland Ave., Los Gatos, Calif., wants info. and pix of old n. g. South Pacific Coast, which operated in Calif.

H. C. HOAG, 4 Brainard St., Whitesboro, N. Y., wants bonds or old stocks of defunct rrs. Send on approval with return postage. Cash remitted promptly or material returned. Send your spares plus 5c stamp; he'll send equal quantity in exchange.

(*)CRAIG HOLKE, 1155 Ingersoll St., Winnipeg, Canada, beginner; will trade or buy transfers, pix and tickets. Appreciates help. Has many Winnipeg Elec. transfers.

(R)ROBT. HOLST, 7314 Ridge Ave., Chicago, will buy the covers of Oct. '12 *Railroad Man's Magazine* or complete copy of same, or will trade unclipped copy (minus covers) and cash for unclipped copy with covers.

(*)Pvt. FRED G. HOWARTH, HQ. Co., C.A.S.U. No. 1111, Fort Devens, Mass., buys pix, size 116 or p.c., of any Minneap. and St. Paul trolleys; also GN emp. tts., except Willmar and TC Terminals divs.

* * *

(R)WM. JANVRIN, R.R., Titonka, Iowa, will send complete file of *Railroad Magazine* from '29 to date to H. E. Meats (whose apeal appeared in Jan. *Switch List*) if some other reader will donate the postage.

(R)RALPH JOHNSON, 9116 45th Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wash., offers cash or used NP and Spokane, Portland & Seattle tr. orders in exchange for March and June '39 issues *Railroad Magazine*.

(*)H. E. JOHNSTON, 1228 W. 4th St., Plainfield, N. J., offers 1899 camera supply catalogs, 1930 *World Almanac* (contains some rr. data), *Ry. Age* annual statistical issues for Jan. '28 and '29; also some 1930-'32 weekly issues of *Ry. Age*, many pub. steam tts. 1928-'39. Wants *Off. Guide* about 1920 and photos and relics of old trolley and short steam roads in East.

* * *

HAL KAISER, Gen. Del., Galesburg, Ill., has several 1941 Burlington calendar pix showing *City of Denver* and rear of frt. train, exc. cond., suitable for framing. Make offers.

* * *

PAUL LEISTER, 2165 S. 2nd St., Sunbury, Pa., offers foreign loco builders' books: Schwartzkopff (100 loco pix and specifications) $2.50; story of New Zealand rys. $2; German (ry. info., pix of locos and eqpmt.) $2; Henshel Loco Works (450 loco photos, charts, maps, specifications) $6. Write for details.

ROBT. LeMASSENA, 398 N. Maple Ave., East Orange, N. J., wants *Baldwin* Locomotives. Offers key and sounder, West voltmeter and ammeter, 2 film pack adapters for 6x9 cm. camera, or cash. Write first.

* * *

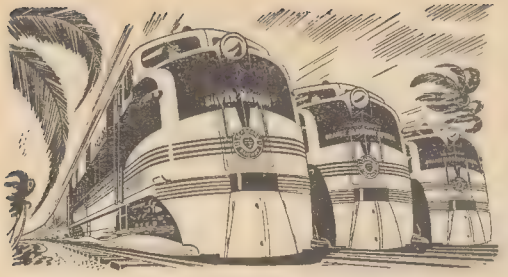
(*)S. D. MAGUIRE, 15 Courtland St., Middletown, N. Y., buys old elec. tts. and negs., size 616. Offers many scarce tts. and negs. Esp. wants Roby & Nor. tts., negs. and photos.

EDGAR MEAD, Box 893, Williamstown, Mass., sells n.g. pix from Bridgton & Saco River, B&H, D&RGW, RGS and C&S; 79 dif. at 10c ea. (P. C. size) up to 15c and 25c for special prints such as wrecks, etc. Send 10c or stamped env. for list. Want SR&RL and D&RG train scenes.

R. C. MORROW, 4533 40th St., Long Island City, N. Y., collects and trades tts., tickets, menus, pix, tr. orders, other railroadiana.

R. W. MORTON, Box 354, Ardmore, Okla., wants to buy side-rod, brass head, piston-rod, perfect (right side, Hudson type), complete, not over 5½ inches, for demonstration purposes.

(*)CLAYTON MOSELEY, 816 S. Boeke St., Kansas City, Kan., sells KCPS trolleys and few Santa Fe, UP, CRI&P and KC Term. pix, size 116, at 6 for 25c; 4x6



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at 3 for 25c; 5x7 at 15c ea. KCPS transfers, trip sheets and "take ones." New list, sample and trolley fan stickers, 10c. Also trades pix, etc., for std.-gage model trucks.

* * *

FRANK NAVEN, 306 Morton St., Peoria, Ill., has list of 2400 dif. pix from various rds. for sale, all size 616. Also buys negs. size 616, still and action shots, various roads.

* * *

(R)M. G. PAGE, 107 Stonor Rd., Hall Green, Birmingham 28, England, will send current issues of (English) *Railway Magazine, Flight* and *Aero-Modeller* as they come out to any American who will send *Railroad Magazine, Pop. Aviation* and *Model Airplane News.* Also wants to correspond on rail and air subjects, with stress on modeling.

GEO. PATTY, 410 E. Magnolia St., Independence, Kan., offers cash for all back issues of *Model Railroader* in exc. cond. Also buys bound copies. State cond., lowest prices. Answers all mail.

GEO. PETTENGILL, Jr., 675 16th Ave., S., St. Petersburg, Fla., trades pix, size 616. of over 260 dif. ACL and SAL locos for recent or old-time railroadiana from those rrs. Offers 10 good pix for each ACL or SAL emp. tt. Send stamp for pix list; state what you have to trade.

J. F. PHILLIPS, c/o Parcel Room, Union Depot, Regina, Sask., Canada, trades pix of locos, equip., etc., size 117 or 4x5, for similar shots of Amer. roads.

G. A. PORTER, 216 E. State St., Savannah, Ga., has 8x10 neg. of WofA-AWP supplement to emp. tt. 57 governing train carrying body of Jefferson Davis from New Orleans to Richmond, May 29, 1893. P. C. prints 10c ea. Timetable fans and Confederate collectors, write.

T. M. POTTS, 1720 Chilton St., Baltimore, Md., collects framed pix of famous trains.

KEITH PRATT, Bloomfield Station, Prince Edward Island, Canada, will buy pix of any Pres. Roosevelt special train, yacht *Potomac,* S. Amer. roads, and junking of the B&H.

(*)K. D. PREGLER, 1596 Auburn St., Dubuque, Iowa, disposing of entire juice collection, 600 negs., size 616. Swaps or sells, singly or bulk. Wants rr. books, mags., paperweights, stickers, postcards, calendars, negs. size 116 or larger.

* * *

W. B. REDMAN, 8781 Arcadia Ave., Detroit, Mich., offers reas. price for *Off. Guide* before 1890. Trades B&O, C&O and Santa Fe mags. and pix, size 116, of Ford Motor steam power and southern short lines for *Railroad Stories* issues between '30 and '32. Write first.

H. REID, 1202 Redgate Ave., Norfolk, Va., offers free for postage to any worthy institution 25 comic, sports and Western mags., copies of *Sat. Eve. Post,* and few *Readers Digests;* some lack covers, occasional pages missing.

HARRY RYDER, St. Luke's Hospital, 131st St. and Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. City, wants small steam-driven loco model in fair cond.

* * *

(*)FRED SEVIN, 5528 Drexel, Chicago, wants to hear from juice fans.

BILLY SHOOTS, 3224 Gaffey St., San Pedro, Calif., wants to correspond with fans between ages 12 and 15 who use camera size 127 or 120. Wants pix, size 120, of KCS locos and cabooses, side views. Write first, stating price. Answers all mail.

C. K. SMITH (*brakeman, UP*), Box 217, Kearney, Neb., trades used UP trip passes for trip passes from other roads.

J. J. SMURDA, 12221 San Vincente Blvd., West Los Angeles, Calif., pays well or trades for new rr. diner menus, operating tts., rulebooks, badges and buttons, tr. orders from all roads, esp. AT&SF.

(*)ROBT. SOKOL, 2141 6th St., Cuyahoga Falls, O., pays cash for B&O steam and Diesel-elec. pix and Northern Ohio interurbans.

(*)ROBT. SOLOMON, Rte. 1, Box 128, Campbell,

Calif., wants to hear from those having pix of trolleys or interurbans. List of lines wanted and terms sent on request.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC NEWS BUREAU, 65 Market St., San Francisco, has supply of attractive illustrated booklet, *Facts About SP*, for free distribution as long as supply lasts.

W. E. STAUB, 225 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y., starting collection of NYC, Pennsy, B&O and DL&W pix and negs., size 616 or p.c. Also wants CNW 4-8-4's and UP 4-10-2's. Please send lists.

C. T. STEEB, c/o Radcliffe, 318 W. El Camino Ave., North Sacramento, Calif., sells rr., scenic and odd photos.

F. W. STEVENS, 18 Duke St., Truro, N. S., Canada, offers 70 back issues *Loco Eng. Journal* for best single bid received by Mar. 15. All exc. cond. except 6 slightly clipped. Write for details. Wants to hear from fans and rails in New Brunswick, esp. Campbelton, Moncton, Fredericton and St. John. Answers all mail.

JUNIOR STEVENSON, 1006 Virginia St., Walkerton, Ind., selling Dec. '39, Jan. '40, Mar.-Oct. '40 *Pop. Science*, good cond., at 10c ea. plus postage (8c on each mag.) Sells B&O, NYC, NKP and other pix, size 116, 620 and p.c.

BILLY STOKES, 334 Fairfax Ave., Norfolk, Va., sells pix, size 116, SAL, Vgn, Rdg and N&PBL engines, and cabooses of N&W, C&O, others.

(R)ED. STOWE, Beach House, Manchester, N. H., offers these issues *Railroad Magazine* at 15c ea. plus postage: April '36; Feb. '38; Feb., Mar., July-Oct. '39; Jan., June (2 copies), July (2), Sept., Oct., Nov. (2) and Dec. (2) '40; and Jan.-Dec. '41. First come, first served. Swaps considered, esp. for O-gage track.

JOE SUTHERLAND, Veterans Home, Napa County, Calif., will swap 21-jewel Waltham rr. special gold-plated watch, adjust. 5 positions, size 16, good cond., for good fast camera.

(*)W. A. SWARTZ, 159 W. 6th St., Peru, Ind., wants p.c. pix of Wab. 2-6-0, 2-6-2, 2-10-2, and any size NKP Pix. Sells many steam and elec. pix, p.c. size, 10c ea., 12 for $1. List and sample, 10c.

J. M. SWEENEY, 615 Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y., buys pix of cabooses, frt. and pass. cars, any road. Send lists.

(*Concluded on next page*)

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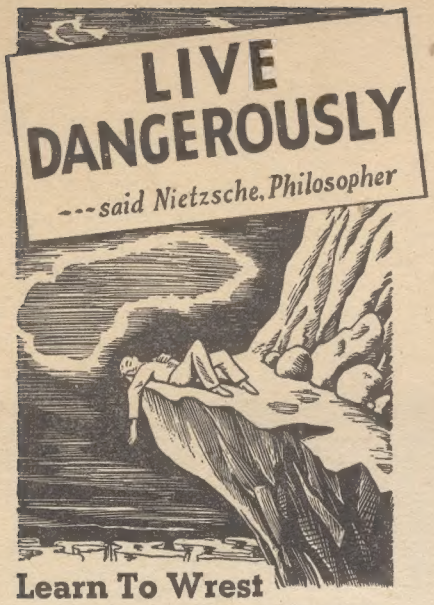

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* * *

(*)F. R. VAUGHN, 2107 Claremont Terrace, Utica, N. Y., wants pix of former city cars in Rome and Oneida, N. Y.; also Frankfort-Herkimer line of N. Y. State Rys.

* * *

(*)VICTOR WAGNER, 6341 S. Wolcott Ave., Chicago, will trade these calendars for juice pix, tts., etc.: CB&Q 1937-'41; Pennsy 35, '37, '38, '40; UP '40; C&NW '39-'41; GN '38-'40; M&StL '40, '41; C&IM '38-'41; Committee on Pub. Relations of Eastern RRs. '36-'38. Rails and fans along Ind. RR., aband. or operating divs., or anyone with Ind. RR. pix, negs. or material to trade or sell, please write.

WERNER PHOTO SERVICE, 622 W. 8th St., Alamosa, Colo., sells shots of D&RGW rotary snowplows in action during one of severest snowstorms of recent years, taken by a n.g. engineer. Prices reas. Write for details.

RAY WILLIAMS, Pinfeld Rd., Woodville, North Island, New Zealand, age 17, porter on N. Z. Rys., wants to hear from others approx. his age.

* * *

(*)E. ZURCHER, 27 Marshall St., Norwalk, O., wants to trade LSE blotters, over 20 yrs. old, for elec. interurban pix. Friends, please write.

Deserted Depot

A LITTLE shanty stands forlorn
Along the spur to Wintermore
With tousled hair and vestments torn
And spider webs across her door.
I saw her there at break of dawn
From comfy seat on Number Nine—
A sudden flash and she was gone
To cherished memories on the line.

A lot of water's crossed the dam
And lots of black has turned to gray
Since I, a lowly youthful ham
Sat proudly there behind the bay.
They tell me now she's out of use,
That operators nevermore
Will sling the lightning with her juice
Or set her rusty semaphore.

How bleak she looked, how all alone!
Nostalgic longings broke my pride;
I saw those nights when moonlight shone
Upon that peaceful countryside
And heard the roar of Number Three
That broke the spell at ten till two.
You ops know how it is with me,
So, what the heck! I'm tellin' you!

—*Charles D. Dulin*

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